MAY 27 '58

The Saturday Evening
POST
May 31, 1958 – 15¢

I CALL ON LUCY and DESI
By Pete Martin

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND:
MAGIC EYES FOR MEDICINE
By V. K. Zworykin

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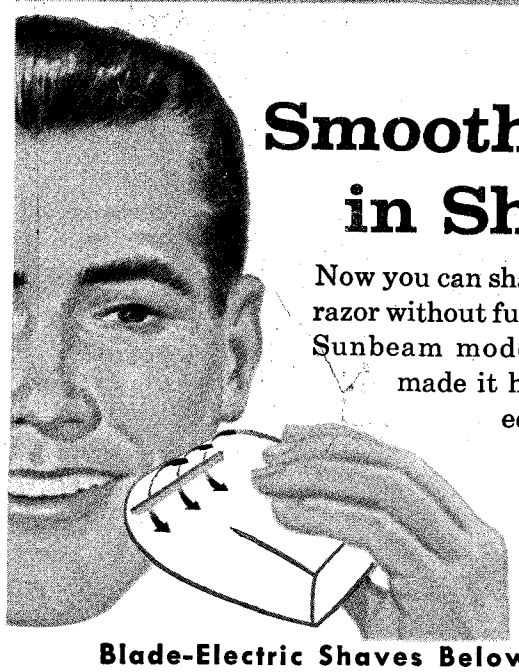
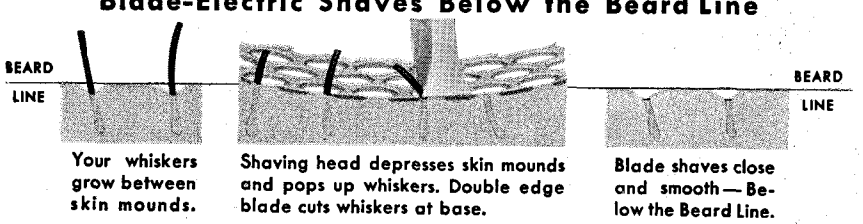


Smoothest Gift in Shaving

Now you can shave as close as a safety razor without fuss, muss, nicks or cuts. Sunbeam modernized the blade—made it hollow ground, double edged and self-sharpening to shave lightning fast with electric speed, comfort and convenience.

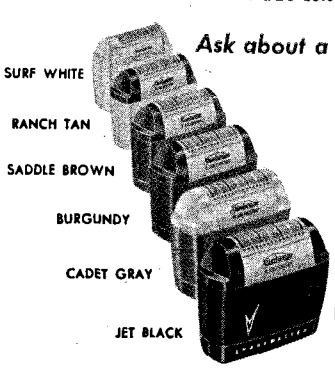
Blade-Electric Shaves Below the Beard Line



Your whiskers grow between skin mounds.

Shaving head depresses skin mounds and pops up whiskers. Double edge blade cuts whiskers at base.

Blade shaves close and smooth—Below the Beard Line.



Ask about a Father's Day **FREE 14 DAY HOME TRIAL**

Many dealers are offering Sunbeam Blade-Electric Shavemaster Razors on a special Father's Day free trial offer. Simply buy the Shaver before June 15, 1958 with full return privileges by June 29, 1958. Be *sure to ask your* Sunbeam Dealer.

Look for the MARK OF QUALITY Sunbeam THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE **Famous for MIXMASTER, etc.**

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Sunbeam

BLADE-ELECTRIC SHAVEMASTER

RAZOR

For Graduation and Father's Day, June 15... the fastest way to close 'n clean shaving is Sunbeam's real hollow ground double edge blade.

The sensational Blade-Electric gives you these big advantages—the close, clean shaves of soap and blade and the speed, comfort and convenience of Electric Shaving. Sunbeam Blade-Electric is the only real double edge, hollow ground, self-sharpening blade in Electric Shaving powered by a Real, armature type motor—the most powerful shaver motor built. Sunbeam's blade moves back and forth at lightning fast speed to give you super fast, close, comfortable Blade-Electric shaves.

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Imagine an insurance company helping you bake an apple pie!

Wausau Story

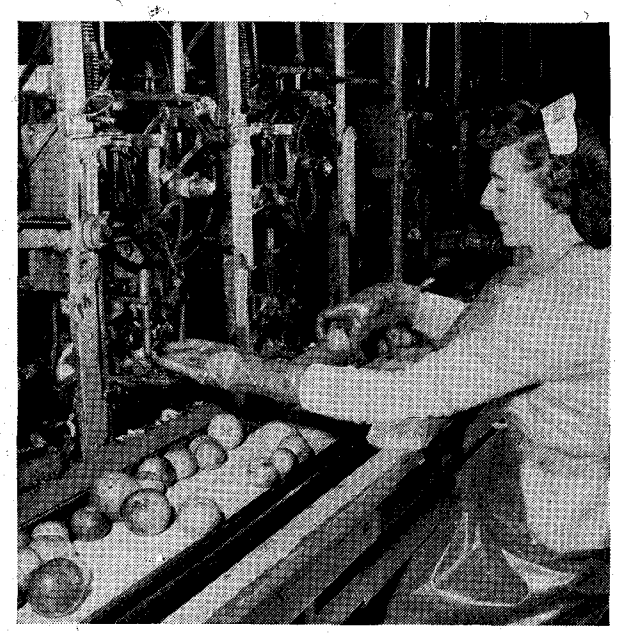
by **LOUISE WILSON,** Woman's Editor, Radio Station WHAM, Rochester, New York

"I TREASURE an old cook book that tells how to prepare a rabbit stew. First step: 'Catch the rabbit'.

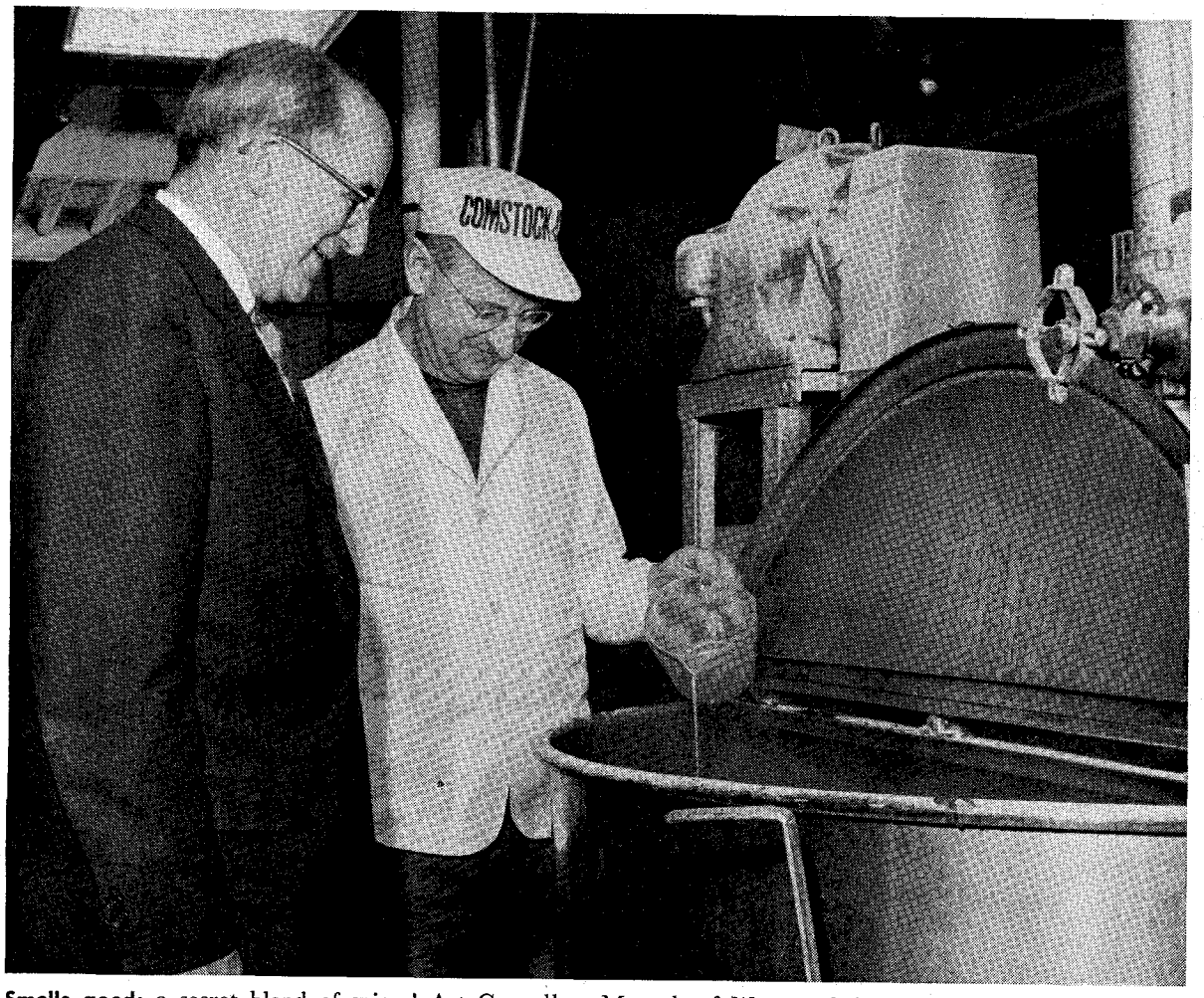
"So 'Get the apples' is the first direction for baking an apple pie. That's easy now . . . thanks to the canning industry. I was reminded of that when we visited one of the plants of Comstock Foods Incorporated. This one was in Red Creek, not far from Rochester. There we watched them can apples for pies . . . saw how they are peeled and cored by machines . . . trimmed by hand . . . carefully inspected . . . then cooked to juicy tenderness. Even the spices are added! All you do is open a can, put those prepared apples in the crust, and bake. Great! Doesn't take much work . . . and doesn't take much out of the budget either.

"And that's where Employers Mutuals of Wausau plays a part. Canners work on a close profit margin. Those savings they pass on to us have to come from some place. And Employers Mutuals helps canners build substantial savings on their insurance. How? By helping promote safety in the plants . . . by working with the canners . . . understanding their problems . . . using the experience gained in canning factories all over the country. It works! Mr. Comstock will tell you this . . . even give you the figures. You'll see why Employers Mutuals has won the reputation for being 'good people to do business with'."

Richard Comstock, President of Comstock Foods Incorporated, goes over the figures with Employers Mutuals' Dewey Hubbard (right). In a ten-year period, the savings have equalled the profits on close to eight million cans of food. A real savings! And remember, safety is complicated by the seasonal nature of the work. More workers—many inexperienced—working at top speed and for long hours. Employers Mutuals helps overcome these special problems by working closely with each plant. "These people understand the canning business," says Mr. Comstock. "That's why our experience with Employers Mutuals has been so pleasant and our savings so substantial."



50 apples a minute can be peeled by machines like this one operated by Lorna Barber. There's no time to waste when the apples come in from the orchards! All the workers are ready to go at top speed . . . the machines are set . . . and Employers Mutuals' men have helped to "peak up" the safety program too. They've had plenty of valuable experience in doing this . . . in Wisconsin alone Employers Mutuals carries the insurance on more than 75% of all the canning factories in the state.



Smells good: a secret blend of spices! Art Crowell (right) knows how to mix them. Dewey Hubbard may not know the recipe but, like all the men from Employers Mutuals of Wausau, he's well acquainted with the over-all operation of a canning plant. That's why he's able to serve the industry and help make the big savings.

. . . . . .

Employers Mutuals, with offices all across the country, writes all forms of fire, group and casualty insurance (including automobile). We are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. For further information see your nearest representative (consult your telephone directory) or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

"Good people to do business with"

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PHILCO OUTDATES 45 MILLION REFRIGERATORS WITH

Tri-frigeration

ONLY PHILCO HAS IT! And you can have it now—Tri-frigeration, the amazing new advance that gives you three separate temperatures, each one for a different kind of food. See a Tri-frigeration demonstration at your Philco dealer today—you'll *never* be satisfied again with an ordinary, two-zone refrigerator! And see all the wonderful new "Woman Designed" features—*exclusive* in the '58 Philco Super Marketer!

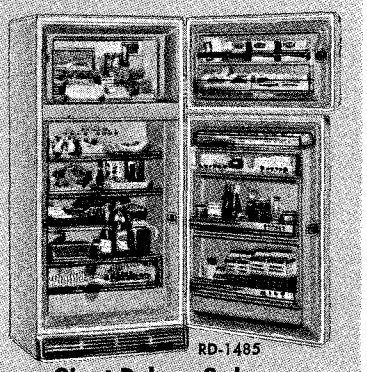
1 38° ZONE REFRIGERATOR
Perfect temperature for all regular foods; *plus* special egg, butter and cheese storage *and* the fabulous new Philco "Misty Crisper"!

2 33° ZONE MEAT LOCKER
Not just another meat pan! Separate section operates on its own cooling system; keeps meat fresh *days* longer without freezing!

3 ZERO ZONE FREEZER
Special sub-zero freezing surfaces keep 181 lbs. of frozen foods safe and solid. New Portable Ice Keeper holds 160 perfect ice cubes!

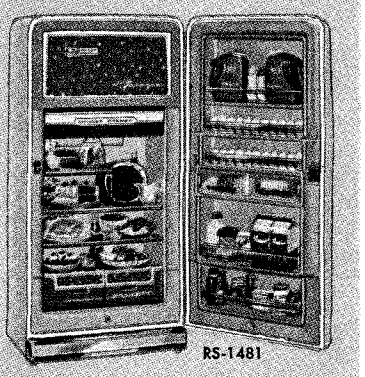
***LOOK AHEAD... and you'll choose* PHILCO.**

EVERYONE CAN AFFORD A '58 PHILCO



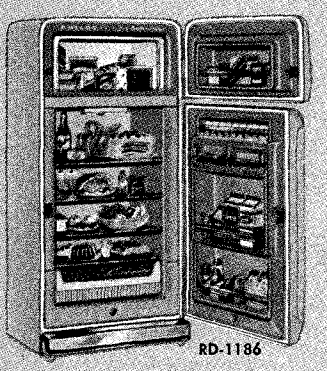
Giant Deluxe 2-door with Automatic Defrosting!
- 13 cu. ft.—total capacity
- 3.4 cu. ft. separate freezer!
- Exclusive Dairy Bar Door!
- Special Cheese, Butter Keepers!

AS LITTLE AS $3.65 A WEEK



Philco's "Family Fourteener" Huge Storage! Low Price!
- 13.15 cu. ft.—82 lb. freezer!
- Exclusive Twin Crispers!
- Full-width Chiller Drawer!
- Portable juice and water jugs!

AS LITTLE AS $2.75 A WEEK



Space-saving! Feature-packed! 2-door! Automatic Defrosting!
- Roomy freezer holds 70 lbs.
- New clear-across Crisper!
- Exclusive Dairy Bar Door!
- Cheese and Butter Keepers!

AS LITTLE AS $2.24 A WEEK

LOWER PRICES AFTER TRADE! OTHER MODELS EVEN LESS AT YOUR PHILCO DEALER!

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

How the ounces add up if you don't keep fending off the darned little things every day, month, year. It's unfortunate for Mrs. Pounds, as she tries to make both sides meet, that the early-day Waves didn't wear blue sack dresses. (In case somebody should read this years hence in an ancient copy of the Post, the sack dress was chic stuff around 1957–58; it was a sort of tubular bag which could enclose at least 175 pounds without binding.) Well, artist Alajálov's cover deserves a happy ending, barring a feminine tear or two. Elsewhere in that room, Mister P. is futilely trying to encase himself in his old uniform too; and suddenly they go into each other's arms—"Oh, the heck with midriffs. After all, we love each other just as we are!" Does anything else really matter?

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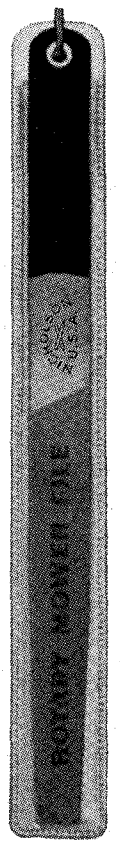
For Rotary Mower Owners



Nicholson or Black Diamond Rotary Mower File

- **No more sharpening bills.**
- **No more lugging your mower to a sharpening shop—and no waiting for it to be returned.**
- **Remove blade nicks as soon as they occur.**
- **Keep your blade balanced—prevent engine strain.**
- **Protect your lawn from damage by dull blade.**

all for only

98¢

Our Rotary Mower file has been specifically designed for sharpening the blades of rotary power mowers.

Available now at all good hardware stores in a durable plastic envelope with convenient hang-up hole.

Look for this display at your hardware or garden supply store.

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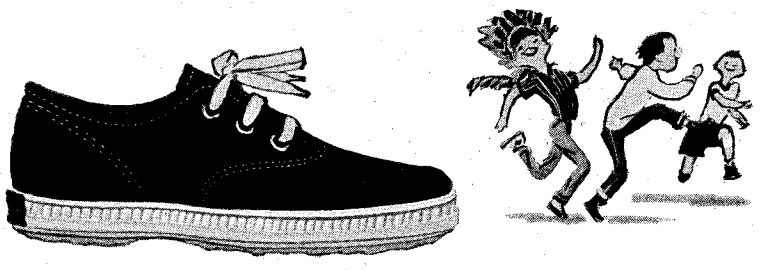
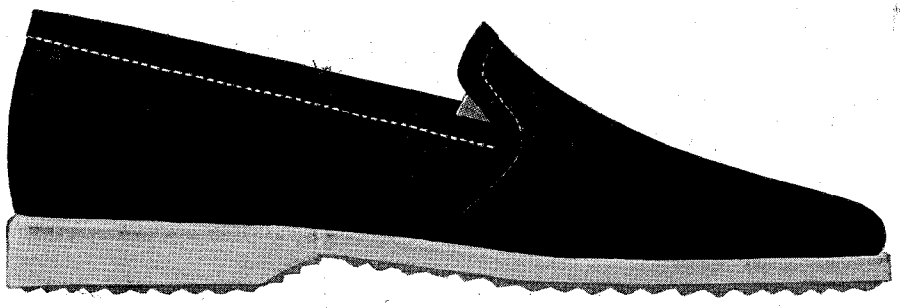


THEY FIT BETTER,

GIVE HEALTHIER SUPPORT

ARE COMPLETELY WASHABLE



THEY'RE U.S. KEDS!

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Keds

The Shoe of Champions

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- HEEL-TO-TOE CUSHIONED INSOLE
- CUSHIONED SHOCKPROOF HEEL

US RUBBER

United States Rubber

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WATCH NAVY LOG ON ABC TELEVISION

Letters

Getting the Show on the Road

Dear Sirs:

When I read Meyer Berger's article, OPERA ON THE OPEN ROAD, in your April 19th issue, I found it had perfectly captured the spirit of the Metropolitan Opera tours in which I participated, as a conductor, during my many years with the Met. . . .

All the mishaps, discomforts and minor tragedies seem unimportant to the majority of the artists and craftsmen on the tour, because of the gratification of bringing grand opera, beautifully performed, to so many people. A few years ago, for example, I was about to leave New York, aboard the Met caravan, when, on the next track, I spotted a friend. Arturo Toscanini was boarding the adjoining train for an extensive tour with the NBC Symphony Orchestra. Across the platform, we verbally noted that, between us, we were about to reach over half a million people. It was a wonderful note to start out on.

WILFRID PELLETIER
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

There was one oversight. On page 24 you printed a picture (see cut) of maestro Mitropoulos and baritone London. But

you failed to identify the singer between them in the background. She is Licia Albanese, who sang the title role in Tosca that evening.

WILLIAM WIEMHOFF
Chicago, Ill.

● *We congratulate reader Wiemhoff on his keen eyesight. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Not "all musical instruments and personal baggage" were lost (in the San Francisco fire). Those members of the orchestra and company who did not panic had plenty of time to rescue their belongings from the hotels. A gentleman named Caruso did panic, though. He hired a touring car and rode out to the beach clad only in pajamas and bath robe.

HENRY L. PERRY
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Meyer Berger states that "the French-Canadian hymn" was sung at curtain call . . . *Oh, Canada* is absolutely not French-Canadian, but is sung in both English and French.

T. J. KOSCIUSKO
Toronto, Ont.

● *Correct. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I am voicing my objection to Meyer Berger's use of the word "hinterland" . . .

Certainly it is bad enough to put Dallas, Des Moines and Denver in that category, but when he includes Boston, Washington and Atlanta—Br-r-rother! Bostonians will simply solidify him with an icy glare.

MRS. LOUIS E. FAY
Monticello, Ark.

Of Mice and Midshipmen

Dear Sirs:

Some time ago you published an article concerning the current social situation at the United States Naval Academy (THE NAVY VS. "GOING STEADY," by Capt. J. L. Abbot, Jr., March 1). In reply to this article several midshipmen wrote to Letters to the Editor (April 5) registering complaints with the latest social development there.

All these letters were opposed to the stag line; all were signed "Name Withheld."

I couldn't be less concerned with their feelings on the stag line, but I feel that the fact that each writer withheld his name from his letter is significant.

Are these men afraid? Are we paying our tax dollars to train men who find courage only in anonymity? . . .

In the past, the men of Annapolis have led our country. The future looks gray.

ROGER L. KAESLER
Golden, Colo.

● *Generally, we don't publish unsigned letters, but occasionally we do withhold a name to forestall unpleasant consequences to the writer. —ED.*

Teen-Age Drivers

Dear Sirs:

As an insurance adjuster, I especially enjoyed reading FRAME-UP ON THE HIGHWAY, by John and Ward Hawkins, which appeared in the April 19 Post.

It should be required reading for all those who assume that simply because a teen-ager is in an accident, it must be the teen-ager's fault. We are too often prone to make decisions without all the facts.

ARNOLD B. SHERMAN
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Sirs:

Here is a story that goes contrary to the rules of modern authors and shows that teen-agers are really human beings—not the spiteful, pernicious savages depicted so often in novels and motion pictures.

As you may have guessed, I am a teen-ager.

BETTY ZOLLMANN
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

We as parents could take a good lesson from this by having more faith in our own children.

MRS. R. L. HAWKINS
Great Bend, Kans.

(Continued on Page 6)

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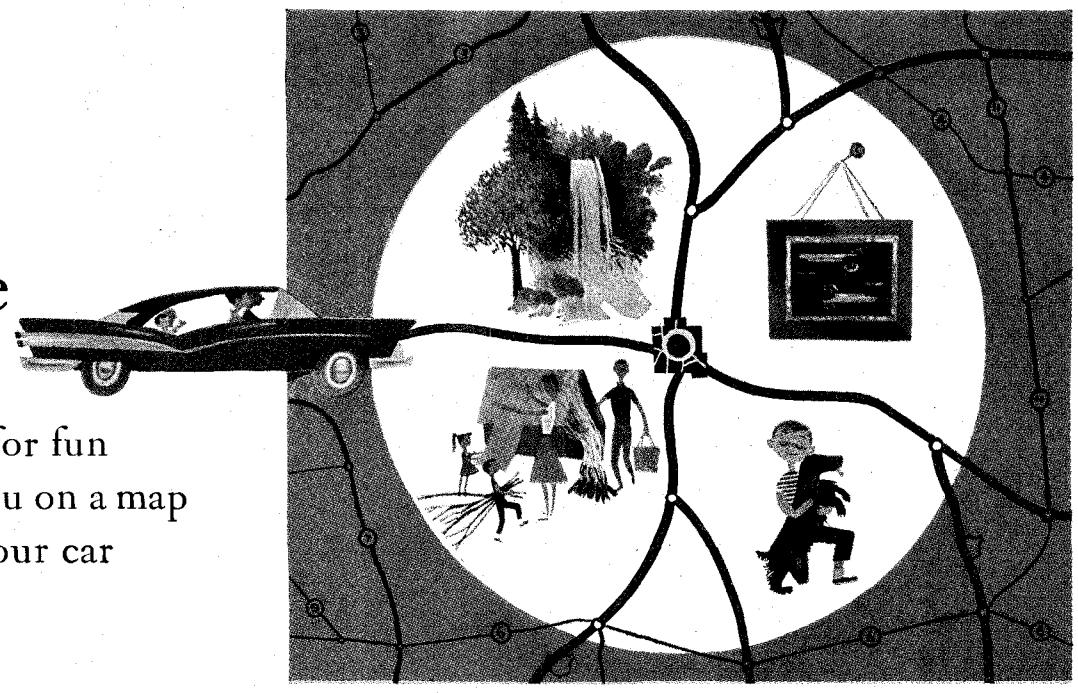
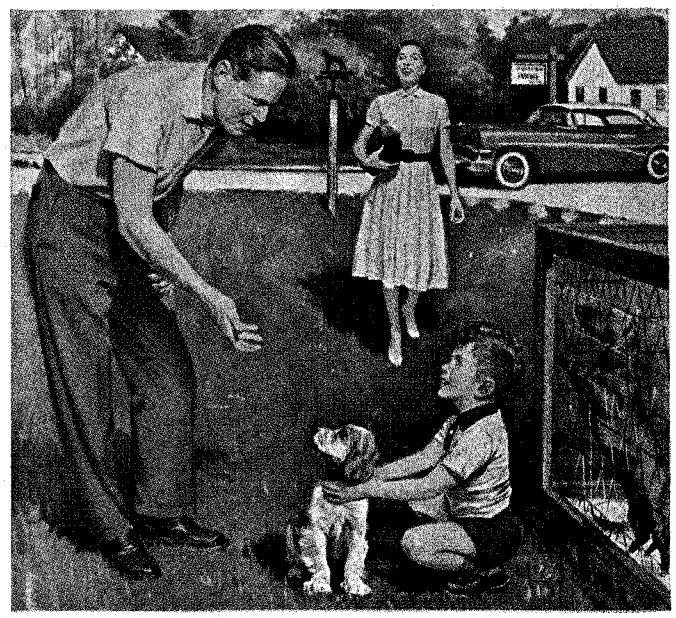
Your car
makes any map
a Magic Circle



The time: any day you're free for fun
The place: anywhere around you on a map
The people: all the family in your car

Head for the hills in your car. It makes mountain-climbing easy-going fun for everyone, puts you face-to-face with views that take your breath away.

Discover the hundred-and-one kinds of fun that fan out before you when you drive. Sitting by a picnic fire can top off a day perfectly. So can the trip there and back by car.

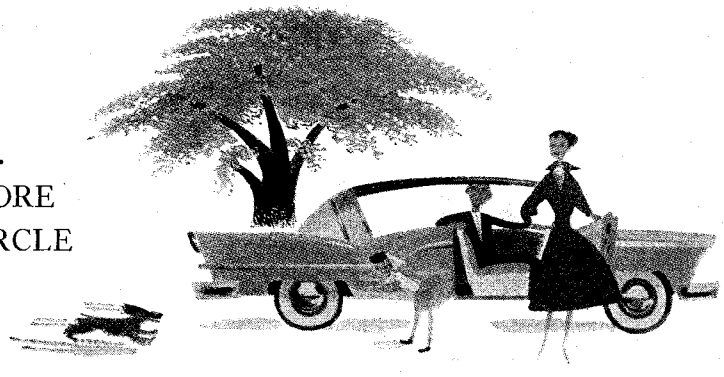


Leave extra time for those extra discoveries that come so naturally by car. A puppy, a country road-stand, a tumbling stream tucked off in the woods.

Learn while you look. It's so easy and direct by car. History-rich landmarks of all kinds lie within free-wheeling distance of your driveway.

Start your car and follow your fancy. Your Magic Circle surrounds you with a worldful of things to enjoy all year through. It makes your car not just a way to go, but a wonderful way of life. And from start to end of any trip, over 200,000 friendly, trained service station men stand ready to make it a carefree pleasure. See for yourself tomorrow, next weekend or your next vacation.

DRIVE MORE...
IT'S FUN TO EXPLORE
YOUR MAGIC CIRCLE



"ETHYL"
[TRADE-MARK]
ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION

ETHYL CORPORATION
New York 17, New York

Manufacturers of "Ethyl" antiknock compounds ...used by oil companies everywhere to improve their gasolines and your driving pleasure

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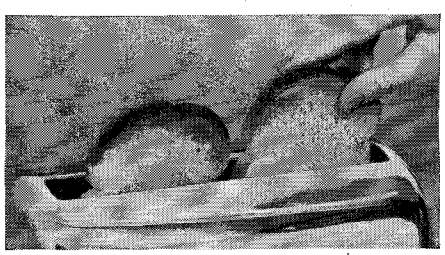
Now...a toaster and "oven" in one!

New General Electric Toast-R-Oven toasts "upstairs"...heats buns and other baked foods "downstairs!"

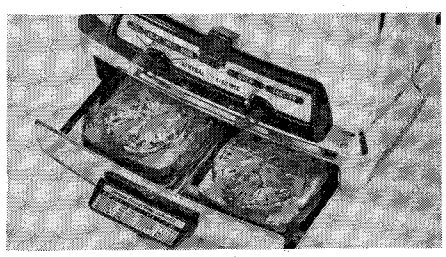
Here's something new in toasters—and new in "ovens," too.

The General Electric Toast-R-Oven does just about *all* your toasting and warming jobs—right at your table. "Upstairs," it makes perfect toast. "Downstairs," it heats rolls, muffins, frozen waffles, the list could go on and on.

Your General Electric dealer has it *now*. See it soon. General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Department, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

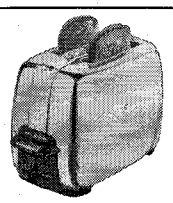


Toasts any shade you want. Just set the control for your favorite shade and press the button. Done! Toast pops up extra high—no digging, no burned fingertips. Bright chrome finish is a breeze to keep clean.



Makes toasted sandwiches, keeps 6 pieces of buttered toast warm at once, does *so* many jobs that used to require range oven. Chart on "oven" drawer shows just-right settings. Drawer pulls out for easy cleaning.

For toast alone, nothing tops the General Electric *truly automatic* toaster. It gives you toast the way *you* want it—every time. Has six-position light-to-dark control, extra-high pop-up, snap-out crumb tray for easy cleaning. At your General Electric dealer's.



Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Admiral Beanblower

Dear Sirs:

Glad to see another Hornblower sea story (HORNBLOWER'S HURRICANE by C. S. Forester, Apr. 12–26).

D. C. LEWIS
New Hartford, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

How long, O Lord, will that perennial fraud, Horatio Beanblower, continue to travesty the officers of the British Navy of the Napoleonic Wars? That pious love for his fellow-man! That sanctimonious abhorrence of discipline! And above all, that God-awful sense of humor!

EDMUND A. GIBSON
Navy Training Publications Center
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

Please introduce Hornblower to Tugboat Annie. Put 'em on a slow boat to China and sink it!

JOHN D. MEE
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I love both Mr. Forester and the Post.

MRS. ROBERT MURCHIE
Detroit, Mich.

Perky City

Dear Sirs:

A word of congratulation on your accurate and illuminating article on Mayor Lee (HE IS SAVING A "DEAD" CITY by Joe Alex Morris, Apr. 19). It is true that New Haven was a dying city until he put an oxygen tent over City Hall. There is no end to what that man can do—and will do.

CHRISTOPHER TUNNARD, *Director*
Graduate Program in City Planning
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

Your article is particularly gratifying to those of us who have had the opportunity to work with him in the Citizens Action Commission which he formed.

CHARLES W. SCHENCK
New Haven, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

My twelve-year-old son remarked that he "wished *we* lived in New Haven—Mayor Lee's made it a pretty nice place for kids!" . . .

There's something very American in the way Dick Lee has made his boyhood dreams come true. We need more men like him.

LENA BRYANT SNOW
Willimantic, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

A "Watchdog" committee, made up of a group of very sore losers of last November's election, keep the public informed of all the "dishonest," "secretive" doings of the mayor. . . . At this point, we wait for them to criticize Dick Lee for catching a cold.

CATHERINE WALL
New Haven, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

You state in your article, "a New York-Boston syndicate paid $1,150,000 for ten acres of former slums." This is far from the truth. . . . What originated as a "sale" has degenerated to a long-term lease for $69,000 per year. . . .

We do not feel that the Lee administration qualifies for nationwide commendation.

MRS. EDITH V. COOK
HENRY J. DeVITA
CHARLES TOMASINO
New Haven, Conn.

● *Republican "Watchdogs" Cook, DeVita and Tomasino are right about that "purchase." But the syndicate did actually bid $1,150,000, then negotiated an annual lease at 6 per cent of that figure — a good bargain for New Haven, Mayor Lee maintains.* —ED.

Missing: 100 Poems

Dear Sirs:

For many years, I have been curious about William W. Pratt, whose many poems in the Post have given me so much pleasure.

Naturally, I was delighted to read your fine profile of him (KEEPING POSTED, Apr. 26). But I was surprised that you give him credit for only 72 poems when I have over 125 collected in a scrapbook.

MRS. KATHERINE OGDEN
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Sirs:

The proofreader has goofed
(It just couldn't be you)
Where it says: "His Post verse
Adds to seventy-two."

Including this rhyme,
Which, of course, you get free,
The count is one-hundred-
And-seventy-three.

BILL PRATT
New York, N.Y.

● *We're terribly sorry.*
We couldn't feel worse.
We forgot to count
Pratt's Post Scripts verse!
—ED.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Hans Knopf. • 19–Hans Knopf. • 20–Three from Birnback; anonymous. • 21–Birnback, Brooklyn Eagle. • 22, 23–Peter Stevens. • 24, 25–Gene Lester. • 26–Arnold Newman. • 28, 29–Pat Robbins. • 30–Bernard D'Andrea. • 31–Jim Burns. • 32–Gene Lester. • 33–Culver, Gene Lester, Culver. • 34, 35–James R. Bingham. • 36–Two from Arthur Bonner; Wide World. • 37–Fred Otnes. • 38, 39–Stevan Dohanos. • 43–Robert Meyers. • 64–Jim Burns. • 77–Gene Lester. • 92–Culver, Penguin. • 96–Harry D. Williams, Warren Rothschild, Studio "J", Dublin.

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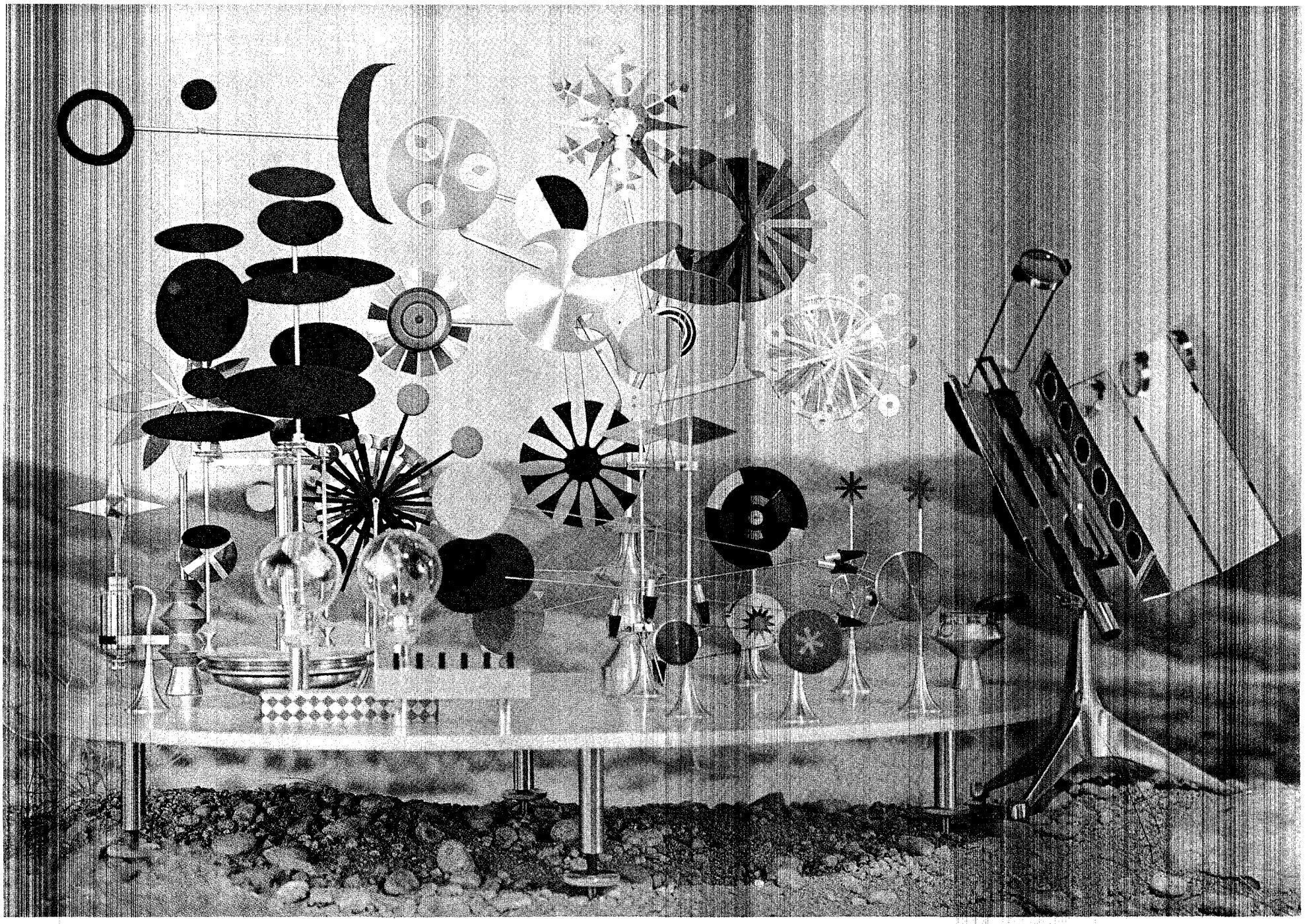

FORECAST: THERE'S A WORLD OF ALUMINUM IN THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF TOMORROW

. . . where the unimaginable energy of the sun will combine with the infinite versatility of aluminum . . . to usher in a new age of accomplishment delightfully expressed by this ever-changing kaleidoscope of aluminum shapes and textures . . . wheels and pistons . . . in mankind's first solar toy.

ALCOA ALUMINUM ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA · PITTSBURGH

Aluminum solar-energy toy designed and photographed for the Alcoa collection by Charles Eames.

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New Fleetside pickup features higher capacity body.

Chevy trucks step lively all day long!

The way Chevrolet trucks stay on the go, you *know* they've got a special kind of power and build! They're as tough as the latest ideas in chassis and body engineering can make 'em. They're built to take it and keep com-

CHEVROLET

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Step-Vans come complete with 8', 10' or 12' bodies.

Series 100 model with new Workmaster V8 power.

ing back for more! And they've got the power to hustle through any haul. Precision-designed V8 power that turns in top performance without wasted effort. Hard-working 6-cylinder power with a name for economy that's never been equaled. As sure as Chevy trucks keep hustling around the clock and straight through the calendar—the right truck for any job is at your Chevrolet dealer's. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

TASK·FORCE TRUCKS CHEVROLET

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Editorials

Let Our Remaining Unknown Soldiers Rest in Peace!

By COL. JOHN M. VIRDEN USAF (ret.)

On a green hillside of Arlington, on Gen. Robert E. Lee's old farm, facing Washington across the Potomac River, stands the majestically simple Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

Engraved in the polished white marble of the sarcophagus are these moving and reverent words:

HERE RESTS IN HONORED GLORY
AN AMERICAN SOLDIER
KNOWN BUT TO GOD.

For every minute of every day and night, since eleven A.M., November 11, 1921, when this American shrine was dedicated to the memory of all "the unnamed men who breached the walls and died before the gates" in our nation's wars, the Tomb has been guarded by a crack infantryman of the U. S. Army.

This carefully selected sentinel, dressed in smart and immaculate uniform, carries a bayoneted rifle as he paces off the twenty-seven steps, turns, takes the measured steps again, before the last bivouac of a sleeping comrade who died somewhere in France in 1918.

Exactly where or how his comrade died, the pacing sentinel cannot know. But to most Americans, this Unknown Soldier who rests here is the best known of all soldiers who have died that other men might live.

Every year thousands of men, women and children visit this Tomb. Some come to look and some come to pray. They stand in silence, as the guard's boots click off his twenty-seven measured steps. Only the most distinguished guests of our country are asked to pay their nations' respects by laying a wreath before—but not upon—the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. This is hallowed ground, and nobody ever touches the Tomb. It was intended that all this be so until the end of time.

But on this Memorial Day of 1958, when ". . . the dead march out with tattered banners flying . . ." [from the poem by Bruce Catton], this treasured symbol of all soldiers will be changed and, in my opinion, cheapened.

For on the afternoon of May 30, two old artillery caissons will roll over Arlington's twisting roads. Each will be pulled by six gray horses. One caisson will bear the remains of a man killed in World War II, the other all that was mortal of a youth who fell in Korea.

When the gray horses halt beside the Tomb, a band will play Our Honored Dead, as the honor guards present arms. Then prayers will be read and some remarks will be made. A squad of riflemen will fire a volley over the two caskets. The bugler will send the long, sad, sad notes of taps echoing over the Virginia hills, and two more Unknowns will be sealed under granite slabs that will bear the dates of the wars in which they died: 1941–1945 and 1950–1953.

Somehow, it seems to me, some of the grandeur of the solitary Tomb of the Unknown Soldier before the impressive Grecian Amphitheater in Arlington will be lost by the addition of two more Unknowns. Not that these men are less worthy than the man who died a quarter century or more before they did. The fact that the Unknown Soldier was slain in a conflict that ended when I was a child in no way detracts from my feeling of reverence and respect for him. In different wars we fought for and believed in the same things.

But the burial of two more Unknowns smacks a little too much of a patriotic stunt, promoted by some professional veterans for the past eleven years, although there is ample evidence the rank and file of the war veterans did not approve of this. For the battle-slain are too precious ever to be used in stunts, regardless of the care in their selection, how solemn and moving the last rites or who attends the ceremonies.

Whatever the promoters' motives, the logic back of this multiplicity of Unknowns is elusive. If three Unknown Soldiers are better than only one, would twenty not be much better than three? And a round hundred would be better than a score. Why not cover that whole green hillside with Unknowns? The Good Lord knows we have a lot of them to choose from; they have been buried in countless thousands in the course of our history.

The Unknowns from the American Revolution are legion, but one of General Washington's unknown men is already buried in Alexandria, Virginia, as a symbol of all the others. There are plenty more. Some of them died in Shays' Rebellion, in the Pennsylvania Whisky Rebellion. Near Buena Vista, Mexico, there is a whole field full of unknown dead. These were Zack Taylor's men. Their graves are unmarked, and the Mexican farmers cultivate the ground above them, but surely we could not overlook the dust of these valiant men if we need more Unknowns to re-immortalize in Arlington.

Over a mass grave of his comrades from the Union Army of the Potomac, the official Unknown Soldier of the Civil War is already enshrined in a little-visited section of Arlington. And hundreds of Confederates are buried inside Jackson Circle not far away. Any proposal to move the Union Unknown to the amphitheater for reinterment beside the veterans of World Wars I and II and the Korean War would bring demands that a Confederate Unknown also be honored.

A century of wars against the American Indians scattered nameless graves from Tippecanoe to the Little Big Horn. And then there was the Spanish American War, the Philippine Insurrection, the pacification of Cuba, Haiti and Nicaragua. A few men were killed in the Crazy Snake Rebellion and the Battle of Wounded Knee, shot just as dead as any who fell at Gettysburg or St. Lô.

If we are to go in for numbers of Unknown Soldiers, let us go all the way, neglecting no war. Better still, let us hope that this molestation of our honored dead is stopped before it goes one step further.

Editors' Note: Colonel Virden had combat service in North Africa and in the China-Burma-India theater, with Gen. Claire Chennault's 14th Air Force, during World War II. Since his retirement in 1953, he has served as editor of American Weekend, a news magazine published in Frankfort, Germany, for Americans stationed in Europe and the Middle East. Colonel and Mrs. Virden have three sons, Mike, Jon and Don, at the University of Maryland, and a daughter, Mrs. Hugh Lucas of Chevy Chase, Md.

Soviet Parents Complain That Homework is Too Hard, and Examinations Too Frequent

Recently, the Warsaw Communist regime's official daily printed an article by a Pole who had discussed education in Moscow with "parents, educators and high officials in the Soviet Ministry of Education." This Polish writer found agreement on two points: the study load is too great, and pupils are not prepared for life, but only to pass entrance examinations. Since no more college students are wanted, according to the authorities, many high-school graduates can only join the unemployed.

The forecast is that an ever larger number of students finishing high school will enter industry or agriculture. Practical courses must find places in the curriculum. School programs have been prepared coordinating theory and practice, but without shortening the time devoted to theory. This, the complainants point out, increases the pupil's already excessive burden.

The Komsomol, the Communist youth organization, takes a far more radical position on the "burning school question" than does the Soviet Ministry of Education or the Academy of Pedagogical Science. The Komsomol believes that homework is excessive, and that the subject matter is too difficult.

Fifty high schools are experimenting with alternate days of classroom work and factory for pupils in the upper classes. They are paid for factory work, and on graduation receive their work papers. Whether this program will produce individuals with greater freedom of choice, or only more closely directed, is for the future to disclose.

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Your friendship with a new Parker 61 is likely to start with a sort of fascination. Right off, you see it fill itself by itself. (Fastidious pen, this. No cartridge stains on your fingers—no levers or buttons to flick or fiddle with).* And a decade from now you'll find your Parker 61 writing as beautifully as it writes today: with smooth, firm, authoritative strokes. Trouble-free and fine, like a precision tool – that's the new Parker 61 Capillary Pen. Its price is $15.00 and up. Its beauty speaks for itself. Why not drop in on your Parker Franchise dealer today? Especially if you are thinking about a gift for an *important* graduate!

Parker 61

Capillary Pen

The World's Most Wanted Pen

The secret is inside the Parker reservoir—a honeycomb of tiny cells that literally drink ink.

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See Raymond Burr as "Perry Mason" in The Perry Mason Show, CBS-TV Network Saturday Nights

Roll-the-window test convinces "Perry Mason"

Try it, and judge for yourself

Look for this sign when you need to replace safety glass.

With an E-Z-Eye Safety Plate Glass window rolled halfway down, you'll feel the sun burning your forehead. Yet the rest of your face stays shady cool. The reason: E-Z-Eye has a special chemical composition that filters out a high percentage of the hot solar radiation, and gives this safety glass a pleasing blue-green tint. Keeps the heat from pouring in on you.

That's important because, while you can drive with your side windows open to get some breeze, you *can't* open the two *biggest* heat traps — the back window and the windshield. No wonder people say E-Z-Eye is the next best thing to air conditioning.

When buying a new car, try the E-Z-Eye roll-the-window test. Also notice how E-Z-Eye with its shaded windshield cuts down glare. E-Z-Eye is offered as an inexpensive option in Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Oldsmobile, Packard, Pontiac and Studebaker.

Next best thing to air conditioning...

E-Z-EYE SAFETY L·O·F PLATE GLASS

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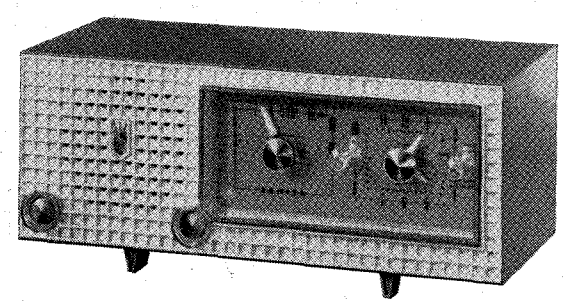
You give so much more when you give a Zenith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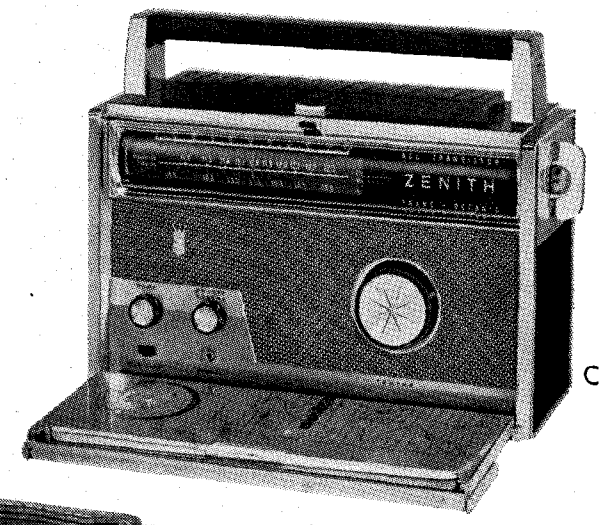

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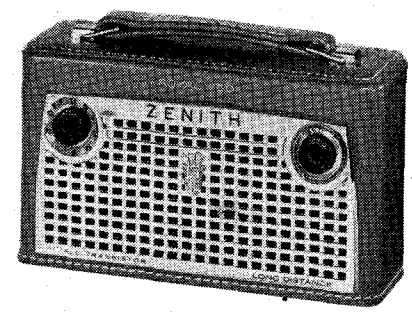


D

No one but Zenith puts such rich, full tone into all-transistor radios and high-fidelity phonographs

A. WAKE UP TO THE FINEST TONE in any clock radio ever made. This trim and handsome set has a Zenith quality speaker with a heavy Alnico 5 Magnet. Long distance AM reception. Model A519, AC only, in ebony, white and in two-tone combinations of Pine Frost Green and white, pink and Dusk Grey, $39.95*.

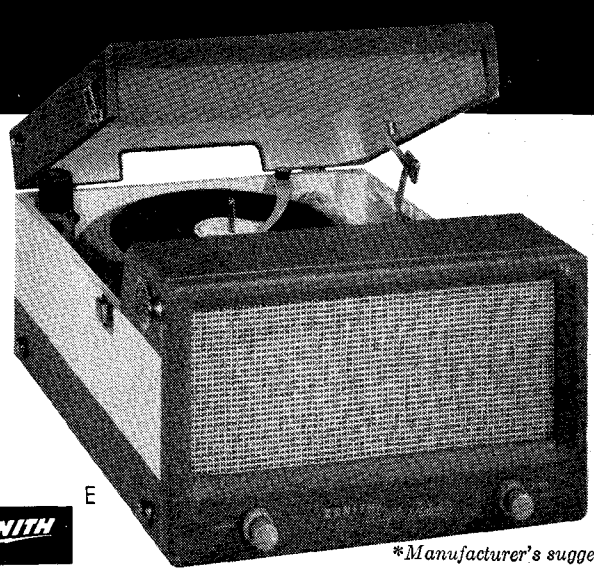
B. NEW! LONG DISTANCE! The world's most sensitive pocket radio. Up to 300% more sensitivity from Zenith's own specially designed circuit brings in distant stations loud and clear. Unbreakable Nylon case. In maroon, white or ebony, the Royal 500D, $75.00* without batteries.

C. POWERED TO TUNE IN THE WORLD! New Zenith all-transistor Trans-Oceanic®—the smallest and lightest standard and band spread short-wave portable radio ever produced. 8 wave bands for standard broadcast, international short wave, Marine, Weather and amateur reception. Handle lifts up to reveal telescopic Waverod Antenna. Genuine black leather, chrome and Roman Gold trim, the Royal 1000, $250.00* with batteries.

D. NEVER BEFORE SUCH TONE IN A TRANSISTOR RADIO! This tiny portable has a full 4″ speaker for rich tone at all volume levels. Specially designed Zenith circuit and 3-gang condenser pulls in stations sharp and clear. Plays where others fail—in autos, trains, planes. Genuine top grain cowhide case. The Royal 750, $79.95* without batteries.

QUALITY BY ZENITH®

THE ROYALTY OF RADIO AND HIGH FIDELITY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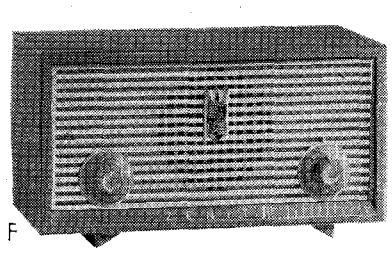
F

E. TRUE HIGH FIDELITY YOU CAN CARRY WITH YOU! The Zenith Grieg, portable phonograph, has 3 high-fidelity speakers, separate bass and treble controls, and the exclusive Zenith 4-speed Cobra-Matic® Record Changer for playing 33⅓, 45, 78 rpm records and 16⅔ rpm talking book records. Cabinet in two-tone grey and white. Model HF10, $99.95**.

F. THE PACEMAKER®—AC-DC table radio features Zenith's famous long distance AM reception. Rich, full tone—yet the cabinet measures only 5¼″ high, 4¾″ deep and 9¾″ wide. In all white or combinations of white and pink, beige or blue. Model A508, $21.95*. In maroon, $19.95*.

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ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS

Backed by 39 years of leadership in radionics exclusively. Also makers of television and fine hearing aids.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. **Price slightly higher in the Southwest and West Coast.*

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Pushing a string of barges up the Mississippi

Meet a modern-day Mark Twain ...one of PURE's riverboat Captains

Here his towboat handles three barges carrying 2.5 million gallons of gasoline

PURE's riverboat captains and their crews are busy men.

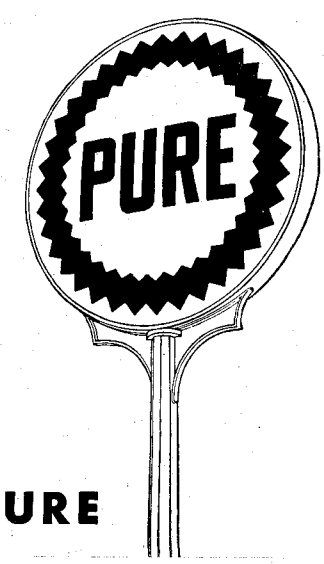
It's their job to move 685 million gallons of petroleum products a year for PURE over the great river highways of Mid-America.

The towboat in the picture above is one of 14 towboats and tugs that Pure Oil keeps on inland waterways —to move 39 barges with a total capacity of more than 22 million gallons.

But the inland tows are only a part of PURE's private fleet, which includes eight ocean-going tankers that carry petroleum products to Atlantic and Gulf ports. The entire fleet can move 66 million gallons at one time.

From the biggest tanker to the smallest tug, our marine department works with one purpose: to see that when you drive into any of our nearly 16,000 service stations in 24 states, you can be *sure* with PURE.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill.



For more information about The Pure Oil Company, write for free booklet, "Behind the PURE Seal"

BE SURE WITH PURE

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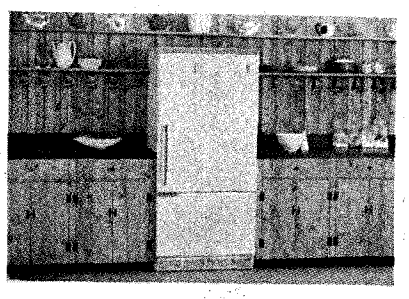
"Style Mark"  by Kelvinator

Mark of Styling Craftsmanship

Mark of Engineering Leadership

This big "Moist-Cold" automatic defrosting refrigerator and 108-lb. true home freezer give you 14 cubic feet of usable capacity. You'll love the big Roll-Out Freezer Basket; the Exclusive Breakfast Bar; removable, Roll-Out Fruit Basket; and Portable Bottle Basket.

Presenting

THE NEW 1958 "STYLE MARK" REFRIGERATOR-FREEZERS

Now, for your kitchen, thrilling new beauty . . . finest expression of the high quality always built into every Kelvinator refrigerator.

You find this superior quality in Kelvinator's flawless foodkeeping. You experience it through the years in the life-time construction and famed dependability of your Kelvinator. And you'll find that no other refrigerator is so perfectly designed for your convenience.

Feast your eyes on these "Style Mark" beauties at your Kelvinator dealer's. See your own good taste expressed by the richness of French Vanilla interiors with their accents of gold and white. And discover how easy it is to own the one that's right for your needs.

Kelvinator

Division of American Motors Corp., Detroit 32, Mich.

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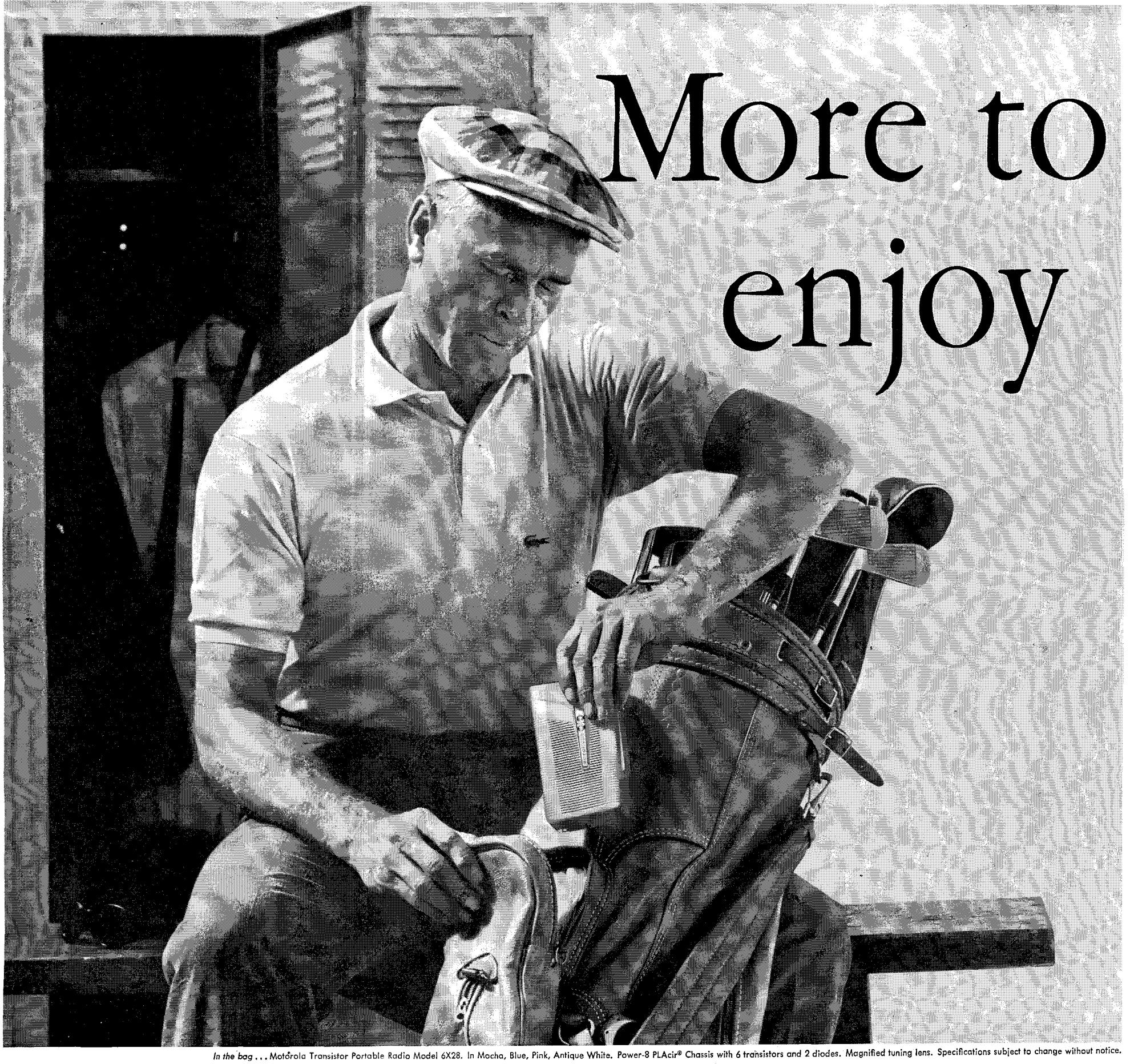

In the bag . . . Motorola Transistor Portable Radio Model 6X28. In Mocha, Blue, Pink, Antique White. Power-8 PLAcir® Chassis with 6 transistors and 2 diodes. Magnified tuning lens. Specifications subject to change without notice.

The tiny portable that's so good to hear from. On the golf course, the beach, even far out in picnic-land this tiny Motorola transistor portable radio sings out loud and clear on all stations. Its tough high-impact case is scratch-, stain-, scuff-, and break-resistant—stands up under the ruggedest treatment. And only $39.95. *Listen*, and see why we say—*More to Enjoy* from Motorola.

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Motorola Radio®

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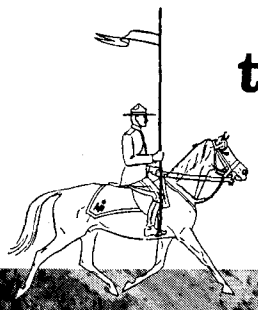

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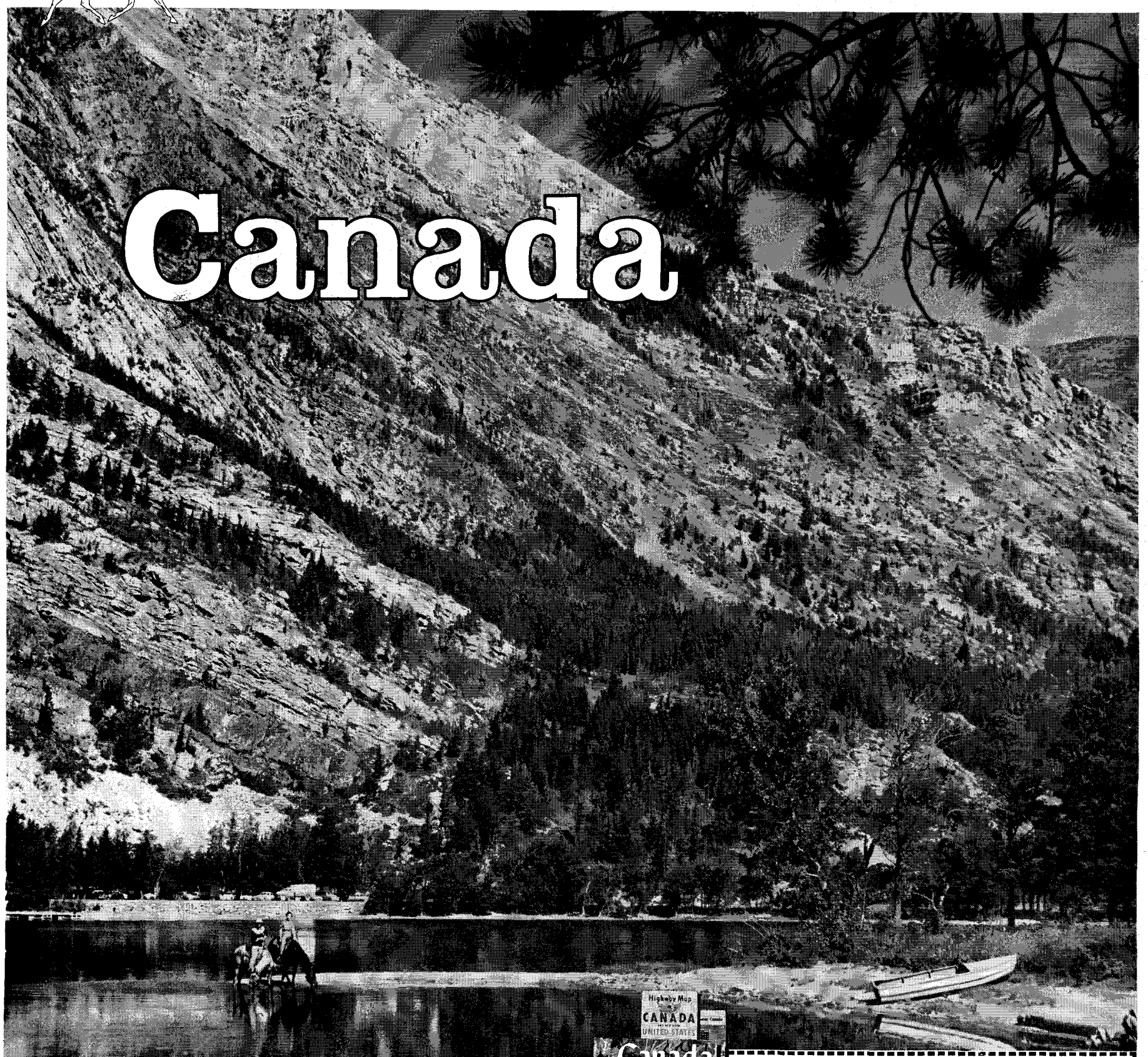

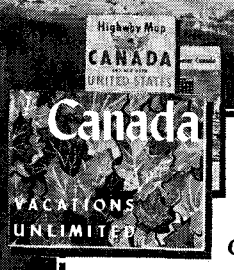

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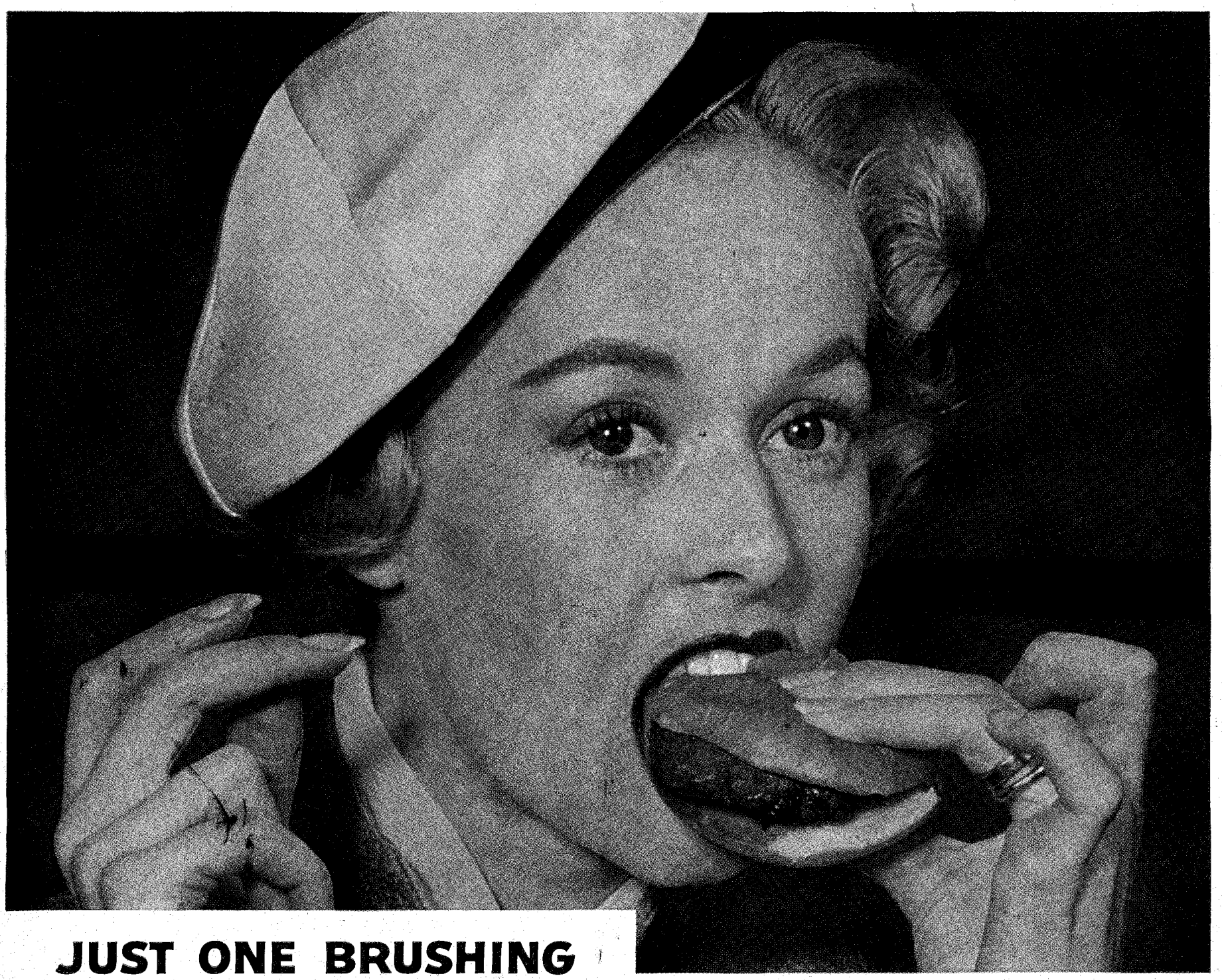
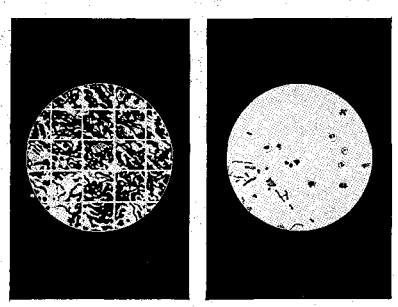
She uses only **GLEEM** *-the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*



JUST ONE BRUSHING
destroys decay-and odor-causing bacteria

PROOF – IN PICTURES



MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

JUST ONE GLEEM BRUSHING DESTROYS UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA

PROOF – IN PERSON

Mouth odor stopped all day! Scientific tests prove that one morning brushing with Gleem destroys odor-causing bacteria so effectively that mouth odor is stopped *all day*, for most people. Means a *sweeter goodnight kiss*.

If you, like this mother, can't brush your teeth after every meal—even though it's best—take a tip from her. She realizes that food combines with mouth bacteria to cause both decay and mouth odor. That's why she makes sure all her family start each day with Gleem—the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal. You, too, can depend on Gleem, with exclusive GL-70, to destroy most bacteria with just one brushing. What's more, you'll find Gleem's refreshing flavor makes brushing fun!

Only GLEEM has *GL-70* to fight decay and mouth odor

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Cookouts Can be Murder

By H. ALLEN SMITH

A celebrated humorist examines the great American art of outdoor cooking—and comes to the conclusion that there is no faster way to lose friends.

The other day I got out my portable barbecue grill and set it up on the back terrace. I filled the pan with a triple layer of charcoal briquettes, squirted some charcoal-lighter fluid over them and set them afire.

A little while later the Coogans arrived and I went into the kitchen and got the big steak. I was about to put it on the grill when Coogan, who had been quietly watching me from a distance of twenty feet (the sneak!) let out a yell.

"Hold it!" he bellowed. "Good heaven, man, you're not gonna put that meat on yet, are you? That fire's not ready, not by a long shot."

I thought the coals seemed to be about right, but because I'm a timid soul in the presence of authority, I withheld operations for another fifteen minutes.

During that time Coogan cross-examined me about my charcoal and told me I was an idiot to buy briquettes. He asked if I had marinated the meat, and when I said I had, he told me that was probably a mistake. He asked me to name the ingredients of the marinade. I did so, and he grimaced and said the steak would taste like a slab of mutton with two coats of varnish.

At last, when I picked up the meat and prepared to plop it onto the grill, Coogan screeched anew—this time so suddenly that I dropped the steak on the ground.

"Judas Priest!" he cried. "Don't you know you gotta rub that grill with suet? Your meat will stick to it like glue!"

At that instant I quietly but firmly resolved that Coogan would never again be invited to partake of groceries at my house, indoors or out.

The enormous increase in alfresco cookery in the last ten years is one of the more pleasant social phenomena of our times, but it has brought with it a virulent form of kibitzing that in some cases has resulted in feuds and vendettas that make the Hatfield-McCoy squabble look like a schoolgirl spat.

The cookout, as everyone knows, belongs to the men, and (Continued on Page 68)

Below: Portrait of a chef (the author) beleaguered by unsolicited advice. "In the interests of benign social intercourse," he warns, "never kibitz another man's outdoor cookery."

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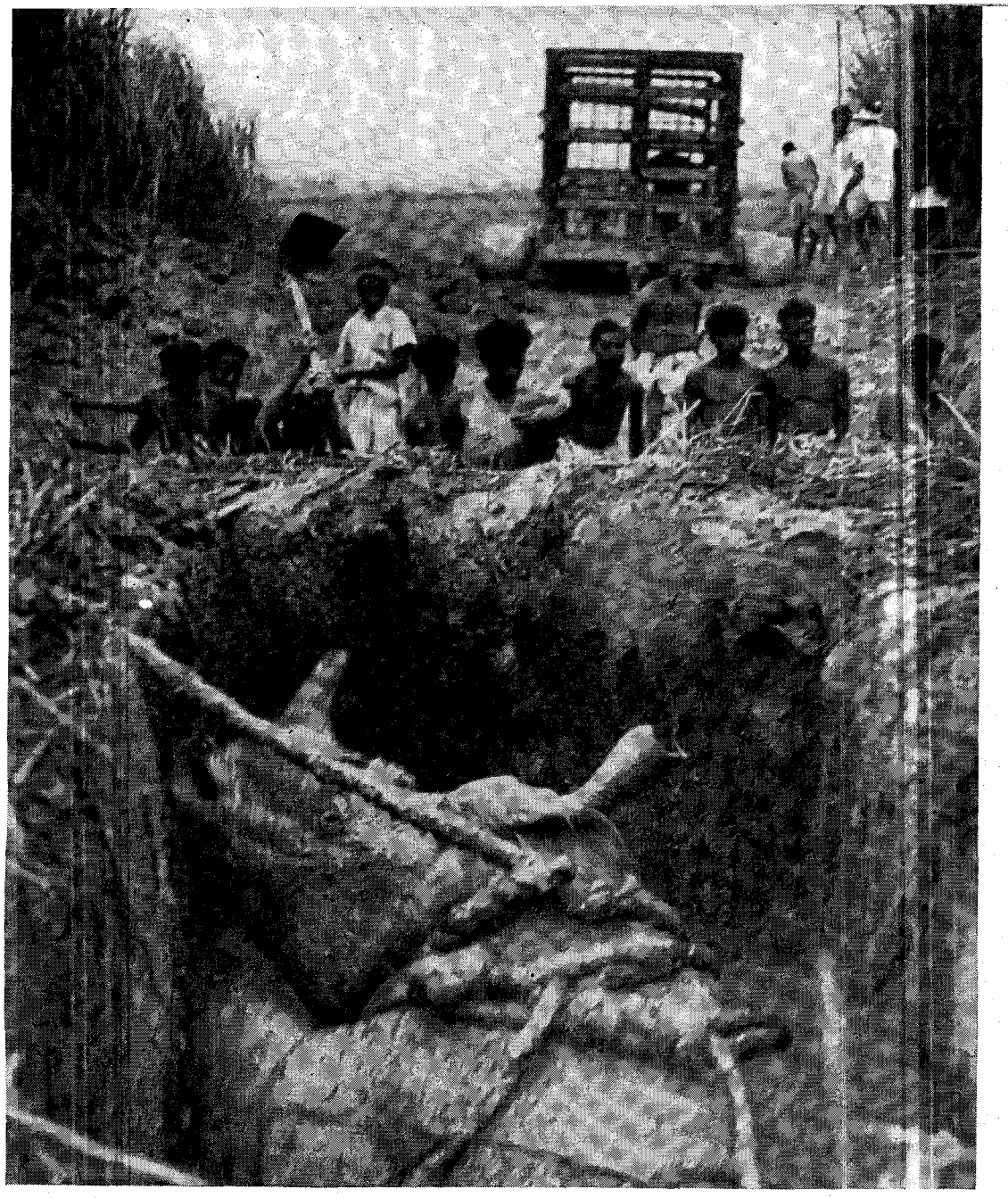
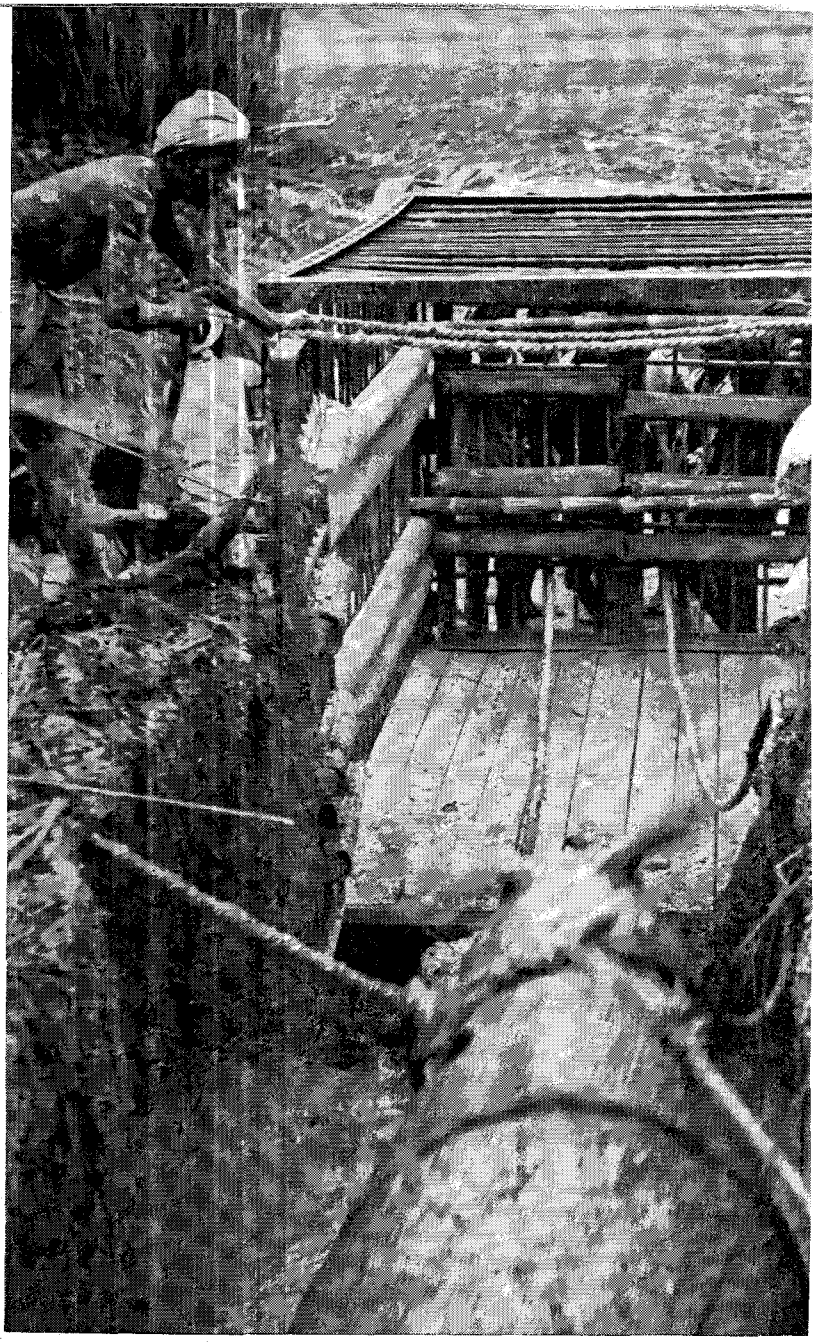


1 During the night the beast fell into the pit. Now natives remove the earth from one side until only an eighteen-inch dirt wall remains. Ropes restrain the rhino from bursting out.



2 After the cage has been maneuvered into place, dirt wall is removed. The outraged beast can charge only one way—straight into prison.

Above: The Ryhiners look for rhino tracks in the Kaziranga Sanctuary. Elephants, with their long tusks, are able to ward off the attack of a furious rhinoceros.

MY BEAUTY and MY BEASTS

PART TWO

We Hunt the Killers

Tracking down the rare, dangerous Indian rhino, the author and his wife gambled their lives, and had to defy a mob to get their prizes out of the country.

Mercia and Peter: When a female Indian rhino proved tough to trap, she said, "Naturally, because all males are much stupider than females."

By PETER RYHINER
as told to
Daniel P. Mannix

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3 Although the two-ton rhino can gather but little momentum for charging, he can easily bend the iron bars. Now the ropes are used to lessen the power behind his lunge.

The Kaziranga Wild Life Sanctuary, where the last herd of the almost extinct Indian rhinos lives, lies along the south bank of the great Brahmaputra River in the foothills of the Himalayas. We flew to Jorhat—the roughest plane trip I've ever endured—and then took a car over tortuous mountain trails, through jungles and across vast open plains covered with the high, yellow *ekkra* grass to the sanctuary. Here we stopped at a dak bungalow, left over from the British days. Mercia, my pretty Eurasian wife, collapsed on the rickety bed, moaning, "I thought in Assam we'd be living with a raja. How could you bring a woman to such a filthy hovel?"

I could think of nothing but the rhinos we planned to capture. The Indian rhinos are the largest of the rhinoceros clan, standing over six feet at the shoulder and weighing over two tons. Their skin hangs in great folds, giving them the effect of wearing armor plate, and they have only one horn, while the African rhino has two. They are thought to be the origin of the mythical unicorn and are one of the rarest animals in the world. There were none in captivity and my reputation as an animal collector depended on bringing a pair back alive to Europe.

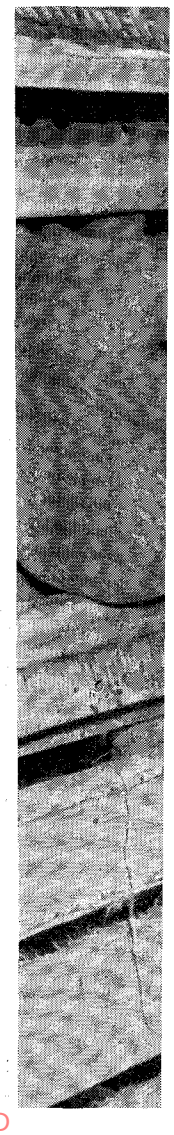
We had hardly arrived when Pat Stracey, senior conservation officer of the area, who had got me permits to collect a male and female, drove up in a battered English land rover with some of his rangers. Pat was a Eurasian and looked like a slender, dark-complexioned Englishman. We managed to get a bottle of whisky from a tiny, thatched store and sat on the veranda of my bungalow to discuss the rhino situation. I was particularly curious to know why the forestry department had granted my request for a permit, as no permits to collect rhinos had been issued for thirty years.

Pat told me, "Your request just happened to come at a good time. Fifty years ago there were only about ten rhinos left and it seemed almost sure they'd become extinct, as the locals hunted them mercilessly for their horns. The horn is supposed to be a powerful aphrodisiac and sells for a hundred rupees (about $20) an ounce. However, since we started protecting the rhinos, the herd has built up. As the rhinos increase, they're apt to wander off the sanctuary and attack the local farmers."

Pat told me that an old bull rhino had left the sanctuary only a few days before I applied for my permits, entered a nearby village and killed a man. The bull had then skinned the man with his tongue. Apparently he was trying to get salt from the dead man's body.

Pat added that an Indian rhino seldom uses its horn as a (Continued on Page 52)

"Mercia was al
and humans," s
an Indian rhinc



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Daisy put her face
alongside of his,
and then she kissed him.

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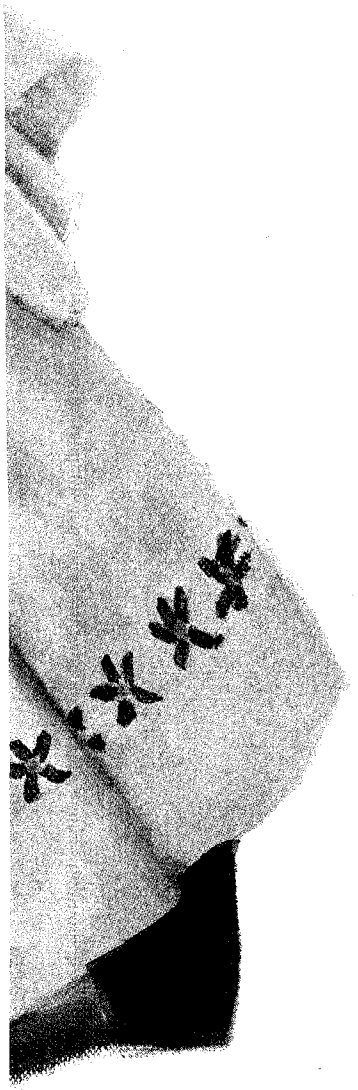
For Love of Daisy

Daisy's love was a very important thing to those about her—especially her dog.

By WILLIAM SAROYAN



Illustrated by Peter Stevens

"One thing about cats," a little girl named Daisy Hamilcar said to her mother. "They don't go jumping up on your new dress with muddy paws the minute they see you again."

"No, they don't," Daisy's mother said. "But they do go sneaking around. Fido loves you."

"Well, I hate him," Daisy said. "This isn't the first new dress he's muddied up with his stupid love. It's the second. I don't want Fido any more. I want a cat."

"Look at the poor fellow," Daisy's mother said. "He's all crushed by your rudeness."

"My rudeness?" Daisy said. "Mother, I don't believe I've ever known such a stupid dog."

"Fido's breed is famous for its intelligence," Mrs. Hamilcar said.

"They're notorious, I'd say, for barking when there isn't a thief for miles around, for muddying people's dresses and for whimpering with all their hearts and souls when they think everybody they know isn't madly in love with them. I am looking at the silly fellow, and I may say the silly fellow's looking at me."

"As he has been ever since you rejected his pure, steadfast, indestructible love," Mrs. Hamilcar said. "They broke the mold when they made Fido. He's a big dog with a soft heart. Red hair. A man's head, rather than a dog's. Eyes that any calf would be proud to look at wildflowers with. Ears as alert as any hare's. Tail as long as a pony's, as vibrant as a lion's. A posture like a lord's. A stance like a statue's. A walk like a boulevardier's."

"What the devil's a boulevardier?"

"Did you pick up that kind of language at camp?"

"Oh, no. They'd never let us speak intelligently there. I got it from father, of course. What is a boulevardier?"

"A boulevardier is a man who wears spats, carries a stick and always has a rosebud in his lapel. If he has a mustache, he waxes it and keeps the ends twisted up."

"I don't believe I've ever seen one of those."

"Most likely not. They do the better part of their boulevardiering in Paris."

"France?"

"Well, not Paris, Texas."

"But I was born there."

"Yes, but you were moved to New York, and then to California, when you were still very little."

"How little?"

"One year."

"That's not so little."

"Too little to enjoy watching a boulevardier walk down the Rue de la Paix."

"Why there?"

"Well, we lived on the Rue de la Paix while your father worked for the Herald Tribune, and you and I often sat at the window and watched the people in the street, including the boulevardiers."

"And you think Fido walks the way they do?"

"Exactly. I've never seen anything like it. I think you ought to know, Daisy, that you picked a great entity from the Pacific Palisades Pound when you picked Fido."

"What's an entity?"

"A whole being."

"Every dog's that."

"Not by a long shot, and I wouldn't care to think of Fido as merely a dog, because you and I know he's a good deal more. Kiss and make up."

"I will not."

"You're breaking his heart."

"I don't care if I am."

"But what's a little mud on a dress?"

"Mother, that dress was given to me last year on my eighth birthday by Miss Quillercape. Out of all of the girls of Oh-Ho Hill, Miss Quillercape gave only me a dress. What did she give the other girls on their birthdays? Little things. Little Spanish fans. Little bracelets and necklaces of Indian beads. Little handkerchiefs. But when it was my birthday, she gave me that dress, handmade by Miss Quillercape herself, bright yellow, with all kinds of little flowers sewed in."

"The dress will be as good as new just as soon as Margie comes on Thursday and does the laundry."

"My plan was to walk up to Miss Quillercape's as soon as I got home—in the dress she gave me, as I promised I would."

Mrs. Hamilcar stopped reading the galleys of her husband's third novel in order to have a good look at her daughter, for, if the truth were told—and why shouldn't it be?—she was jealous of Miss Quillercape, a little old woman of seventy who had captured the affection and admiration of every little girl in Oh-Ho Hill from the age of two to twelve. After twelve, the little girls became young women and got themselves uncaptured, only to become captured by the boys of the neighborhood who had suddenly become young men.

"As you promised you would?" Mrs. Hamilcar said.

"Yes, mother. Miss Quillercape and I are the best friends we have ever had or ever will. Why, there is no place in the whole world like her house, and no lady like Miss Quillercape."

"Well, now, I begin to understand why you're so annoyed with Fido. Perhaps we ought to have him destroyed."

"Mother, I wish you wouldn't be so insensitive and—well, vulgar!"

"I'm a little hurt," Mrs. Hamilcar said, "and when I'm hurt I'm always a little insensitive and vulgar."

"Why should you be hurt? I haven't blamed you. I've blamed Fido."

"I'm a little hurt that somebody else—another woman, at that—could

(Continued on Page 84)

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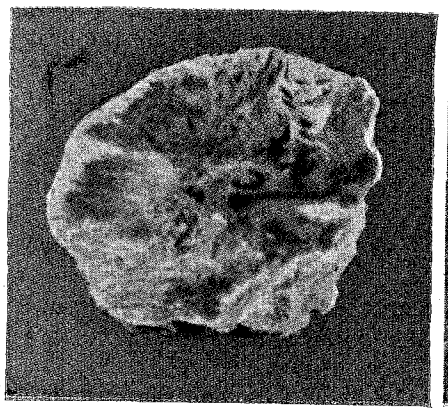
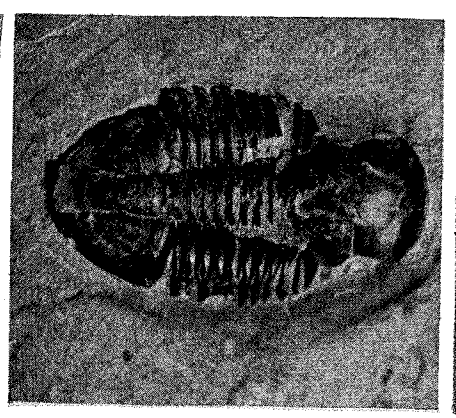
Rock hunters roam the Valley of the Goblins in Utah. Although this area is their favorite haunt, exciting "finds" can be made anywhere.

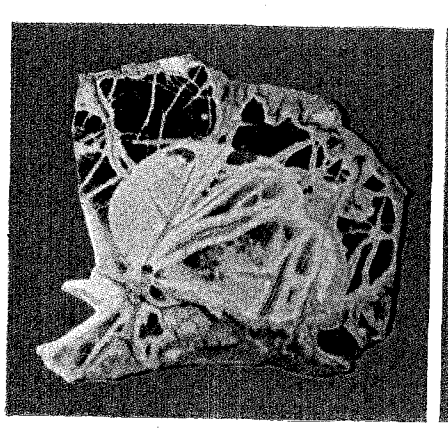
TREASURES FROM A ROCK HUNTER'S HOARD



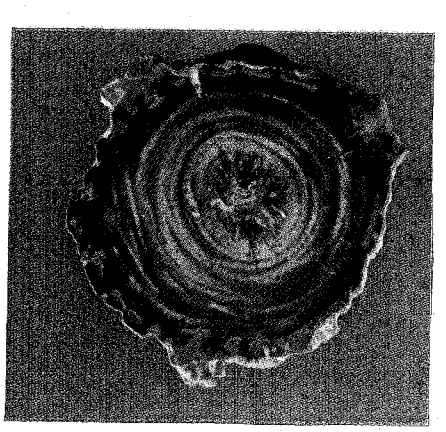
Cycad: an early tropical plant. These fossil remains indicate that Utah once had a moist, subtropical climate.



Trilobite: a small marine animal long extinct. When one died eons ago it left this imprint on an ancient sea bottom.



Variscite: a blue-green semiprecious stone. Doc Inglesby once refused a collector's offer of $100 for this piece.



Petrified wood. This particular specimen is unique for its coloring and its clearly defined ring structure.

Photographs by Gene Lester

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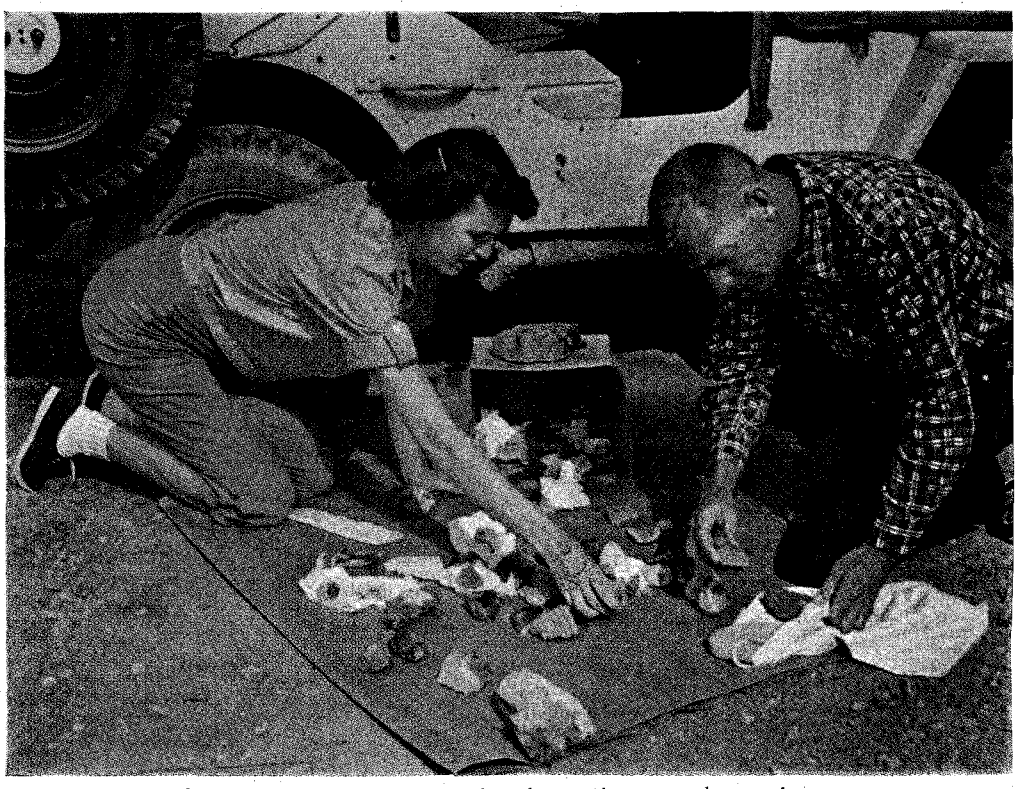
They Find Baubles in the Dust

A growing number of Americans are searching back yards and deserts for pretty pebbles and interesting minerals. And these happy prospectors don't care if they never strike it rich.

By ANDREW HAMILTON

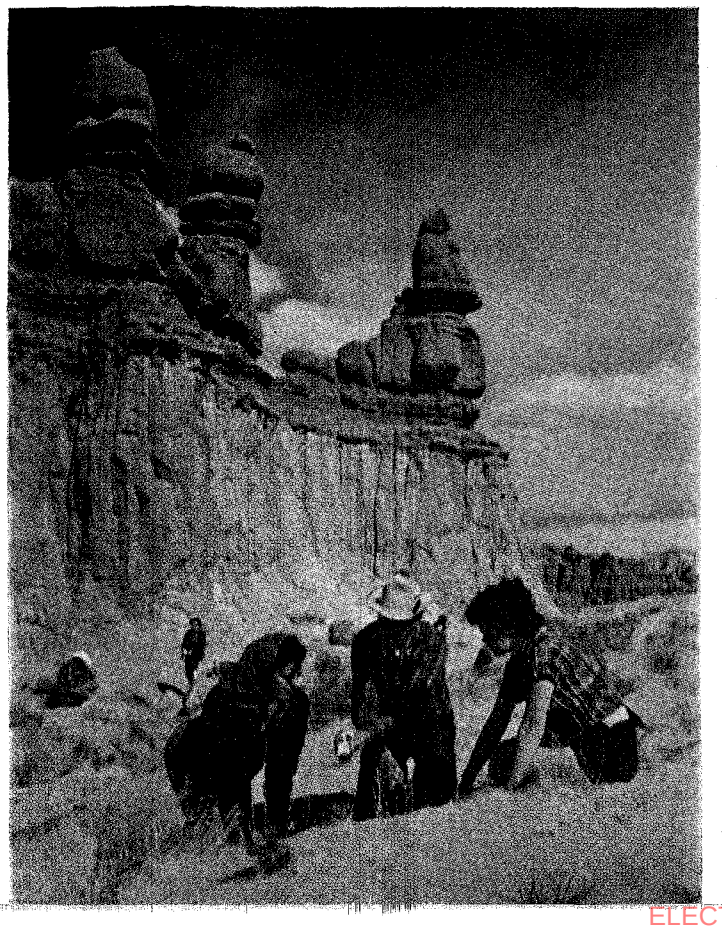
Until a few years ago, looking for pretty stones in the hills or collecting pebbles at the seashore was sniffed at as kid stuff. These days, the kids are lucky if they're even allowed to come along. Hunting for colorful, rare or odd-shaped rocks and minerals has reportedly become the country's fastest-growing hobby—and adult addicts far outnumber the small fry. Last year an estimated 500,000 Americans prowled mountains, woods and beaches, their eyes alert for any brief gleam of mineral or telltale flash of crystal. Rockhounding, they call it.

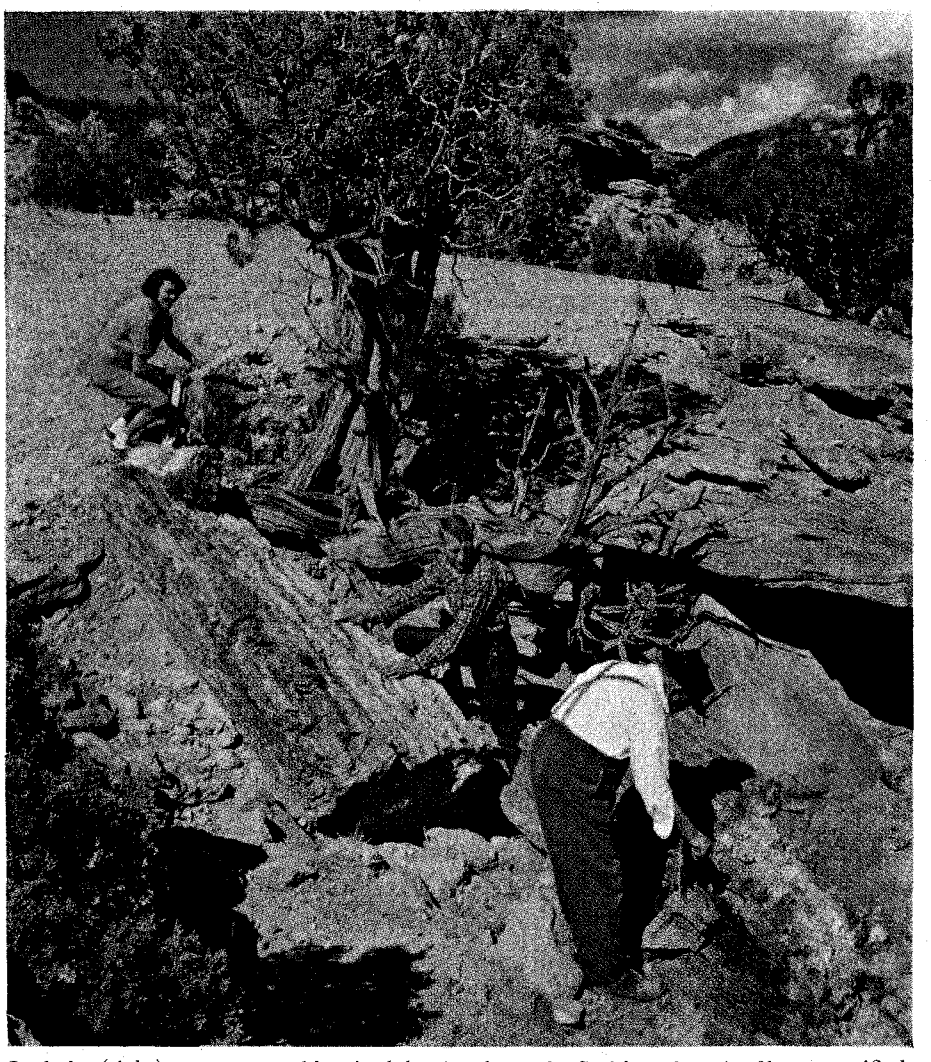
One of the pleasant things about this hobby is its modest cost. A collector's basic tool, be he a Ph.D. in geology or a Boy Scout working on a merit badge, is a prospector's hammer—blunt on one end, pointed like a pick on the other. In addition, he should have a couple of rock sacks—either tuck-in-the-belt or knapsack type—a small magnifying glass, a chisel or two, a knife and a good mineral guide. (Continued on Page 73)



Jo Ann and Ken Smith inspect some treasures found on a three-month camping-rock-hunting trip. They modified the jeep especially for trips into isolated areas.

Guide Lurt Knee explains a crystal formation to students. He owns a guest ranch and operates a rockhound service in South Central Utah.





Inglesby (right), an 84-year-old retired dentist, shows the Smiths a deposit of large petrified-wood fragments which lie near his home. He lives alone with a cat in remote Fruita, Utah.

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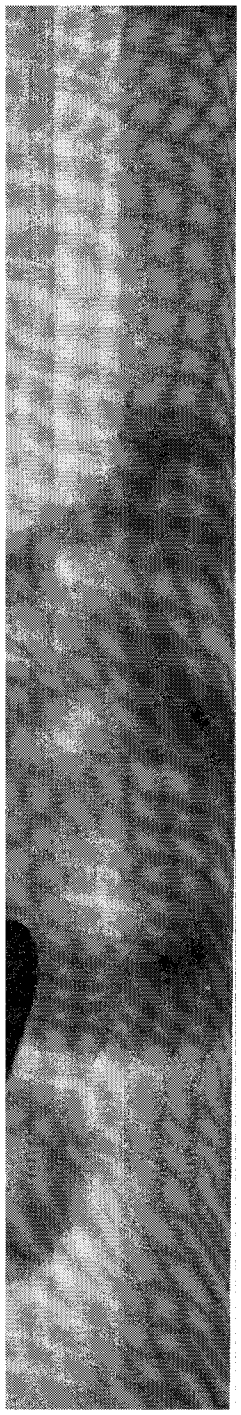

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Magic Eyes for Medicine

By V. K. ZWORYKIN

Within a single generation, the science of electronics has contrived to revolutionize our way of life. From the dial telephone system to the controlled heat of the electric blanket, from the television set to the photocell that automatically dims our car lights, we can take for granted a host of amenities that had no part in our lives only two or three decades ago. In our offices and factories, the wizardry of electronics has been applied to achieve new economy and efficiency through high-speed communication, automatic controls, and information-handling systems that cut from months to minutes the processing of vast quantities of paper work. We look forward to increasing automation of the routine chores in factory, office and home to free us for more creative activity.

This is all very well as far as it goes. But there is a critical hole in the pattern of rapid technical progress. So far, we have failed to apply the same advanced techniques to the practice of medicine on a scale merited by the importance of the field. The nation's 200,000 physicians have their hands full today in absorbing a growing store of medical knowledge and applying it to the health needs of an expanding population.

Considering the large and growing amount of routine and repetitive work encountered by the practicing physician and the trained technician in such functions as annual physical checkups and standard diagnostic procedures, there is unquestionably room for a degree of electronic automation in collecting and processing data about individual patients. Any progress we make in this direction will help the physician to dispose of the routine more quickly and effectively, leaving him freer to devote his talents to the diagnosis and care that require his special skills. *(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46)*

About the Author

Dr. Vladimir K. Zworykin is widely known for his contribution to the development of the key electronic devices which made modern television possible, namely the iconoscope and kinescope. As Director of Electronic Research for the Radio Corporation of America for a quarter century he has played a leading role in the development of electronic devices ranging from the multiplier phototube, the infrared image converter and the electron microscope to the instrumentation for traffic-control systems. His more recent work at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research can list among its achievements the ultraviolet color-translating television microscope and the "radio pill." Photograph by Arnold Newman

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The Face of AMERICA

With Full Honors

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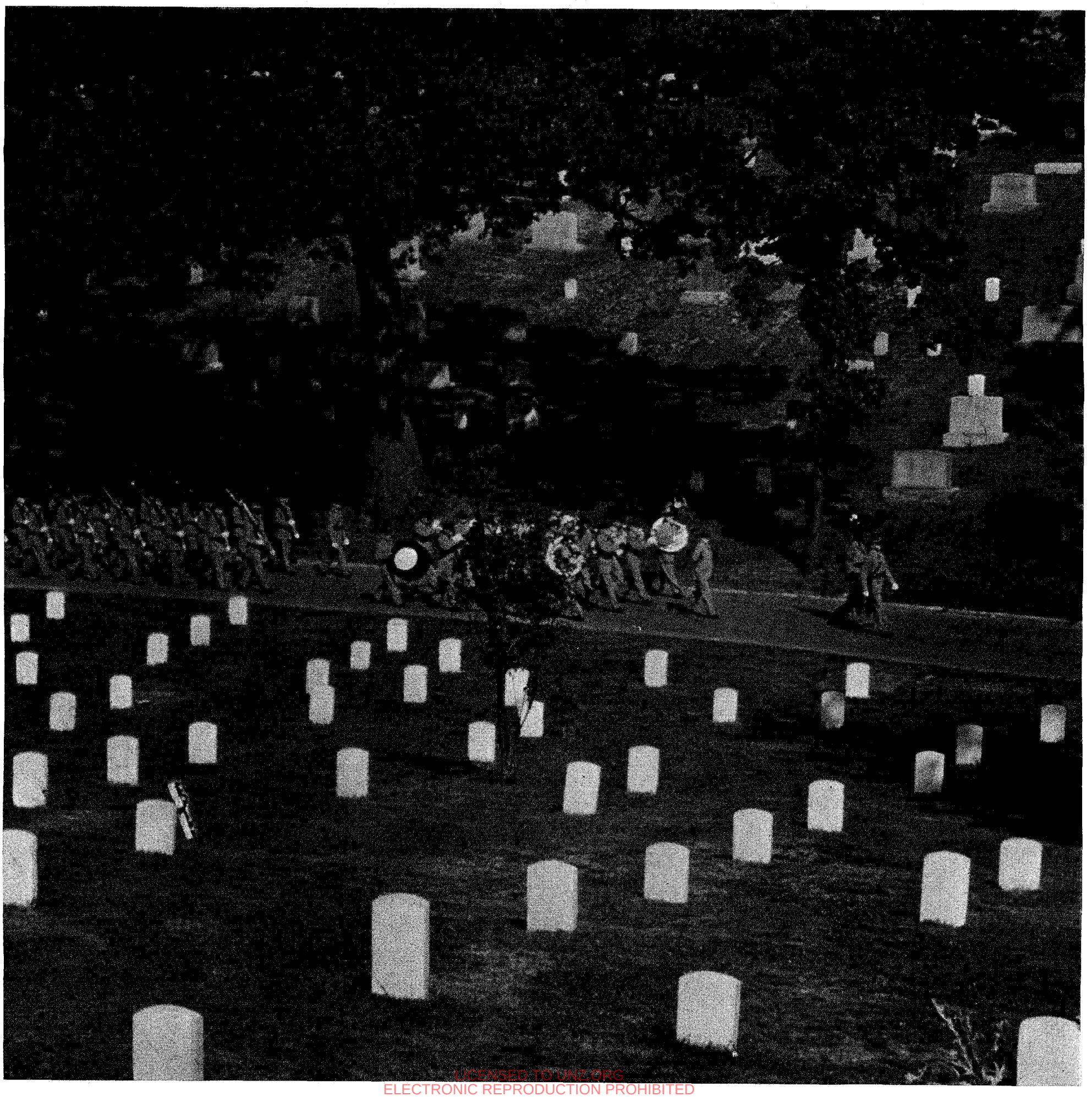
The military funeral marches at slow cadence. The drum is muffled, swathed in black, as the caisson bears the flag-draped casket of one more warrior to his resting place in Arlington National Cemetery. Here, ninety years ago, was held the first formal observance of Memorial Day—a day dedicated, in the words of the original proclamation, to those who "made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes." This week we honor again the memory of those who fought and died for us. Throughout the land, the families of fallen servicemen will decorate the graves of their own personal heroes. And at this American shrine, on the site of Robert E. Lee's home, just across the Potomac from the District of Columbia, the nation will pay collective tribute to its heroic dead. Here lie in glory men of every rank, from all the military services and from all the wars in our history. All together, nearly 100,000 rest in Arlington now. ● Photograph by Pat Robbins



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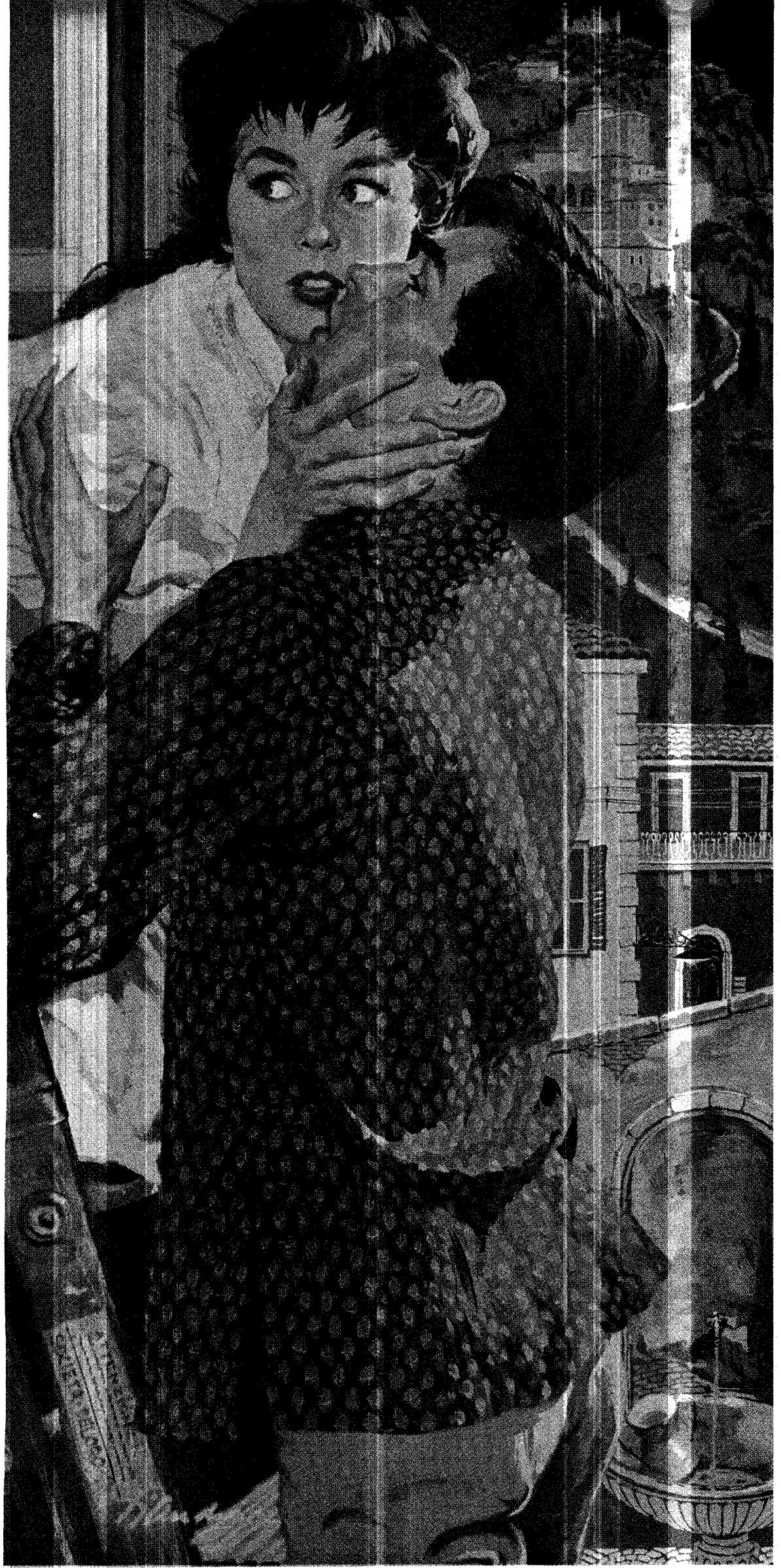

Her lips were tremulous with fright, and I stilled them in the only way possible.

FORBIDDEN LOVE

If they were discovered, he would pay with his life.

By BRIAN CLEEVE

Everyone in our village knew that Antonio Chirico had been an assassin. The mayor knew it, and treated him with a grave courtesy, referring to him privately as "a politician of the left hand." The priest knew it, and made a prim mouth whenever they passed each other in the square, where the priest's church and Antonio's favorite café faced each other across the dusty pavements. And the police chief knew it. He would stop sometimes by Antonio's table on the café terrace, one hand twirling his scrubby black mustache, the other resting on the pistol holster at his belt, and he would fix Antonio with a dark, suspicious eye, as if they were rivals. But Antonio, who was small and fat, would look up at him as blandly and meltingly as a spoonful of new butter, and invite him to have a Strega.

"Relax yourself, Giacomo," he would say to the police chief. "Do not be afraid of me. I have left all my little habits behind me in America." And then he would laugh "Ho-ho-ho" deep down in his stomach, as if his little habits had been extremely amusing.

"I am relaxed," Giacomo would say, taking off his cap and mopping the red line it left on his forehead. "But just you start any of your little habits again here and see how relaxed I am then."

Still, all of us sitting around knew that in his heart the police chief was afraid of Antonio, as we all were. Not that Antonio was a bully. He mightn't have frightened us so much if he had been. It was his gentleness that made you feel cold fingers on your spine when he looked at you. Brown, melting eyes like a woman's; a voice as soft as his little hands. He might have been a barber. And yet, you'd hear stories about him that would freeze your blood. About the time that Antonio and three others massacred a whole rival

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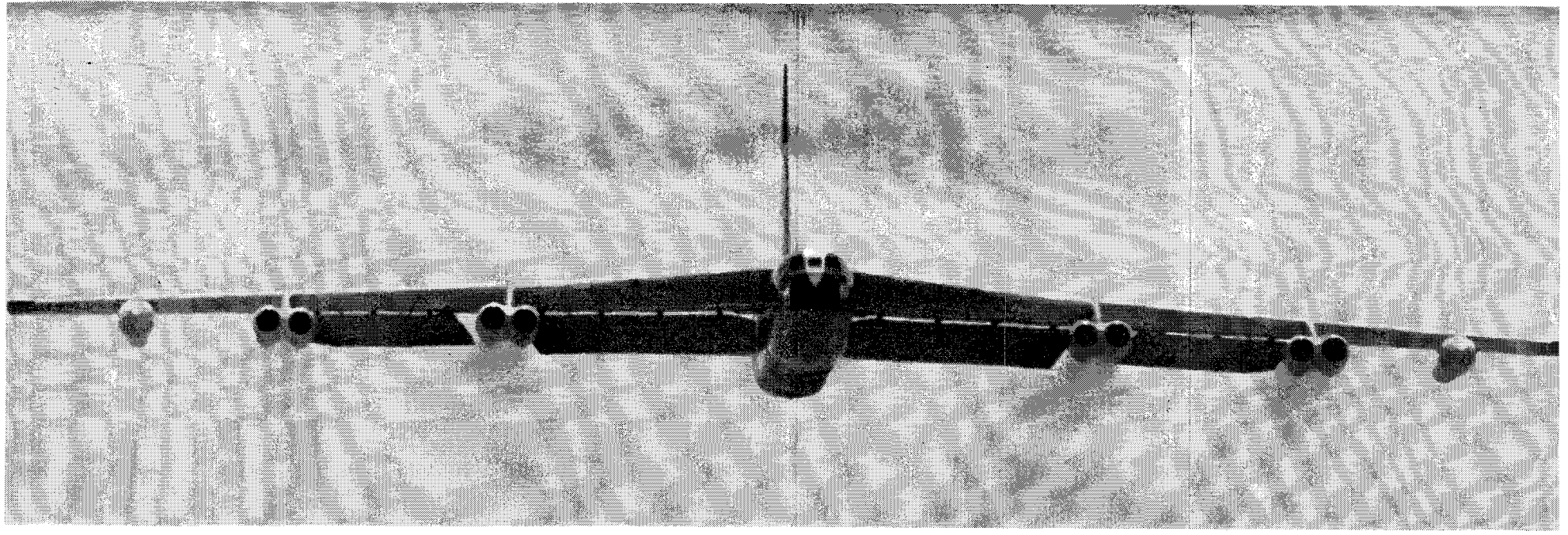

Boeing B-52: An unspecified number of these SAC giants are kept in "cocked configuration" at all times—bombed up, fueled to the hilt, and ready to move instantly.

Who Says Pilots are Obsolete?

A Post editor—the first reporter to fly a mission in a B-52—tells why the Air Force, in this missile age, still wants a man at the controls.

By CLAY BLAIR, Jr.

We were sitting in the office of Col. Loran D. Briggs, the forty-year-old boss of the Strategic Air Command's 28th Heavy Bombardment Wing at Ellsworth Air Force Base, near Rapid City, South Dakota. I had been invited there by the Air Force and would soon become the first reporter to fly in SAC's key deterrent weapon, the multimillion-dollar eight-jet hydrogen bomber, the Boeing B-52, which in one load can carry more explosive power than that of all the bombs dropped by both sides during World War II. Briggs, a veteran SAC pilot and war planner who flew bombers in both World War II and Korea, would be my pilot. He had helped fit my flying suit and helmet and was briefing me on the details of the flight.

Suddenly one of the three telephones on Briggs' desk jangled. Painted red, it was an "alert" phone, a direct wire from SAC headquarters in Omaha, Nebraska, one of several means that SAC could employ in event of war to order its planes into the air. Colonel Briggs snatched the phone from its cradle and answered sharply, "Colonel Briggs." As he listened, the expression on his face changed from one of concern to one of relief. He replaced the phone, glanced at his watch and grinned sheepishly. "I hadn't realized it was already ten o'clock. They test the phones every day at ten."

It was my first visit to a SAC base in several months, and in every quarter I found this same kind of edgy apprehension. Since Gen. Curtis E. LeMay, SAC's first, strong-arm commander, began winding up SAC's mainspring, it has always been taut. But today, in the pale dawn of the long-range ballistic-missile age, it is twanging near the breaking point. Within about a year, SAC planners believe, the Soviets will have a sizable stockpile of intercontinental ballistic missiles.

In the ICBM era, an enemy missile attack could come at any moment. SAC men believe their own bases, which house our primary means of striking back at the enemy, will be the first targets. To avoid a missile-age Pearl Harbor in which our bomber force would be caught helplessly on the ground, SAC has adopted a new (Continued on Page 63)

SAC boss, General Power. "Missiles are still early in their life cycle. They must prove themselves."

In the cockpit of his B-52, Colonel Briggs (right) briefs the author before their take-off from Ellsworth.

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I CALL ON LUCY AND DESI

A fabulously popular couple reveal the real-life story behind the astonishing success of I Love Lucy. Mrs. Arnaz also tells what it's like to be the nation's best-known expectant mother.

BY PETE MARTIN

I was visiting Lucille Ball in her Beverly Hills home. It is located in the Rosemary Clooney, José Ferrer, Jimmy Stewart belt—the Ferrers and the Stewarts live there—the same being a quietly conservative, luxurious cluster of homes not too many golf drives removed from Sunset Boulevard.

We had both read the anniversary number of a show-business publication. It was thick with vanity advertising, and we were discussing that aspect of it.

In it, certain actors filled a whole page with their portraits, but put no identification under them. "That kills me," I said. "You are automatically supposed to know who they are, which certainly takes a puffed-up ego.

Lucy had her TV-show baby in the same week that her real son, little Desi (with his mother, below), was born by Caesarean section.

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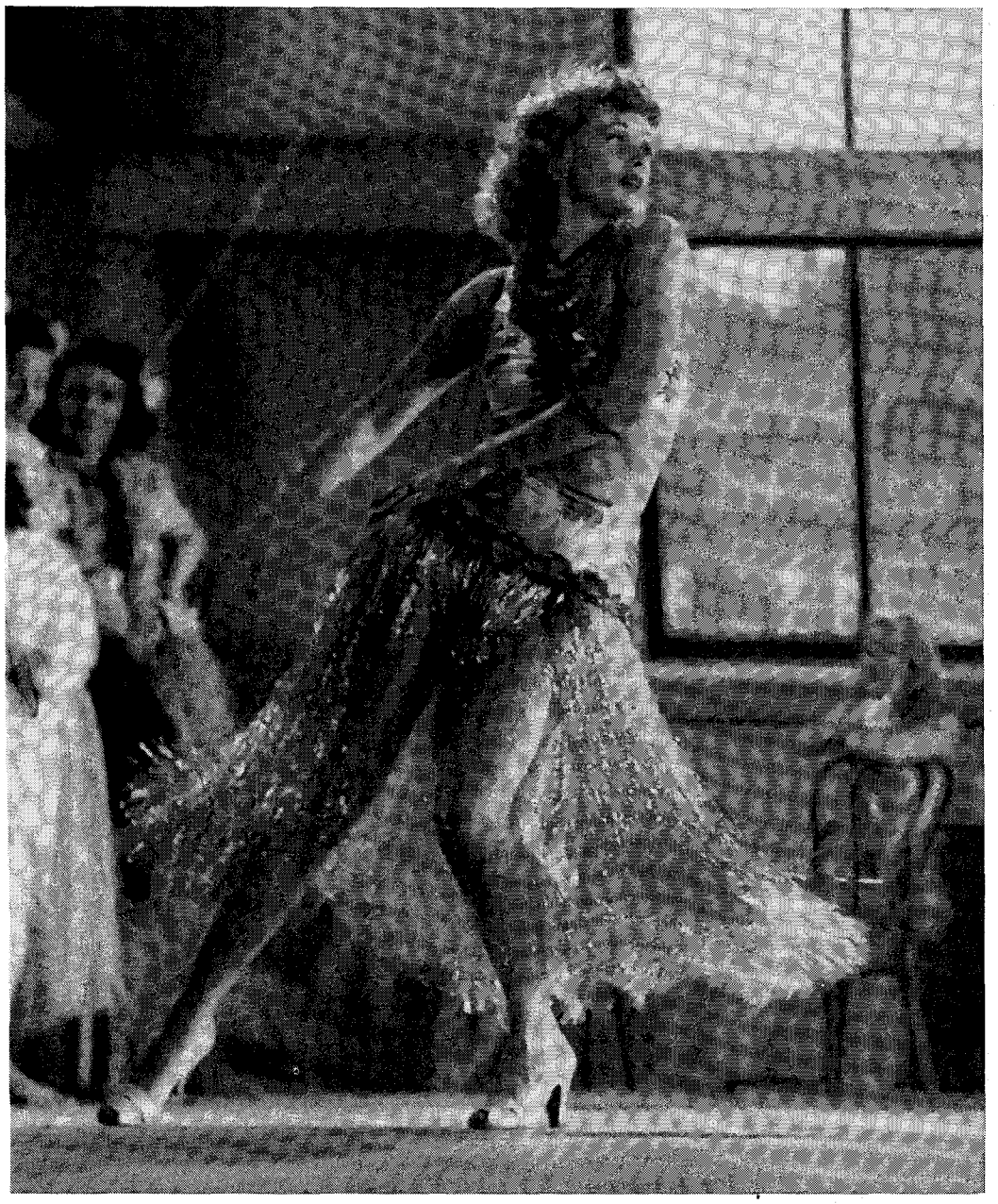

"I'm not beautiful, I'm not sexy and I don't have a good figure," says Lucy. She insists that photographs such as this one from her 1940 picture, Dance, Girl, Dance, always "amaze" her.

Lucy and Desi at the old RKO studio lots, which they now own. The Desilu studio shoots more film than either M-G-M or 20th Century-Fox.

Somebody like Bob Hope or Jack Benny or Clark Gable doesn't need a name under his picture; otherwise ——"

"You can get bawled out for having too little ego too," Lucy Ball told me. "Once, at a cocktail party in Philadelphia, somebody said to me, 'Be nice to that man over there. He's with a local paper.' I went over to him and said, 'I'm Lucille Ball,' and he said sarcastically, 'You don't say!' and I just died, because all I'd wanted to be was friendly."

"Why do you suppose he was so sarcastic?" I asked.

"I guess he thought it was like Jimmy Durante coming up to him and saying coyly, 'I'm Jimmy Durante,' only Jimmy wouldn't have been coy about it, and even if he had, the man should have said, 'You don't have to tell me, Jimmy. I recognized you,' or something human, instead of being nasty. Anyhow, the next day his paper tore into me as an example of false humility, while actually all I was trying to do was to tell the man who I was. The people I'm most grateful for in this world are those who just stick out their hand and identify themselves."

(Continued on Page 90)

Too Many Girls, 1940. Desi Arnaz (right) beats a conga rhythm for dancer Ann Miller in the film version of the stage success. He met Lucy (center, background) on the set. They were married the same year.

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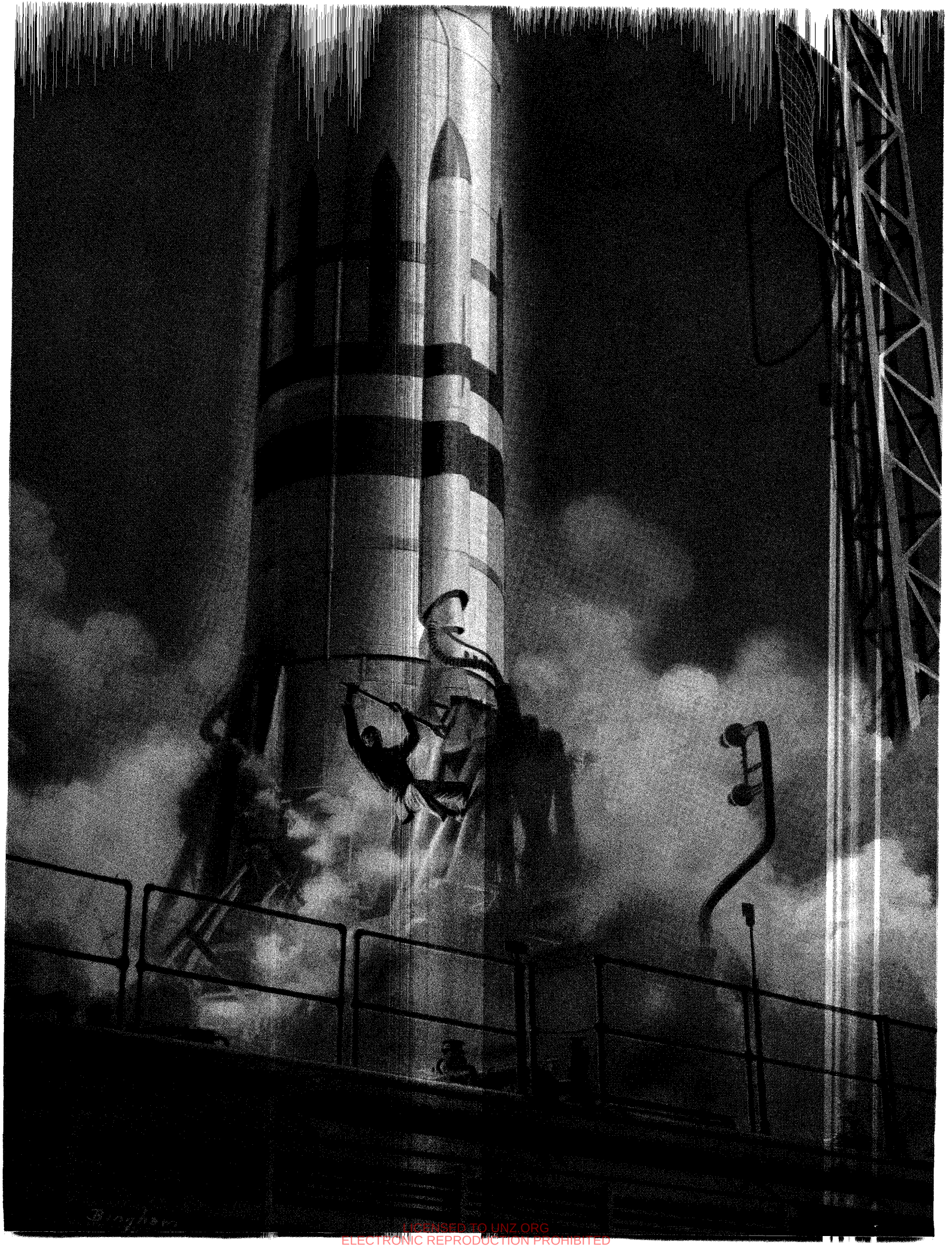

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On the brink of one of history's most fateful moments, something terrible went wrong.

MOON SHOT

By FRANK HARVEY

The wash of the surf on Cocoa Beach, Florida, did not lull Maj. Norman Gibney tonight. He had been lying in the hot motel bedroom for three hours with his eyes shut. But he hadn't slept. He hadn't even relaxed. His mind had kept going around, slowly and sickeningly, in a great grooved circle, and when it came to those last terrible seconds of decision, when the Titan intercontinental ballistic missile was rising from its launch pad, his fingers had tightened in his palms until his hands were straining fists.

Forget it, he told himself urgently, angrily. *It's done. It's over. Think of something else.*

And maybe for a minute or two he did think of something else: his gang back in the Wherry apartment at Carswell Air Force Base, Texas—Helen, Emmy and Hank—the people who depended on him, who looked to him for whatever good or bad would come in the future. They were sure it would be good. Particularly Hank. Hank thought his daddy ran the Titan program at Cape Canaveral, with a little help, from time to time, from a few thousand other people. Helen had said as much on the long-distance phone: "You better hurry up and get home, honey. Or be prepared to fly up the street on your own personal wings. Hank's starting to speak of that big monster you're working on as 'My daddy's Titan.'"

Gibney had laughed, but his lips had been stiff and his eyes, looking at the coin slots of the pay phone, had been bleak. He hadn't mentioned the trouble. Helen couldn't help. No use worrying her about it now. There'd be time enough later—when he was sent home, or to Thule, Greenland, or God knew where.

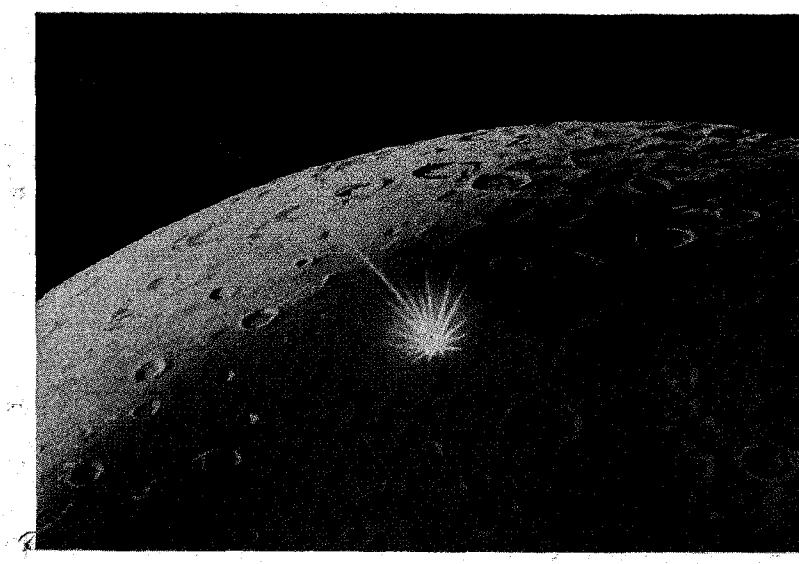
Abruptly, Gibney's mind jerked back to the Titan blockhouse, five weeks ago. He was sitting in front of his safety console with the hooded eyepiece of the observation periscope within easy reach. They'd gone through eleven hours of count-down. It was T-zero, the moment before firing.

"Watch it now, Gib," big Wes Kirby's voice said sharply over the intercom. "She's lighting."

There'd been a heartbeat of nothing. Then steam exploded out of the flame bucket in a huge white boil as the Titan's exhaust roared through the jets of cooling water. A sullen muted sound came through ten feet of sand and ten feet of reinforced concrete into the blockhouse. Gibney's gaze flicked along his console. The needles were fine—tilted beautifully in one direction, a perfect "Go reading"—and he ducked back to the scope. The Titan was now at full fury. The powerful steel arms which held it tightly on the pad, until the boosters could stabilize at max power, were partly blotted out by the glare of the flames. As Gibney watched, the hold-downs flipped free, there was an instant of hesitation, and the three-stage bird began to rise slowly, eerily, as if it were being lifted by an overhead crane. It cleared the concrete pier. A butterfly cloud of fire from the gas generators floated about the vicious white-hot stabs of the boosters.

(Continued on Page 75)

If all went well, the warhead was expected to impact on the moon about twenty hours after firing.



Illustrated by J. R. Bingham

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Communist by Choice

In a troubled corner of India's uneasy democracy, the Communists, having won an ominous victory with ballots, now return to violence, deception and sugar-coated trickery. A report from the scene.

Hardly a day passes in Trivandrum, capital of Kerala, without a parade of some sort. Above, the "Porters and Head Carriers Union" makes a show of strength.

By ARTHUR BONNER

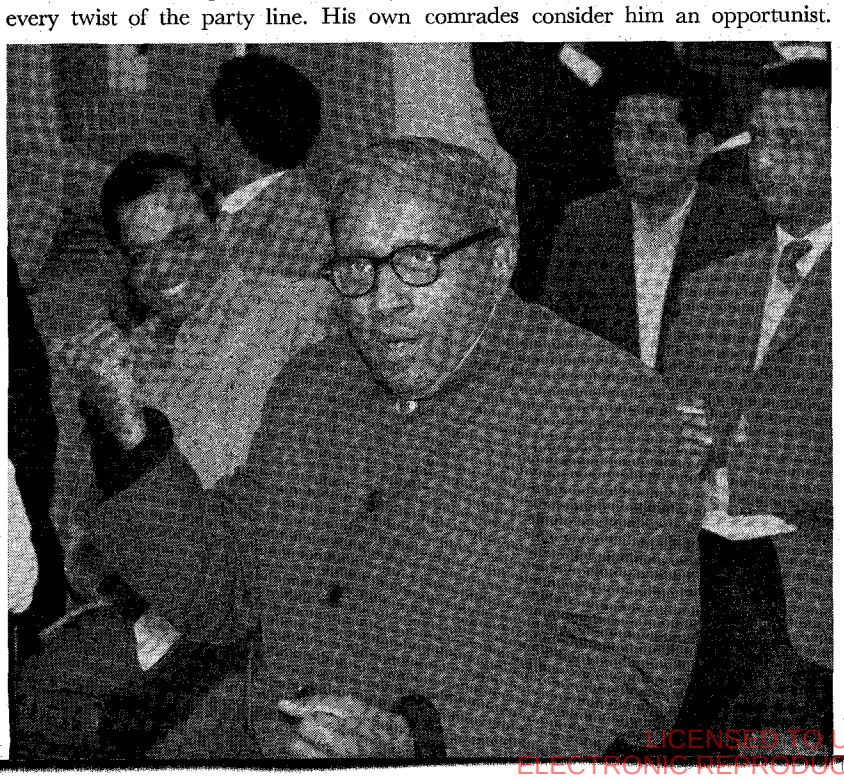
TRIVANDRUM, KERALA.

Kerala, tucked away on the southwestern coast of India, is the only place in the world, aside from inconsequential San Marino, where the Communists have achieved power through a free election. It is a land of coconuts and spices bordering the blue-green waters of the Arabian Sea. It is about twice the size of New Jersey and is the smallest and poorest state in India. Yet, for the Communists, it is of vital importance. The Communists are confident that the victory they won in Kerala early last year is only the first step leading toward victory in all of India.

Kerala, or Travancore-Cochin, as it used to be known, has always had a greater significance than its size indicates. For centuries it was India's window on the world. According to legend, Saint Thomas brought Christianity to Kerala in the first century. There are Jews here who believe their ancestors might have arrived in the fourth century B.C. King Solomon's "ivory, apes and peacocks" went to ancient Israel from Kerala. Marco Polo landed here, and so did Vasco da Gama.

In some ways Kerala is closer to the United States than many Americans may realize. If you use a fiber door mat, it is probably made in Kerala, and perhaps the pepper on your dinner table also (Continued on Page 61)

E.M.S. Namboodiripad—"the fatherly face of Kerala Communism." He follows every twist of the party line. His own comrades consider him an opportunist.



Plastered against walls throughout the land, a Communist symbol—a sickle enclosing a sheaf of grain—reminds Keralans that the Party is watching.

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The ragged man drew his pistol and trained it on Dayton's heart.

Dayton needed plenty of guts to stay in the water hole when he knew it was a

KILLERS' RENDEZVOUS

By MERLE CONSTINER

Night had fallen when Dayton Crandall rode into the little desert town. He was seventeen, small and wiry. Dog-tired, he stabled his sorrel and walked up the street, looking for a hotel. He had never bedded in a hotel, and the idea embarrassed him, but he was too close to the end of his trip, to home, to take any risks. Blue Rock, said the post office. It wasn't much of a place—night sky, a railroad, a broken line of shabby buildings. Over his left shoulder were his saddlebags. Under his shirt, under his drawers, around his sweating belly, was the money belt containing the three thousand dollars.

A floater's wagon was camped for the night in a weedy lot between two shops. With its jumble of chicken crates and furniture, it was a sorry-looking outfit. The two mules beside it, though—one with a split ear—were so spruce and fine that Dayton cut them a second glance. An elderly man and a girl about sixteen sat at a tiny fire.

They smiled and said, "Evening."

Dayton moved his lips politely but soundlessly, and nodded. This was no time to be fiddling around with strangers.

"Maybe he can't talk," said the girl.

"That'll be enough, Kitty," said the man. "He ain't bothering nobody, so leave him be."

She was a lovely little thing, white-skinned in the firelight. She sat on the calves of her legs, her feet pigeon-toed behind her, her hands on her knees. A thick braid of ebony hair hung like a plumb line from the nape of her neck to the small of her back.

Cautiously, Dayton decided to be sociable. "You folks seen a hotel around anywheres?"

"Yonder," said the old man, pointing.

"Thank you kindly," said Dayton.

"Yes, indeed," said the girl. "You bet. Glad to oblige."

"Now, Kitty," said the old man sternly.

The hotel was at the end of the street, two stories and dilapidated. The sign said, THE EAMS HOUSE. Well,

(Continued on Page 70)

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THE CHAINS OF FEAR

Murder and torture were their methods . . .

By NIKOLAI NAROKOV

The Russian people lived in fear. Even Evlalia Grigorievna, typist, shared the pervading terror of all the Stalinist officialdom. Semenov, for example, who befriended Evlalia and gave her extra work to increase her small earnings, met only mistrust and apprehension. Semenov, to Evlalia, personified the party—the ominous, all-important organization that seemed to have replaced God in the minds of men.

Evlalia had reason to dread men of power. The secret police had imprisoned her husband, Vadim, as "an enemy of the people." Since his arrest, she had struggled to support her parasitic father, Grigory Mikhailovich, and her small son, Shurik. Now suddenly she was confronted by Semenov and his unwanted kindnesses. Urged on by her greedy father, she accepted Semenov's help.

II

Efrem Ignatevich Lyubkin had only recently been appointed chief of the district NKVD directorate with the special aim of tightening it up. For a long time now this tightening up had been awaited in the directorate, since it was clear that in Moscow they were not only displeased with the directorate but judged it infected with something harmful, perhaps even hostile. The former chief of the directorate had been not only removed from his position but placed under arrest and sent directly to Moscow. It was dangerous to talk about this or to guess openly. Consequently people guessed secretly, in silence, expecting something dreadful to happen to them.

Such was the situation in the relatively short interval between the arrest of the former chief of the directorate and Lyubkin's appointment. With this appointment, however, everything changed. Lyubkin brought only two of "his boys": Pavel Stepanovich Suprunov, who was named his deputy; and his private chauffeur, a sullen man, usually half intoxicated.

Little was known about Lyubkin and Suprunov in the directorate. People had heard only that both had been assigned to the Cheka as far back as 1920, and from that time they had worked in the agencies of the Cheka—GPU, NKVD—uninterruptedly—a rare history, for few people in these agencies lasted more than a year or two. Some fell ill or, it was said, developed nervous disorders. In any case, they disappeared.

For two weeks after taking over his post, Lyubkin kept at a distance and did not involve himself in any matter of business. Things went on as before, but at the same time everyone felt especially unsure of himself and behaved cautiously, apprehensively. Two weeks later it was apparent to all that if Lyubkin had not yet been able to make a thorough examination, he had at least partially evaluated his directorate. He called an operative meeting.

Toward eight o'clock everyone assembled in the big hall. They sat in rows, crowded in little bands in the entryways, exchanged words, or glanced through newspapers. They smoked a great deal—too much. Some frowned, displaying patent nervousness; others attempted to joke among themselves, hiding in their laughter an uneasy presentiment.

Punctually at eight o'clock, Lyubkin, dressed in the uniform of a First Class Commissar of State Security, with three medals, entered through the rear door and walked in polished glistening boots directly to the long table where, during state occasions, the Presidium sat. Suprunov followed him, a little to the rear. Lyubkin stopped directly behind the table, leaned on it with both palms, inclined his massive upper body slightly forward, and holding his shaved head with its protruding ears directly toward the front, spoke a soft but clear greeting into the sudden silence: "Good morning, Comrade Chekists."

The din of reply rumbled over the hall. Suprunov, well groomed and impassive, sat on the edge of the table to one side, looking at the assembled crowd, revealing in his posture the careful restraint of tangible power.

"Comrades, I won't be keeping you long," Lyubkin began quietly. "I'm not going to mince words, and if there's anyone here who doesn't like what I say, he can keep his mouth shut." He stopped for a minute and looked at them all. "I'll start with the fact that the work of our directorate, and our directorate itself, isn't worth a damn! They told me in Moscow that it holds last place in the commissariat. That evaluation is entirely correct. Starting tomorrow, everything has to change, and it is going to change, rest assured. And if there's someone who's not going to change, I'll make short work of him. One jump and he's off the board. I'm not going to listen to any explanations. I'm going to spit on all objective reasoning, and simply grab the subjective culprits by

"Just you start talking," Lyubkin said, "and I'll get up and leave for good."

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"How much brutality is there during interrogations?" asked Lyubkin.

the scruff of their necks and send them down to the cellar. And from the cellar, all of you know there are only two roads—either straight to the wall or way out to Siberia."

He did not say all this loudly or even very forcefully, but he spoke in such a way that everyone had the feeling things would be exactly as he said.

"Now then!" Lyubkin went on. "First a couple of words as a matter of principle, so to speak. I'm going to talk briefly, without padding. The work of this directorate"—he began to speak with emphasized clarity—"has got to be built on the principle of party-centralized democracy. Is that clear? I'm going to tear bureaucracy out by the roots. Liberalism I'm going to tear out by every last root. And anti-party deviations I'm going to tear out so that even the ground won't remain where those roots were! A complete and candid communization of the entire directorate, that's what we've got to aim for. I'm going to start with a purge of the personnel. You've already scraped up a few people, but that's not enough; we've got to air out the whole place so there won't be any stink left. I'm not going to bay at the moon, but I'm going to destroy all Yagado remnants and annihilate all anti-party feelings and the slightest connections with the leftovers of the Trotsky-Bukharinist clique, in a way grandsons and great-grandsons will remember. I've ordered the Personnel Section, in connection with the Party Committee, to work up a double evaluation for each person, without exception, on his party status and his work. I'll judge from both, and that's that."

He took his hands off the table and straightened up. Not a sound could be heard in the hall.

"The party places before the organs of the NKVD a governmental task of paramount importance—the annihilation of the enemies of the people. What you've done here for the past two months isn't worth mentioning. The real business starts tomorrow. And maybe this business is going to horrify everyone, but"—he emphasized this with a pause—"I repeat: the task is governmental, and the task is of paramount importance. In its name, not only must all enemies of the people be annihilated but all those who breathe the same air as they do. Is that clear?"

He was silent, stood for a minute, and then came out from (Continued on Page 78)

Illustrated by Stevan Dohanos

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Post Scripts

Lines From the Bottom o' the Mornin'

Waffles or pancakes or eggs on toast:
To me it's a trifling matter.
I'll take anything for breakfast almost
But chatter.

"*Good* morning, dear! Did I wake you up?
I'll get your coffee—don't drop the cup!
It's a beautiful day. Although I think
I honestly didn't sleep a wink!
I remember I heard the clock strike two . . .
Or was it three? . . . Are you nearly through
With the front of the paper? . . . Oh, thank you,
dear. . . .
My goodness, it says in the paper here. . . ."

Arrange it buffet or fixed on a tray,
But if you'd avoid my vi'lence,
Make sure my breakfast is served one way:
In silence!

PENNY PENNINGTON

Video-Syncrasies

Junior howls for Western shows,
While mother dotes on panels,
Dad prefers the fights, which proves
Minds run in different channels.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

Mail I More or Less Figured I'd Receive

Dear Old Pal: Wow! This Las Vegas certainly is all you said it'd be—and more! Wow! Incidentally—and I hate to ask this of you, old pal—but I was wondering if it might be possible for you to wire me, oh, say about ——

Dear Sir: The management of Sparkle-Elite Jewelers wishes to thank you for the prompt manner in which you have handled payment of your account. To show its appreciation, it is enclosing, herewith, a card which entitles you and all members of your immediate family to a ten-per-cent discount on all ——

Dear Mr. Kurtz: Thank you for phoning in your recent entry in the Gladwin-Barston Motor Company's Big Name-the-Motion-Picture Contest now being conducted on TV. We're truly sorry that you didn't win; however, all is not lost, because, this week only, Gladwin-Barston is offering to all persons who phoned in entries, for the ridiculously low price of $2995 ——

Dear Vern: Thanks a lot for your recent note asking me to serve as club treasurer for the next year. As you pointed out, it would be quite an honor for me; however, I don't feel that I'm in a position to accept at this time. For one thing, I haven't been too well of late, and, for another, it seems that one thing and then another has been crowding in on me. I do appreciate your having thought of me in connection with the post, and I hope that you'll be able to line up ——

Dear Box X-6987: I saw your recent classified ad in the Chronicle in which you stated that you would like to buy a late-model typewriter from a private party. Although the typewriter I would like to sell isn't exactly a late-model one—1932, to be exact—it is in excellent condition and ——

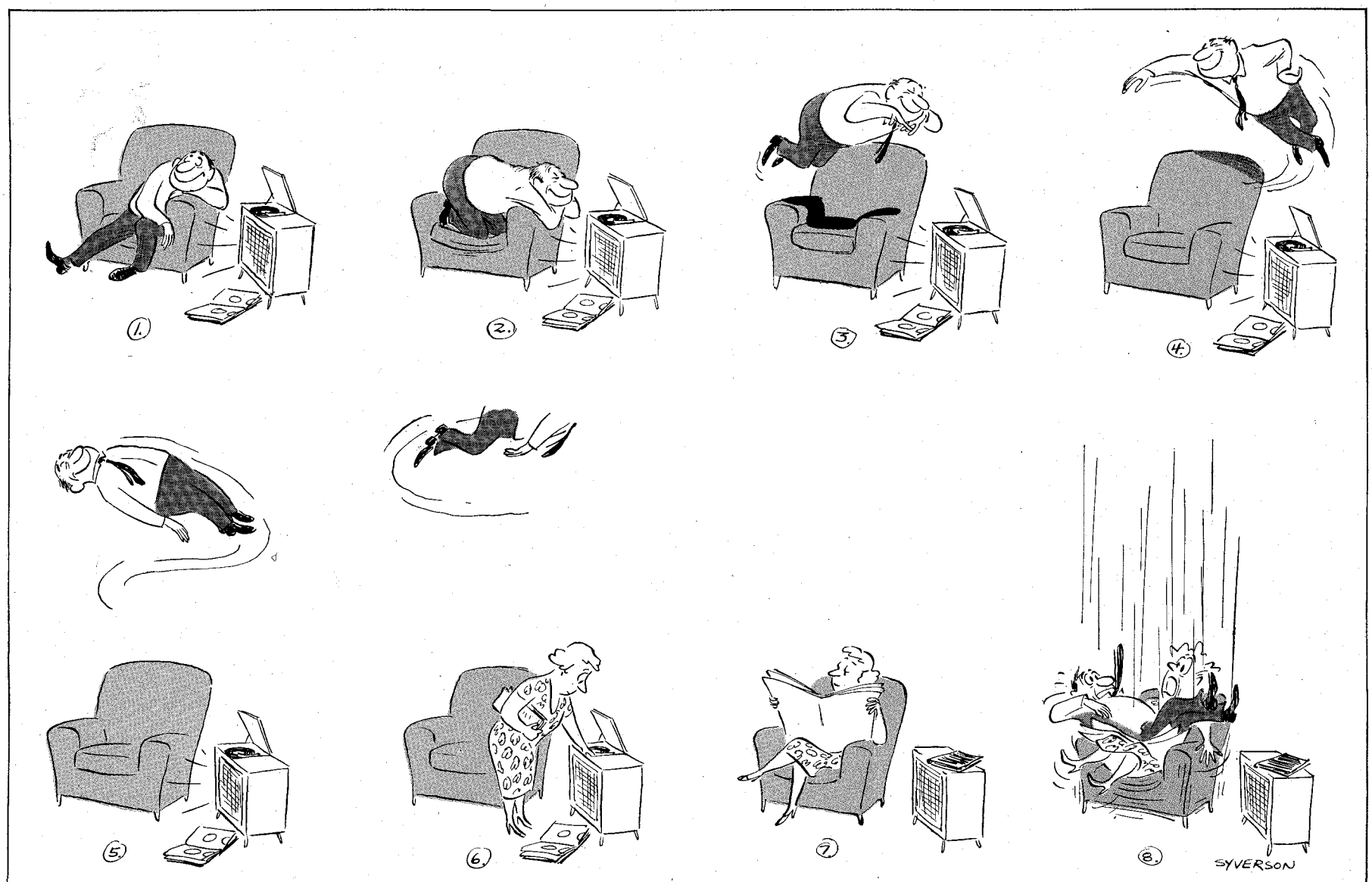
VERNON H. KURTZ

From the Eight-Year-Old's Dictionary

Wells are to holler down;
Cracks, to lose a dollar down.
Cellars are to hide down;
Banisters, to slide down.
Chairs are to wriggle in;
Church is to giggle in.
Lessons are to fuddle you,
And grandmas, to cuddle you.

Puddles are to splash through;
Flower beds, to dash through;
Heads, to balance plates on;
Stairs, for leaving skates on.
Doors are for slamming;
Pockets are for cramming,
And parents are to shove you
And coax and scold and love you.

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Campbell's brings you 3 NEW SOUPS

TRY ALL THREE!

This is the best table news you've had in years! 3 new and different, wonderful and ready Campbell's Soups. Turkey Noodle! Minestrone! Chicken Vegetable! Each made to special Campbell recipes, with all the care and skill that have made Campbell's Soups the most famous of all. Ask your grocer for all 3—treat your family to one of our new Campbell's Soups, today.

Have you had your soup today?

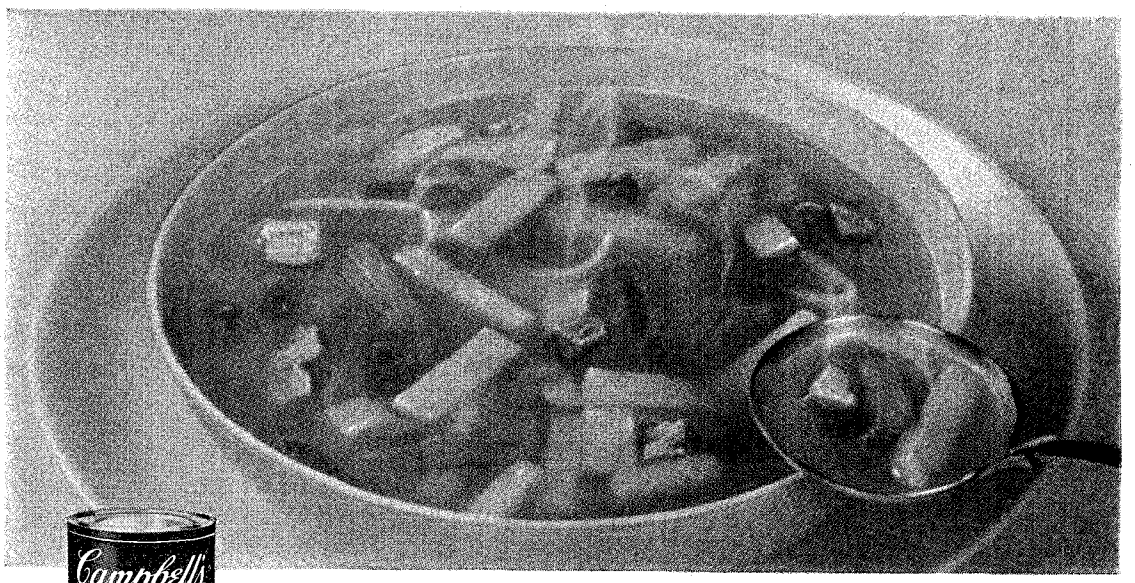
M'm! M'm! Good! Nourishing good!
Gives you vitamins, proteins—minerals, too!

NEW! Turkey Noodle Soup

Here's a turkey noodle soup that's really great! Whole-turkey soup, with full-flavored, long-simmered broth . . . choicest pieces of tender turkey and enriched golden noodles that melt in your mouth. A *new* Campbell's Soup that's sure to please every member of the family.

NEW! Minestrone Soup

Easy to tell why this Italian-style vegetable soup is good! Look at all the things that make it good! Fine beef stock. Carrots, potatoes and tomatoes. Celery, peas and beans. Turnip greens and mustard greens. Spaghettini, zucchini, a zip of cheese. That's Campbell's Minestrone!



NEW! Chicken Vegetable Soup

Here's a brand-new combination of flavors . . . Campbell's own blend of chicken and broth, ribbon noodles, peas, potatoes, tomatoes and celery—something very extra special to the taste! A soup so nourishing and good—you'll be mighty glad Campbell's makes it!

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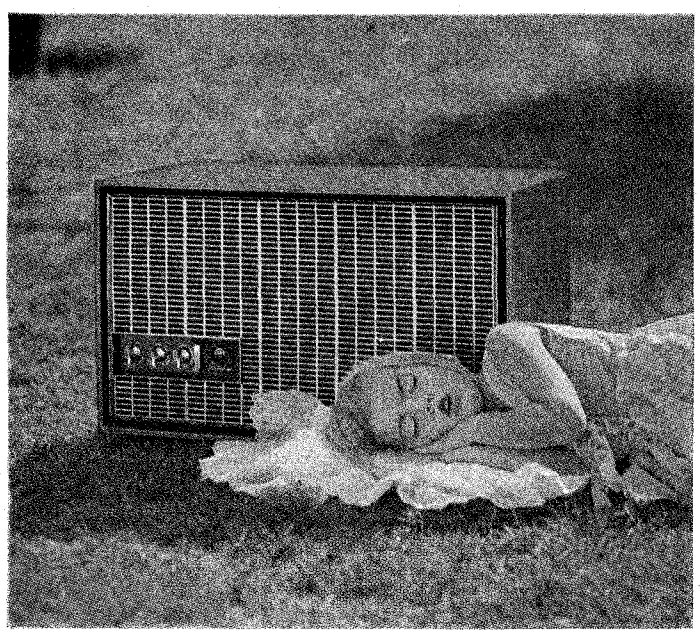
NEW KIND OF AIR CONDITIONER! THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CUSTOM THINLINE . . .

20% Smaller...Big-As-Ever Cooling Power



Fits almost anywhere—no unsightly overhang. A scant 15⅝ inches high, the newest General Electric *Thinline* lets you see out, lets light in. A mere 16⅞ inches deep and only 26 inches wide, it fits in almost any window. And *there are no side vents*—so you can install it flush or through the wall. You get all this compact size—yet you get full, big-unit cooling power.

It takes up 20% less space than previous Thinlines—yet it packs the same generous cooling power! And it is quiet! All thanks to a new kind of cooling system from General Electric. So why settle for a small air conditioner that's a puny cooler?

You get all the full, big-unit cooling power of last year's *Thinline* models—only in a thin, low cabinet that takes up ⅕ less space.

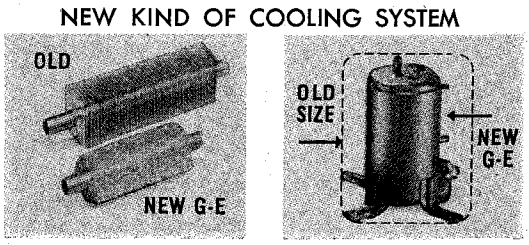
One General Electric Custom *Thinline* Air Conditioner gives you a generous 9000* BTU's of cooling per hour on 115 volts—it needs no costly rewiring in many homes. The 230-volt model delivers a giant 10,000* BTU's.

Both are so quiet you only know they're working by how comfortable you are. Nutria color blends with any décor. Permanent filter. Simple controls. Eight independent air directors.

See your General Electric dealer about the *one* air conditioner that's both small *and* powerful. General Electric Company, Room Air Conditioner Dept., Louisville 1, Kentucky.

***Check the BTU's before you buy!** Cooling capacities are tested and rated in compliance with Air Conditioning and Refrigeration Institute Standard 110-58, and are stated in British Thermal Units.

NEW KIND OF COOLING SYSTEM



Spine fin cooling packs 770,000 cooling spines into compact cabinet, is 50% more efficient than old plate type. *New high-speed compressor* has the same large capacity as previous models—is only half as big.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

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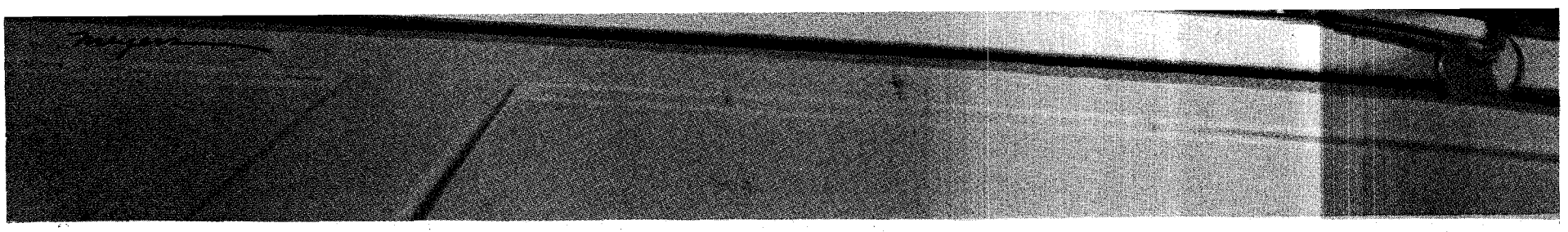

There was no sound of a shot, but a star made its appearance in the windshield.

ARSON, INCORPORATED

A bullet warned Craig that he had stumbled upon the answer to a deadly secret.

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Assistant Fire Marshal Craig Batts was stunned by the sight of four firemen's uniforms hidden in the attic of a murdered man, William Tecumseh Peabody. How could Peabody have come into possession of the disguises used in the daring jewelry-store robbery? And why should the dead man have sought so desperately to reach Craig's "uncle," old Chief Fogarty, rather than the police? For this baffling clue Batts was indebted to the victim's butler, Soapy Japes. Earlier, Craig confirmed his suspicion that commercial arson did exist in New York. For at the scene of a questionable blaze the proprietor confessed that a stranger agreed to burn the premises—and threatened blackmail if the "customer" talked. But as yet, the young marshal was unable to corroborate Pieter van Rensselaer's theory—that a nationwide ring of arsonist-robbers had struck. Nor was he able to link the ominous events to the unsavory Clyde Tupper and the missing file on his own father's death. Then, as Batts and Japes left the Peabody mansion, Craig discovered a time bomb. Now they sped to headquarters with their startling finds.

VI

The chief marshal sat behind his desk. In a chair at his left was Lieutenant di Fisano, of the police department. Soapy Japes and Craig Batts occupied chairs against the side wall of the office. On a table were spread four uniforms and rubber masks which Craig had brought to headquarters. The chief marshal was opening the Manila envelope Craig had found behind the drawer in William Tecumseh Peabody's dresser. Its contents were papers of different sizes. They had been clipped from books or periodicals. The first which the chief picked up was a chapter from a treatise on abnormal psychology. The second was an article in more popular language taken from a magazine and entitled Pyromania. There were two other pieces dealing with mental aberrations, and a letter from the head of a mental institution which said:

Dear William—There is nothing in the data you send me to indicate that the individual about whom you inquire is off his trolley. Of course a definite opinion could not be given without examination of the individual himself. It is possible, by stating isolated facts about the behavior of any individual, to establish a *prima facie* case of unsound mind.

However, I may say that it is wholly within the bounds of possibility for any human being to possess a brilliant mind and at the same time criminal tendencies. I am not even prepared to aver that the commission of a crime or of a series of crimes is abnormal in the sense that it indicates a diseased mind. One must know all the facts. A sane man, through pressures, may deliberately choose a criminal career. Who can state positively that a moral, upright life is not artificial, produced by moral teachings and/or a fear of consequences? No, William, you have made out a case for eccentricity, but not for mental illness. My conclusion from your data is that the man is simply a bad egg.

(Continued on Page 87)

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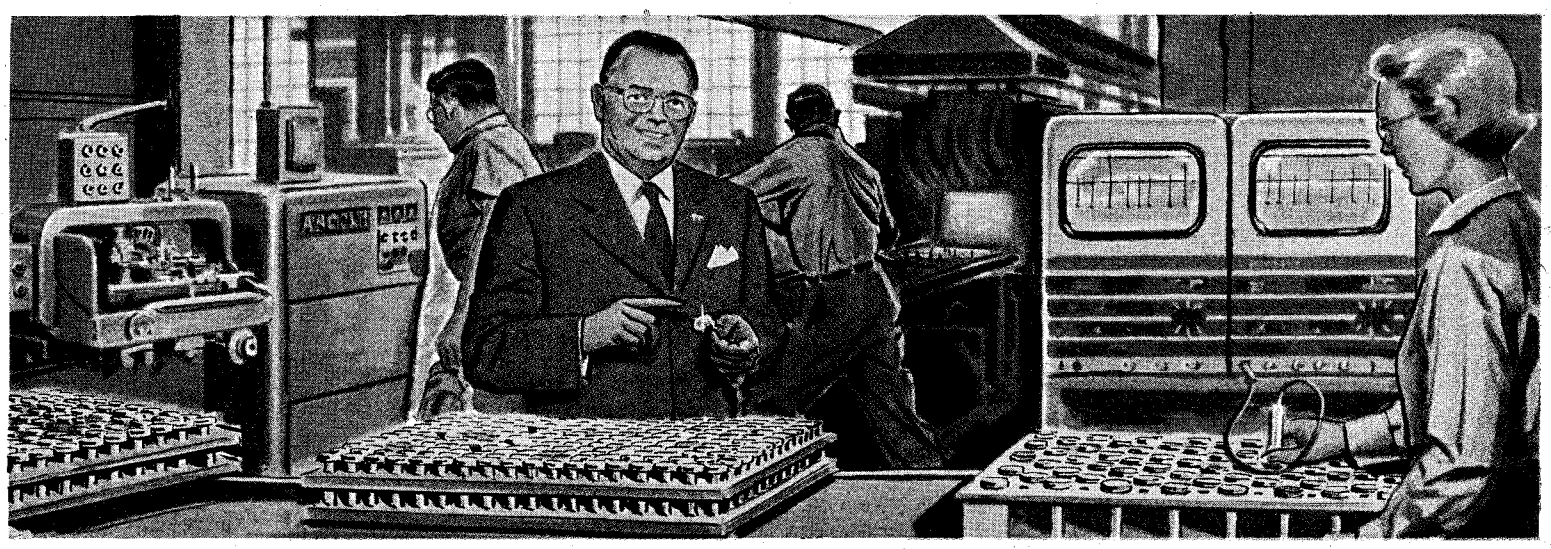
Mack President
P. O. Peterson says:

Sure, we build 'em the way we used to... only better!

People often ask us whether modern Mack trucks are really as sturdy and economical as the famous Bulldog models of the past. Sure they are . . . but much more so! Mack still holds to the standards that made "Built like a Mack Truck" part of the language. But this craftsmanship goes hand in hand with traditions of continually improving our product and continually adding the latest and finest of production equipment. For instance —



Our Mack engines have the longest mileage life of all because of unique techniques like this valve-lifter facing operation. First, one of the world's hardest materials — tungsten carbide — is bonded to the lifters at the crucial spot where friction-wear saps the power and efficiency of other truck engines. Then a remarkable electrolytic treatment trues up the tungsten working surface, while diamond wheels polish it to mirror-like perfection. And finally, we use electronics to check results.

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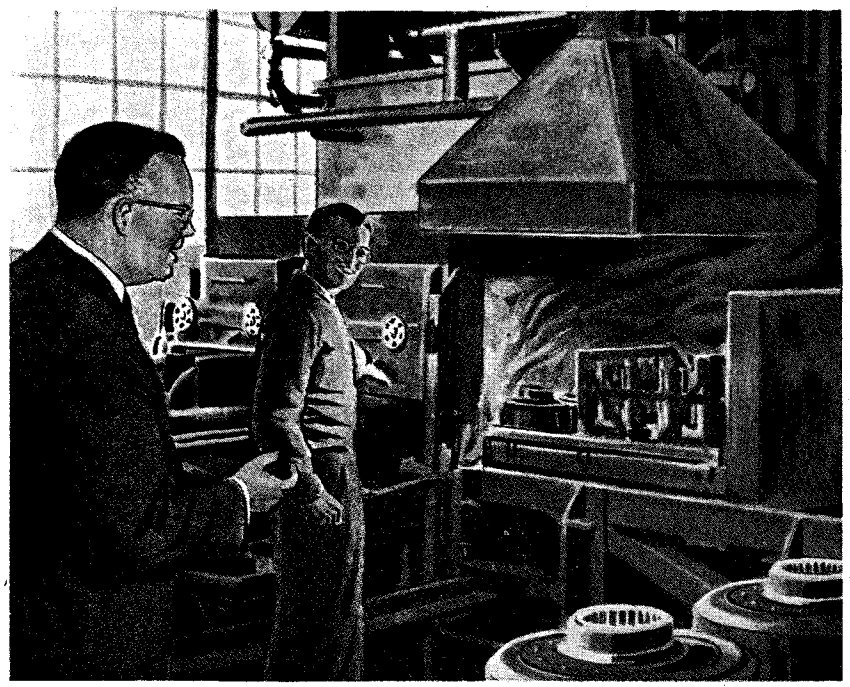
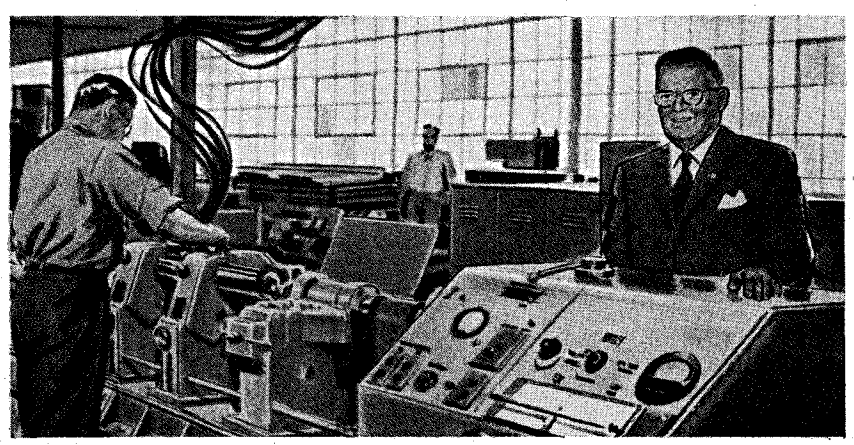


Firing Mack gears with Bulldog tenacity. In our immense, ultra-modern ovens we use sizzling hot carbon gases to give our transmission gears a super-hard wearing surface. Service records prove that Mack transmissions run far longer, and need less looking after, than any others . . . thanks to our famous Mack metallurgy, painstaking manufacturing precision, and the most advanced gear design used in any truck.



Vibrationless running helps keep Macks like new. We balance revolving parts like this rugged drive shaft until they spin without a trace of tremor. Our precision equipment improves the operation . . . but nothing replaces the skilled experience of this Mack craftsman. Like so many of his colleagues, he's been a life-long Mack employee.

These instances hint at why you get more work out of a Mack . . . it's because more work goes into a Mack!

It's part of the language . . . Built like a . . .

Mack

MACK TRUCKS, INC., PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY • TRUCKS, BUSES, FIRE APPARATUS AND ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT

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Magic Eyes for Medicine (Continued from Page 27)

It is hard to imagine an objective of greater importance to our future security and prosperity than the maintenance of a healthy population. Yet, except in a few specialized areas, the medical profession carries on largely without benefit of the extensive help which electronics offers to other areas of science, industry and daily living.

The reasons are simpler to state than to remedy. First, the limited potential market for specialized medical electronics equipment has minimized commercial interest in its development. Second, the maximum application of electronic techniques to medicine calls for close co-operation between two groups of specialists who do not speak the same language. Lacking a common language, the two professions have remained generally tongue-tied in the matter of explaining to each other the needs of medicine and the capabilities of electronics.

Like every general statement, however, the latter has its exceptions. The gap between the two sciences has been bridged solidly enough in several fields of medical research to indicate the dramatic results that can be achieved by their combination on a far broader scale in medical practice as a whole. Already, these limited accomplishments are producing beneficial results for all of us in terms of increased medical knowledge and more effective diagnostic techniques. While the majority of the outstanding advances that have been made rely upon the same principles as are embodied in familiar television devices, it is unlikely that more than two or three of these applications are known generally to the average citizen. As a token of what can be accomplished by medical electronics in the future, they are worth looking at in some detail.

The most common application of electronics to medicine is the use of X rays for diagnosis. X rays, produced by high-velocity electron beams striking a target, can pass virtually undeflected through large masses of tissue, and they are absorbed in different degrees by substances of different chemical compositions. As a result, the X-ray exposure of a portion of the human anatomy on a photographic plate or a fluorescent screen discloses such internal details as bone structure, calcium deposits, vital organs, and any metallic foreign bodies that may be present.

Unfortunately, X rays have harmful as well as useful properties. Overexposure may result in tissue burns, anemia, and, eventually, leukemia, or cancer of the white blood cells. Particularly serious for young people is the possible damage X rays may do to reproductive organs and offspring. In practice, awareness of the danger causes the trained roentgenologist to keep the X-ray dosage at a level so low as to minimize the hazard to the patient.

Since the exposures required for obtaining good X-ray photographs are small, this is rarely a limitation on the usefulness of X rays as a diagnostic tool. However, fluoroscopy, the direct observation of X-ray images on a fluorescent screen, constitutes an exception. With this technique, which enables the physician to see the effects of manipulation on internal organs and may give him guidance in complex operations, safe dosage often leads to images which are so dim that only a small fraction of the important detail may be visible.

In the last few years a number of electronic methods have been developed which promise to remove this handicap. Image intensifiers, image amplifier panels, and special television systems provide X-ray images which are 100 to 1000 times as bright as those delivered by the old-fashioned fluoroscope screen and may reveal detail approaching that supplied by the X-ray plate without an increase in dosage.

Electronics has also proved extremely important in microscopy, a long-familiar basic technique of biological and medical research. Here, about two decades ago, the electron microscope increased the limit of useful magnification, set till then by the light microscope, by a factor of a hundred. Several years later, the light microscope itself was joined with the television camera to achieve startling new methods for studying the chemical structure of living cells without the necessity of killing them by the application of color stains and fixing reagents. The cumulative result of these developments has been to place us on the threshold of a new world of vitally important knowledge relating to virus diseases and to cell growth and malignancy.

The electron microscope is based on the recognition that electron beams—beams of minute, electrically charged particles—can take the place of light beams in a microscope, provided that the instrument is evacuated and that the glass lenses are replaced by electric or magnetic fields. Not only will the electrons form an image of an object placed in their path but this image, which may be observed on a fluorescent screen and recorded on a photographic plate, reveals far more detail than the image formed in the conventional light microscope.

The first instruments which demonstrated the feasibility of electron imaging were necessarily crude and awkward in operation. Today the electron microscope, greatly improved in image resolution and operating simplicity, has carved a permanent niche for itself beside the light microscope as a standard and powerful research tool. With the ability to magnify objects more than 300,000 times, it has given mankind its first glimpse of viruses causing many of our most serious illnesses, including influenza and polio. So far, the instrument has remained largely in the hands of the research specialist.

With the rapid growth of medical knowledge, and with continuing simplification of electron-microscope techniques, we can look forward to its gaining importance as a diagnostic aid for the medical practitioner.

Having extended human vision down to infinitesimally small viruses and molecules, electronics has turned back to the light microscope with equally dramatic results. The light microscope has one distinct advantage over the electron microscope: While vacuum and electron bombardment make survival in the electronic device impossible, the light microscope permits the study of living specimens. Until recently, however, the scientist studying a living cell under the light microscope frequently had to stain the specimen with special dyes in order to distinguish its different parts. The dye molecules, attaching themselves to specific chemical substances in the cell, provided a clear picture of the internal structure—but they killed or altered the cell in the process. The problem to be solved was to figure out a means of obtaining the necessary detail without injuring the specimen.

Television techniques have provided the best answers so far. One of the virtues of certain television-camera tubes is their ability to "see" ultraviolet light that is invisible to the human eye. It happens, too, that the chemical constituents of cells absorb varying amounts of ultraviolet light, depending upon the nature of each chemical. Therefore, if an ultraviolet light source is used, a considerable amount of detail is brought out—but the eye cannot see it. The logical outcome has been the development of an ultraviolet television microscope, employing an ultraviolet-sensitive TV camera to peer into a light microscope using an ultraviolet light source, resulting in a detailed image of the living specimen on a television-receiver screen.

This was a long step forward for the medical researcher, but there were even greater possibilities. The details in the image produced by the ultraviolet television microscope consist of varying degrees of brightness on a black-and-white screen. The addition of visible color to these variations in brightness can produce far more detailed information, since the human eye normally distinguishes objects by color as well as by brightness. Under these circumstances, development of the ultraviolet television microscope led directly into further research aimed at putting color into the system.

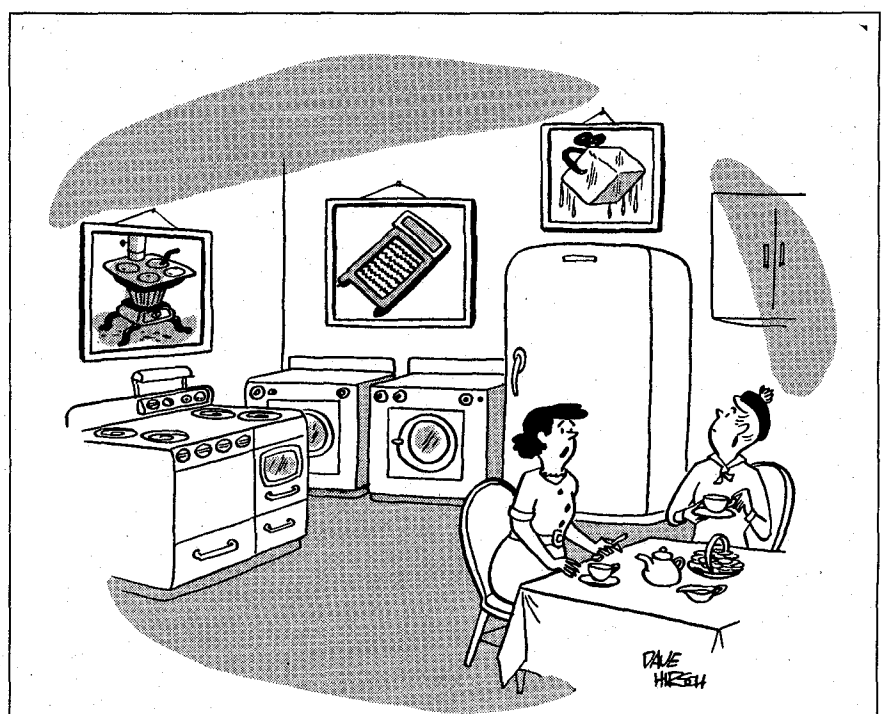
The solution was disclosed a few months ago at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York, in the form of an ultraviolet color-translating television microscope—UCTM for short. The UCTM makes use of the fact that the chemical substances in cells absorb certain amounts of ultraviolet light at one wave length, and different amounts at other wave lengths. By using three different ultraviolet sources, each in a slightly different portion of the ultraviolet spectrum, these variations can be translated through an ultraviolet-sensitive TV camera into three sets of electrical signals to control the red, green and blue elements of a standard color-television picture tube. The result is a single picture of the living specimen in which the various chemical constituents appear in different colors.

The UCTM has a further advantage. By selecting various ultraviolet wave lengths and correlating them with the color elements of the picture tube, the instrument can apply any arbitrarily selected colors to the chemicals in the living specimen to achieve the greatest possible contrast for easy identification. The UCTM is so new that it has not yet had the chance to prove itself in standard research applications. But there is little doubt as to its immense potential value in disclosing vital information about changes within cells and in detecting abnormalities in living tissues.

Other fields closely related to microscopy can benefit greatly by the application of electronics. For example, one of the most time-consuming functions in modern medical research and diagnosis is the counting and identification of microscopic particles in biological specimens. The early detection of cancer, for example, is possible through detailed examination of smears for the presence of cancer cells, whose nuclei are larger and absorb more light than do those of normal cells. The application of this technique has been limited so far, simply because the examination process takes so much time that it cannot be done on a large scale.

Electronics is entering this picture with an ingenious device known as the Cytoanalyzer, which "examines" the smear through the microscope and presents on a television picture screen only the information that is wanted—the size and density of the cell nuclei. To do this, the device has to distinguish automatically between genuine nuclei and other dense areas of the specimen formed by debris and by folded or overlapping cells. Genuine nuclei can be distinguished by their surroundings, which consist of cell substance with certain light-absorption characteristics. The Cytoanalyzer, scanning the smear with a tiny beam of light, records only those of the denser areas that have such surroundings, which in the great majority of cases correspond to nuclei. Any smear producing a record indicating an appreciable number of nuclei of abnormal size and density is passed on to a skilled pathologist for further examination.

A simpler but no less tedious exercise in particle counting is the familiar blood count that forms a standard part of any complete physical examination. Now, the laboratory technician has to go through the time-consuming routine of counting hundreds of blood cells on a specially constructed microscope slide known as a "counting chamber." At best, the method occupies the time and attention of a skilled person who could be used to better advantage. At worst, it would be totally inadequate under emergency conditions that might call for blood counts on a mass scale, (*Continued on Page 50*)



"George never lets me forget what a good provider he is."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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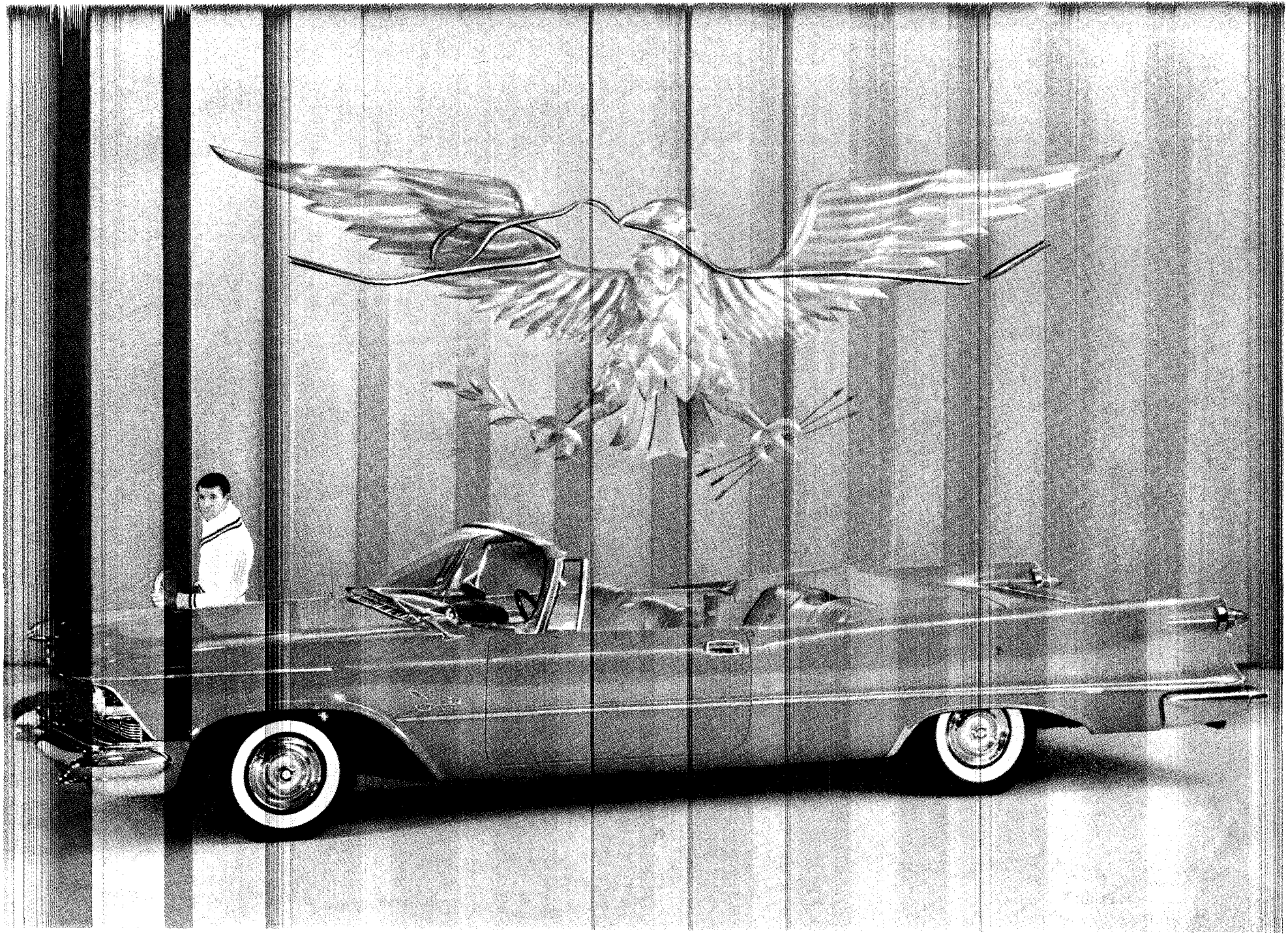

How much younger would you like to be?

BEFORE YOU DECIDE, go to an Imperial showroom. Drive this thoroughbred. Find out how much younger you can feel.

This car is not *all* style and elegance . . . lovely as it is.

Imperial is spirit and challenge . . . and a buoyant eagerness you may have thought no car this size could show.

Drive it at turnpike speed. Smooth as a canoe on a flat-calm pond. Quiet as moonlight. Set your Auto-Pilot and let it patrol your speed . . . marvel at how it holds your pace steady while your right foot rests.

Lead into a curve. Only Torsion-Aire suspension keeps you as level and safe and sure as that. This car never loses its poise.

Pound it over a rugged up-country trail. And think they must have worked on this road lately. No coils, however big and soft and ponderous, could cushion ruts this well.

Admire the elegant interiors all you like . . . but keep in mind Imperial is more than luxury and opulence.

Imperial likes to work, loves to play . . . and, as youth often does, takes your admiration (and your neighbor's) in its stride.

And if you feel the red's a bit too gay, select a hue that makes you just as young as you want to be.

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The triumphant

IMPERIAL

Finest expression of The Forward Look >

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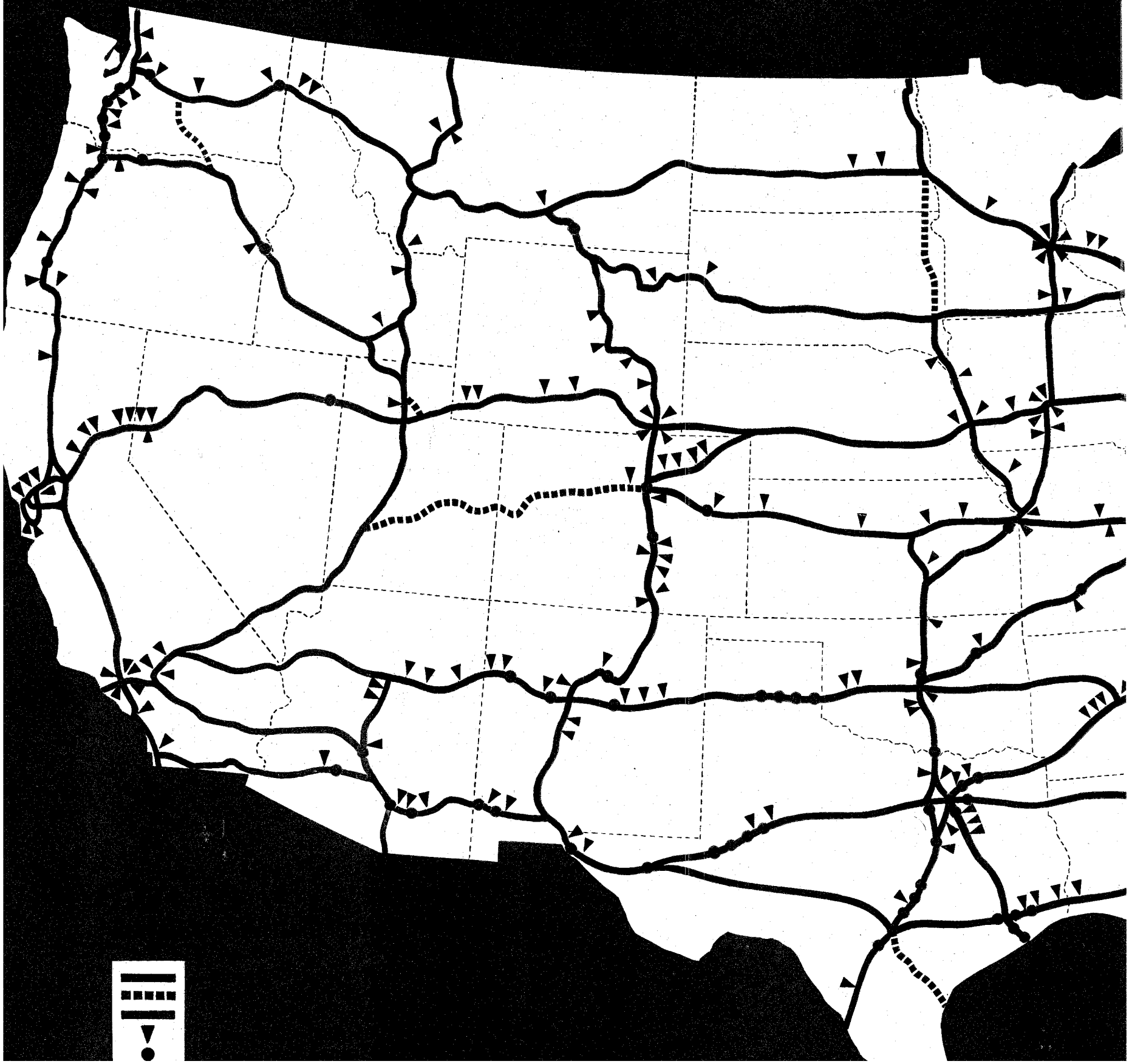
INTERSTATE 55

Caterpillar reports on the greatest construction job in history

A GOOD START--A



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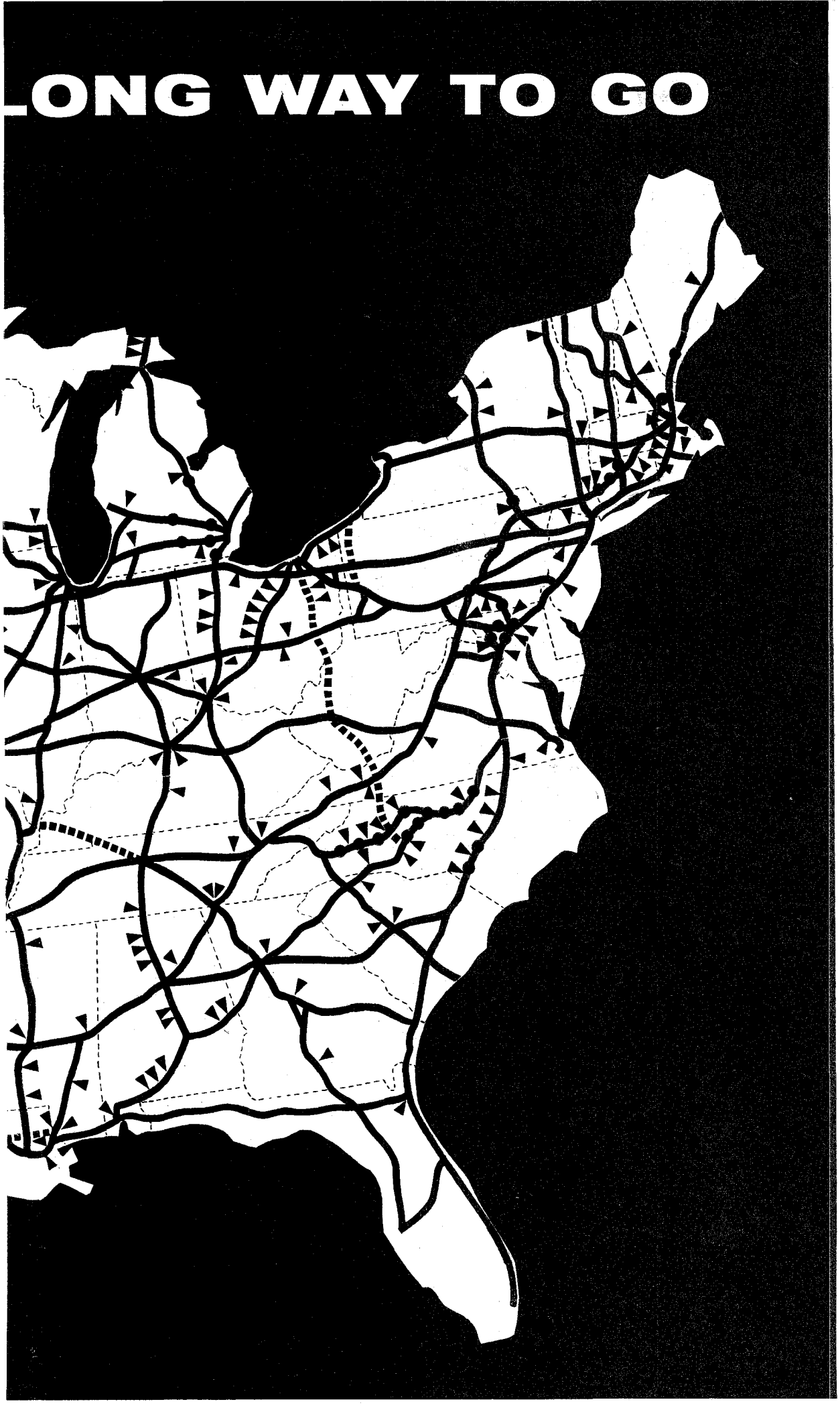

Work under way at hundreds of locations along giant 41,000-mile freeway system. Now let's really roll!

This country's bold, imaginative National System of Interstate and Defense Highways was authorized in June, 1956. Just 18 months later, state highway departments had work completed or under way at the hundreds of locations shown on the map.

And by the end of March, 1958, the states had completed a total of 1,404 miles of construction. In addition, they had 2,400 miles of construction under way.

A good start. But look at the map again.

Most of the red lines are still *untouched* stretches in a grand total of 41,000 miles to be completed. And remember, even these 41,000 miles are only *part* of our highway needs. In addition to Interstate-Defense Highways, this country's over-all road program must include many thousands of miles of other vital state and county roads, as well as urban road projects.

The more black "daggers" that appear on the map, indicating highway construction in progress, the more prosperity there will be for all of us. An estimated 900,000 people will soon be employed, directly or indirectly, by Federal-aid highway construction. The steel, asphalt, cement, oil, lumber, transport and other industries prosper when road building progresses. And out along the swift, safe new highways, land values go up, towns and suburbs benefit, and business flourishes.

YOU CAN HELP. Our country's progressive highway program is beginning to move into high gear. You can help keep it rolling. Remember, when finished, the Interstate System alone will reduce this nation's traffic toll by a million accidents and will save 4,000 lives *every year*. One of these might be yours.

So for the safety, comfort and economy of your family, support the farsighted road building program in *your* state.

Good roads benefit everybody . . . it's everybody's job to see that we get them. Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

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DIESEL ENGINES • TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS
EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

THE WORLD'S NO. 1
ROAD BUILDING EQUIPMENT

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(*Continued from Page 46*) such as testing a population for radiation sickness after an atomic attack. An electronic solution to both problems is suggested by the Sanguinometer, a recently developed instrument combining the television microscope with a small and simple computer to produce a virtually instantaneous count of blood cells in a counting chamber, taking due account of variations in the average size of red blood cells. A number of other blood-count devices, some of them smaller and simpler than the Sanguinometer, have found application in research institutions.

The electronic aids devised for X-ray technology, microscopy and particle counting are extending medical knowledge substantially and give promise of revolutionizing a number of standard laboratory techniques. Looking to the future, however, there is perhaps even more dramatic significance in recent electronic contributions to diagnostic and surgical methods that directly involve the human patient. The extreme sensitivity of electronic instruments turns out to be quite literally just what the doctor ordered for detecting and amplifying the minute variations in the electrical and mechanical impulses that control many vital functions of the body.

The human nervous system uses electrical signals to carry information from sensory cells to the brain, and to transmit commands from the brain to the muscles. Ever since pioneering studies of "brain waves" in the 1920's by Hans Berger, the variations in electrical potential at various points on the skull have been used as guides in diagnosing epilepsy and in localizing brain tumors and other cerebral disorders. Since these variations are measured in hundred-thousandths of a volt, highly sensitive electronic amplifiers have been developed to deal with them.

In recording the brain waves, electrodes are attached to a number of points on the skull, and the readings obtained are studied by the physician. With this conventional technique, however, it is possible to locate disorders only indirectly. For more effective pinpointing, new electronic techniques have been devised, employing a grid of electrodes on a limited area of the skull. The variations in potential detected by the grid are translated into a brightness pattern on a television viewing screen. The pattern is photographed with a high-speed movie camera and reprojected at lower speed, giving the viewer a picture of the brain waves as the nervous system responds to various external stimuli.

It is radio rather than television that has led to one of the most interesting diagnostic tools that medical electronics has to offer. The diagnosis of ailments in the human digestive system frequently calls for exploration as far as possible within the body. Until now, the tools available to the doctor, in addition to X rays, have been the gastroscope and the rectoscope, which explore the interior of the gastrointestinal tract for a limited distance. What has been missing is an instrument which will permit interior examination of the complete system.

The gap may be closed by the new "radio pill," a tiny FM radio transmitter enclosed in a capsule which can be swallowed by the patient and passed all the way through the gastrointestinal tract along with digested material. As the pill progresses, it transmits radio signals that are picked up by an FM receiver located near the patient. The developmental model of the pill, demonstrated recently by RCA and the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, measures slight changes of pressure within the stomach and intestines. Further development of the technique looks toward the measurement of temperature variations, acidity, and other conditions affecting digestion. The pill, only an inch long and two-fifths of an inch in diameter, is expected to become a powerful research tool as well as a highly effective diagnostic aid for detecting abnormal chemical conditions, localized inflammations and other disorders.

Because of their extreme sensitivity, wide versatility and high speed, electronic devices inevitably are finding their way into the most critical phase of medical treatment—the surgical operation. In surgery itself, electronic tools are capable of minimizing damage to healthy tissues, easing the task of the surgeon and speeding recovery. An example is the radio knife, which employs high-frequency current as the cutting agent. The instrument exerts no pressure on tissues and coagulates capillaries in its path, making it especially valuable in brain surgery. Another promising technique, tried but recently on human patients, is the use of ultrasonic radiations, focused precisely through intervening portions of the brain on tissues whose destruction is essential to recovery.

More generally, in any major operation the condition of the patient must be watched closely at every moment. This calls for a continuous check on the depth of anesthesia, the functioning of the heart, the circulation of blood and the amount of oxygen in the blood. The principal motive behind all these measurements is the need for maintaining an adequate blood supply to the brain, since even a relatively brief interruption can cause permanent brain damage.

Electronic instruments have been developed for each of the various measurements, and many can be found today in the modern operating room. One of these is the Millikan oximeter, which measures the redness of the arterial blood in the shell of the ear as a means of determining the amount of oxygen supplied to the brain. Another is the electromagnetic flow meter, which functions like a tiny dynamo to measure the minute voltage difference generated between opposite walls of a blood vessel as the blood flows through. Very small electric pressure gauges have been developed for monitoring pressure variations within the blood vessels. Finally, electronic devices such as the Electrocardiophone alert the anesthesiologist to departures from the normal heart rhythm which may require emergency action.

Electronics plays an important role not only in the practice of surgery but also in the propagation of surgical skills. Color television has become an accepted teaching medium in this area of medicine. Just as the television camera has the best seat at a ball game, a camera built as an integral part of the surgical lighting units gives students and visiting physicians an optimal vantage point for viewing the operation without in any way impeding its progress. Thus the art of the master surgeon is passed on more readily and to a larger number of students than without electronic aids.

It is impossible to overrate the importance of the research, diagnostic and surgical tools that have been devised by the combined talents of electronic and medical specialists. The fact is, however, that what has been accomplished is only a drop in the bucket when we consider the total requirements of medical practice as a whole. The combined effects of population growth and public expectation of universal high-quality medical care are leading to a situation in which demand exceeds the supply of medically trained men and women.

Already, the electronic and medical professions have recognized the need and are working together on an increasing scale to remove the language barrier that has separated them, and to work out new techniques that can be applied on a broad front to everyday needs of the practicing physician. The various groups engaged in the mutual effort include professional societies such as the Institute of Radio Engineers, the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, and the Instrument Society of America, and research institutions such as the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, the Johnson Foundation of the University of Pennsylvania, and the National Institutes of Health. Industry, too, is helping through the establishment of medical electronics scholarships at Stanford and Columbia universities.

The situation facing the medical profession in our expanding society is something like that which faces commerce and industry when the work load rises more rapidly than the supply of available manpower. In commerce and industry, the answer is sought in the use of electronic data-processing systems to handle inventory control, billing and other routine paperwork, and in the application of electronic sensing and control devices which guide the flow of production in response to instructions from punched cards or magnetic tape. There can never be an electronic substitute for the skill of the trained physician, but electronic aids can help to handle some of the routine functions which frequently distract him from the more important duties requiring his special talents in diagnosis and treatment.

How can this be accomplished? There is a clue in the pioneering efforts now under way to apply electronic data-processing techniques to the classification and storage of new medical knowledge relating to certain classes of diseases, so that the information may be made quickly available on a selective basis to the physician who needs it. A project of this type, concerned with the blood diseases, is being carried out by Doctors Martin Lipkin and Ralph Engle, of New York Hospital, and Dr. Baruch J. Davis, of Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York, in co-operation with the Electronic Data Processing Division of RCA.

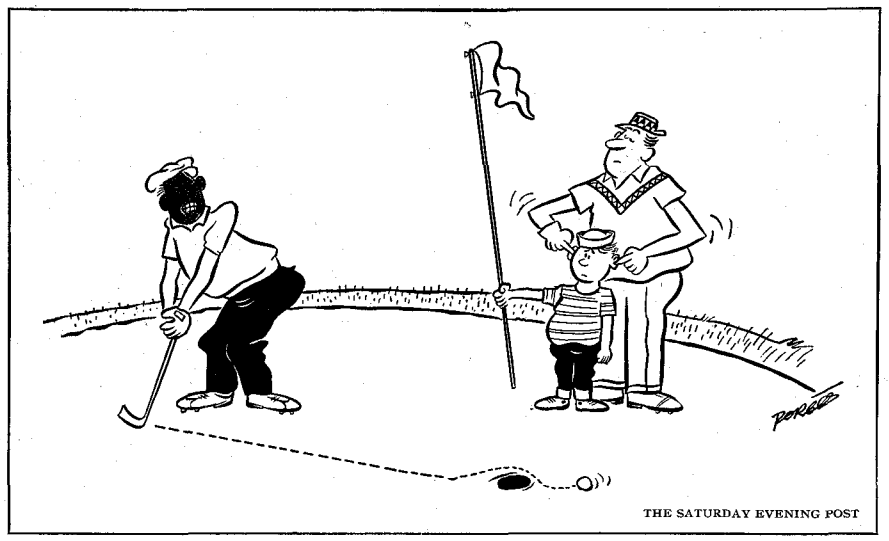
There is a further clue in some of the electronic devices that now are employed in specialized medical functions, such as particle counting and the measurement of oxygen in the blood stream. Putting these various possibilities together, we can arrive at a dream of our medical future—perhaps twenty years or so from now. . . .

In this dream future, a complete personal record for yourself and all your fellow citizens is kept, with your consent, at a central medical file for your county, state or nation. Similar centralized files form repositories of up-to-date knowledge concerning human illnesses, their symptoms, and their reactions to various drugs and treatments. All this information is classified and stored on punched cards, magnetic tape or microfilm, as in our present-day computers and data-handling systems, available to your personal physician upon request by telegraph or teletype.

When you arrive at your doctor's office or at your local hospital for an annual checkup or with some complaint, the standard questions which today take up too much of the doctor's time are put to you by a magnetic-tape player. You punch out your "yes" and "no" answers on a small keyboard, under the supervision of the nurse or technician. Then you are escorted through a series of electronic measurements of items such as height, weight and reflexes, while your blood count and other chemical analyses are performed by high-speed electronic equipment. At the end of the process, which has consumed only a short amount of your time and none of the physician's, all the information has been recorded in duplicate on a punched card, microfilm or tape. One copy of this record is transmitted automatically to the central file, where it is compared electronically with your previous record. The most significant changes are noted automatically, and transmitted within a few minutes back to the doctor's office or clinic.

Thus, when you are ready for your personal interview with your physician he already has before him extensive data regarding your present physical condition and the changes which have taken place since your preceding physical examination. In many cases, this, along with a brief personal examination, may enable the physician to give you a clean bill of health, to prescribe treatment, or to recommend further tests not included in the standard examination routine. In more complex cases he can address a request to the centralized medical file for a list of illnesses consistent with your recorded symptoms and their recommended treatment, obtaining guidance based on the accumulated medical knowledge of the time. Thus, electronics aids your physician to get at the root of your trouble more rapidly, with a reduced expenditure of his own time. . . .

This, it must be emphasized, is simply a dream—yet it is a dream based upon electronic techniques which we know to be practical, and upon a need which increases with each passing year. Perhaps through a system such as this, combined with a great extension of electronic techniques in medical research, medicine and electronics together are destined to shape for all of us a healthier, more bountiful future. THE END



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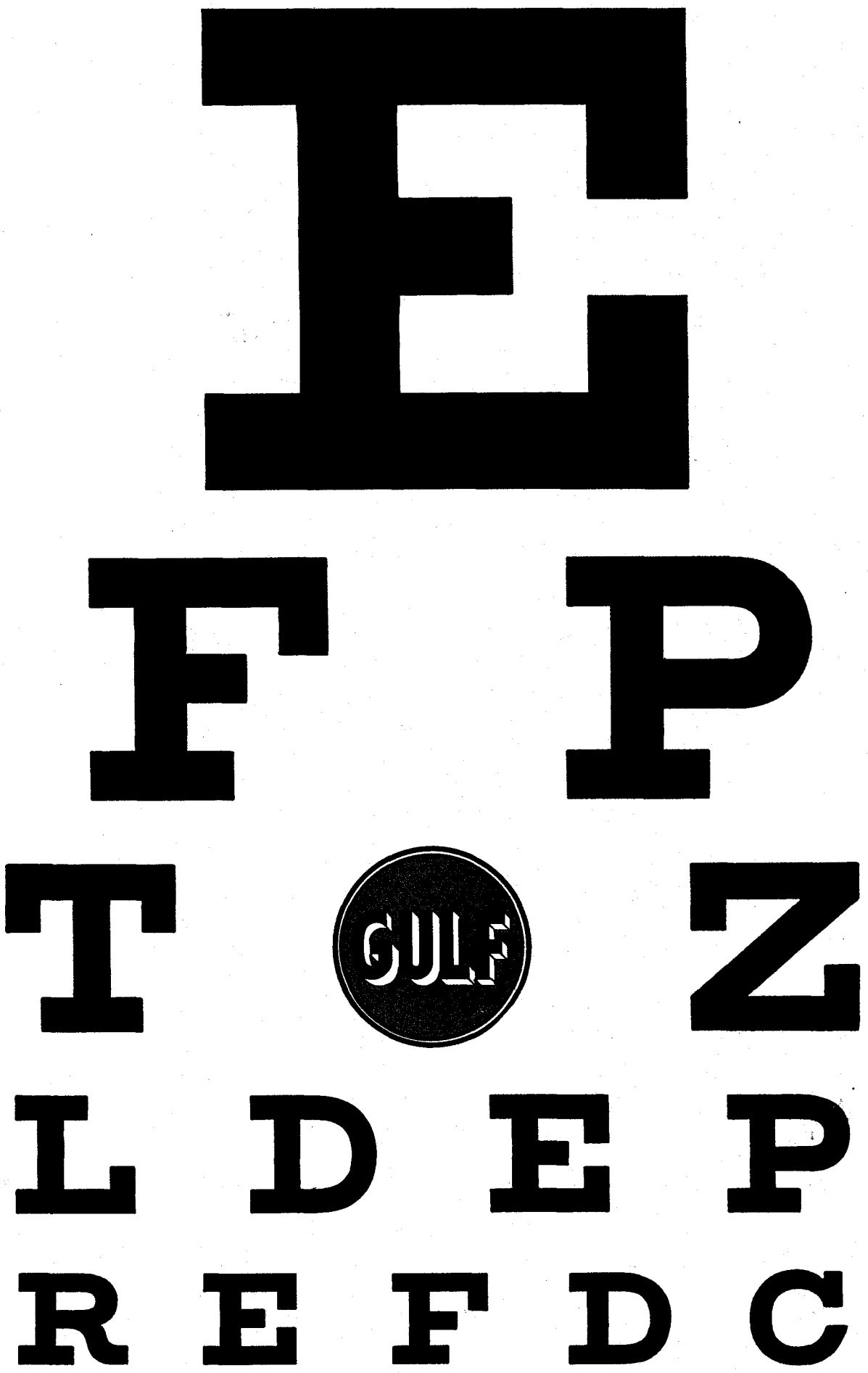

Good vision, for an oil company, means more than an ability to see clearly your needs of today. It also means an ability to anticipate your needs of tomorrow.

GULF OIL CORPORATION

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My Beauty and My Beasts (Continued from Page 21)

weapon, preferring to bite. "A rhino slashes with the big incisors and can disembowel an elephant with one cut. But you'll go out on old Akbar, our best *kunki* (pad elephant). Akbar is a bull with big tusks, and he's used to handling rhinos."

While we were talking, Mr. E. P. Gee drove up. Mr. Gee is a tea planter; a thin, quiet man who has devoted his life to the preservation of the Indian rhino.

"The unfortunate rhinos really have had a miserable time of it in the past," said Gee, with a tenderness in his voice men usually employ only when speaking of a beloved child. "They're one of the oldest types of mammals in the world—really living fossils. If anything should happen to the herd here, it would be a comfort to know that the race is being perpetuated elsewhere."

Even though the two men were so cordial, I thought it might be a good idea for them to see Mercia. One look at Mercia clinches any deal, as far as men are concerned. I went in to get her, and found my pretty wife tossing on the lumpy, dirty bed with a headache and in a very bad mood. I told her that Stracey and Gee were on the veranda and the success of our trip depended on them. Mercia grumpily got off the bed and peered through the window.

"My heaven, a chi-chi and a thin, old, bespectacled planter in sweaty clothes!" she hissed contemptuously. "I should get dressed for trash like that!" and she flung herself back on the bed.

I went back to the veranda and explained that my wife was still feeling the effects of our plane ride. We resumed our rhino talks. Fifteen minutes later, Mercia joined us in a ravishing Japanese silk gown that clung to her luscious figure like wallpaper. She was overjoyed to meet dear Mr. Stracey, to whom we owed everything, fascinated by Mr. Gee's accounts of tea planting, and deliriously happy over our adorable little bungalow. When the two entranced men left, we could have sailed the Queen Mary up the Brahmaputra River to Assam and loaded every rhino in the place on board with their wholehearted assistance.

We started out early the next morning, riding on Akbar with Pat Stracey while the mahout sat astride the great bull's neck. A ranger accompanied us on another elephant, named Mohan. Travelers in the sanctuary always go in pairs because an elephant may be attacked by a rhino and disabled, leaving his riders helpless in the vast, swampy area.

Most of the 164 square miles of the sanctuary is covered by the great *ekkra* grass, often higher than a man's head, even when he is on the back of an elephant. Only on elephants is it possible to penetrate much of this great area, for a man on foot would be trapped in the dense grass and be unable to cross the cat's-cradle of waterways. Even an elephant has trouble, and Akbar would frequently stop and carefully test the soggy ground with one of his great feet before moving forward.

Then we saw our first rhino. He was a big bull lying in a *bheel*, a rhino wallow. Rhinos spend a great deal of their time in these wallows, and so are nearly always heavily coated with mud. We moved forward slowly, Akbar carefully parting the grass with his trunk to make sure that we wouldn't come on another rhino unexpectedly. We came closer and closer, until it seemed to me that we were looking directly down on the big fellow. Then Pat reached out and touched the mahout's arm, and he stopped Akbar.

Rhinos have poor sight, and since the wind was toward us, this bull was unconscious of our presence. He lay like a great pig, luxuriating in the wallow. All around him were white herons, which generally accompany a rhino, feeding on the insects which he disturbs. Suddenly the whole flock rose in the air like a cloud of white confetti blown by a sudden breeze. At once, the bull reared up and looked around him, his huge ears—the Indian rhino has much bigger ears than his African cousin—twitching about, independent of each other, like two sonar listening devices ready to catch the faintest sound.

Mercia strained around me to get a better look, and the bull caught the motion. Without the slightest warning, he exploded out of the wallow and stood on the soft ground, the water pouring off him, and both ears cocked forward. He had changed suddenly from a peaceful, wallowing pig to a dangerous wild animal—an armored tank directed by a tiny, uncertain brain.

Akbar quietly curled his trunk out of harm's way and lowered his head to meet the charge with his tusks. The rhino stood considering us for a few seconds, and then gave a grunt and, swinging around with surprising nimbleness, trotted off down a path through the grass. In spite of his size he seemed to float over the marshy ground and moved much faster than an elephant could have done.

"They seldom charge now," said Pat with paternal pride. "They know that we won't hurt them. It's these damn poachers after their horns that cause all the trouble. If one of them wounds a rhino, of course, that makes him vicious, and after that he'll charge anything he sees."

I spent the next three weeks going out morning and evening to watch the rhinos. I needed to know a great deal about the animals to trap them and keep them alive during the long trip to Europe.

I noticed that the rhino calves always walked in front of their mother, so she could keep an eye on them. As a result, I decided to use pits to catch the calves. If the calves had followed the mothers—as do the African rhino calves—pits would have been impossible because I'd have caught the adults rather than the youngsters. I also noted that the rhinos had to bathe frequently—in fact, seemed almost semiaquatic—and their favorite food was young bamboo shoots. All these details were of vital importance to me.

First, I directed the building of a corral near the bungalow. The corral covered slightly more than an acre and it included a good grove of bamboo and a stream that the calves could use for a wallow. The corral was made of heavy teak stakes, for the calves I intended to catch would have to be already weaned, although still running with their mothers, and so be two or three years old and weigh over a ton. I had the stakes covered with bamboo stems lashed together to serve as a bumper, so the youngsters wouldn't hurt themselves, in case they charged the corral wall.

When the corral was finished, we set about digging the pits. During my study of the rhinos I had carefully noted the trails used by mothers with suitable calves, and so knew exactly where the pits should be placed. I had the pits made narrow, so the calves could not turn around and injure themselves by mad thrashing.

The Assamese covered each pit with a layer of rushes and sprinkled earth on the top. They did an expert job, for when they had finished, no one could tell the trap covers from the surrounding ground, including the builders themselves. Later, when men had to go out to examine the traps to see if anything had been caught, several fell in by mistake. So I sent out mahouts on elephants to do the trap checking.

I fully expected to have my two calves in a few days, but nothing happened. Finally I found out what the trouble was. The mahouts who were checking the traps would ride close to them on their elephants and then look down from the advantage of their heights. Rhinos have a keen sense of smell and the odor of an elephant lingers a long time. The rhinos had simply abandoned the polluted paths.

I had fresh pits dug and insisted that the Assamese go on foot to check them. The Assamese didn't like this idea at all, for they had to follow the rhino paths through the tall grass and there was always the possibility of meeting a rhino or a tiger, so I checked as many of the traps as possible myself. Still, we got no rhinos. The rains were only a few days away, and once they began, trapping would be over for the season, for during those torrential downpours the pits would be flooded within an hour and become useless. Mercia alternated between fits of fury in which she denounced me for having delayed the trapping while I was studying the rhinos, execrating the rhinos themselves, swearing at the Assamese for cowardice and then going out alone to check the pits herself. Mercia was absolutely fearless with both animals and humans.

I went over and over my notes on the rhinos. Then I had an inspiration. The rhinos must be mad about salt. That was the only logical reason why the old bull had "skinned" a dead human with his tongue. I decided to scatter salt over the pit coverings and along the paths leading to the pits. Perhaps the rhinos, in their eagerness to get the salt, would forget caution.

Mercia and I spent an afternoon spreading the salt. We were out at dawn the next day. The cover of the first pit was gone; only a gaping hole remained. We approached it without daring to hope. Inside was a baby rhino. Mercia burst into tears of relief.

We raced back to camp, yelling with excitement. Thank heaven we didn't meet a rhino, tiger or cobra on the narrow trails, for we took no precautions. Everyone in camp went mad with delight. Akbar was recuperating from an injury he'd got in a fight with a buffalo, so we started out on another pad elephant named Jess Pagli, which means "The Crazy One." Jess Pagli wasn't fully broken to rhinos, but we had no time to think of that. Mohan was hitched to a big transport cage and followed us more slowly. There were five people on Jess Pagli, including Mercia and myself. I was carrying a very fine German camera to photograph the transferring of the baby from the pit to the transport cage.

The mahout took us right up to the edge of the pit. The calf was a splendid little fellow weighing about a ton, and completely unhurt. While we were admiring him, there was a snort from the *ekkra*. Suddenly the mother rhino burst out and came straight for us, her mouth open, her tail straight in the air, scattering mud in all directions as she charged.

Jess Pagli gave a scream of terror and bolted. I was hanging to one of the rope grips of the pad for dear life. The mahout was yelling. Jess Pagli was trumpeting, the other riders screaming, and through it all came the deep, fierce bellow of the furious rhino.

Five people are too much for a single pad, even when an elephant is walking slowly, and I knew someone would fall. A great, black shape appeared below me and I saw the rhino slash at Jess Pagli's flank with her terrible incisors. The elephant screamed again, and now she really began to run, but the rhino kept alongside and slashed again. I was still clinging to the camera and half off the pad. The rhino was just under me.

Jess Pagli reached a broad waterway. Without hesitating, she plunged into it. As her leg fell away from beneath me, I was left sitting on air. I turned over and dived, with the camera in my hand. My only idea was to swim far enough underwater so the rhino couldn't get me.

I swam until my lungs were burning, and then surfaced. Jess Pagli had finally halted in midstream. There was no sign of the rhino.

Mercia was screaming at me, "Don't get that camera wet, you fool!"

No one was hurt except poor Jess Pagli; she had two bad gashes in her flank. When the mahout had succeeded in quieting her, we returned to camp and got two bulls with tusks. But even the two big bulls refused to face the raging mother rhino, and at last we had to set fire to the grass to drive her away. Then we all worked desperately to put out the fire before it spread to other parts of the sanctuary.

Mohan with the transport cage had arrived, and I told the Assamese to dig an incline down toward the head of the pit, but to leave a solid wall of earth about a foot thick between the pit and the incline. The cage was slid down this incline, the doors opened and the dirt wall dug away. Ropes were thrown around the young rhino and he was hauled into the cage and the door secured behind him. Then Mohan dragged him to the corral.

The baby was a male with a little bud of a horn just showing. Everything depended on getting him tame, because an animal as large and powerful as a rhino is extremely hard to handle unless he knows that you don't mean to hurt him. We put him in a narrow chute for a few days, first taking the precaution of smearing the inside of the chute with his dung so it would smell homey. In the chute we could scratch his ears and pat him, so he soon grew used to us.

Within a week, the little fellow was so tame that he'd run to us like a big dog to be petted and fondled. Mercia could even

The Guest

(Age Ninety-three)

By Betty Jane Balch

Give her the room with the
blue walls, please,
With the little rose-carved
chairs;
The room where the young
spring wind sifts through
At the top of the winding
stairs.
Give her the room with the
blue walls, please,
Where the curtains blow in
the dark,
For there she can hear the
singing rain
And the child who plays in
the park.
Give her the room where
the scent of rose
Will nestle within her hair,
For that was the room of
her childhood years.
She will find it familiar
there.

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ride on his back. He actually got to be a nuisance, following us about and poking us with his stump of a horn to get attention. Mercia named him Gadadahar, after an ancient Assamese king, and when she called, "Gadadahar! Gadadahar!" from outside the corral, Gadadahar would squeak back in reply and butt his head against the stakes trying to reach her.

We caught three other males before we got a female. "Naturally, because all males are much stupider than females," Mercia remarked triumphantly. We finally got a female two days before the rains broke. She tamed even more quickly than Gadadahar had. We named her Joymothi after an Assamese queen. The two rhinos got along very well together and took their baths lying side by side in the wallow I'd made for them at one end of the corral.

To reach Calcutta, the shipping center of Eastern India, the rhinos would have to be floated down the Brahmaputra River by flatboat. This meant a three weeks' trip and exposing our babies to all the dangers of rapids, sudden floods and uncertain native craft. Also, the shipping had to be accurately timed. Not every ship that puts into Calcutta is going to Europe or will accept animal freight. I spent several days cabling shipping lines until I found that the Dutch merchant ship Alcione was arriving in Calcutta and would take both us and the rhinos. Even then, I did not dare to leave until the last minute. I could not arrive in Calcutta ahead of time, for there was no place in the city where I could keep the rhinos. The Alcione would be in the harbor for only eight hours, so I had to float the rhinos down 700 miles of river, arrive during those eight hours and load them directly on the ship without delay.

While I was making these arrangements, Mercia hired a paddle-wheel steamer to tow our flatboat down the river, got a lorry to transport the rhino cages to the flatboat, got coolies to help with the loading and unloading, and laid in a supply of food for the rhinos. These preparations were finished in the nick of time. If everything went exactly right, we had just time enough to load the rhinos and reach Calcutta before the Alcione sailed.

We lured the rhinos into their shipping boxes with bamboo shoots. I was constantly glancing at my watch, for a delay of even a few hours meant that we'd miss connections with the Alcione. I had just given the order to have the cages pushed up the tailgate of the lorry when a young forestry official came up to me, looking very natty in his immaculate uniform.

"Your permits have just been revoked," he told me importantly. "The Forestry Department has decided that no female rhinos are to leave the sanctuary. These animals are an important national asset and the females cannot be allowed to leave Assam."

I pleaded, begged and protested, but it was no good. A foreigner dealing with a native official is the most helpless being in the world, and the smug ranger knew it. For generations, his people had been kicked around by "sahibs," and now was his chance to retaliate.

If I was beaten, Mercia was not. She went into a really terrifying rage. Even the ranger dropped his haughty air and became nervous. At last, ignoring Mercia, he went over to the cages and started to open the door of the female's box.

Mercia threw herself across the door. "You'll have to kill me first!" she screamed.

"Get away from that door!" the ranger shouted, struggling with Mercia to release the catch.

He was stronger than she was and managed to tear her hands loose. "Very well, open it! That's a wild rhino and she'll kill me!" Mercia did not mention that she had been riding the rhino around the corral the day before. "You'll be held responsible for my death. It'll go on your record that you killed a helpless woman. You'll be ruined for life."

The ranger hesitated. "I'll have the police remove you."

"They can't!" Mercia now had both arms and legs locked around the bars in the door. Then she shouted to me, "Don't just stand there, Peter! Call Pat Stracey!"

There was a telephone at Gauhati and I was able to find a car to drive me there. I had some qualms about leaving Mercia, but from experience I knew that she was quite capable of looking after herself.

At Gauhati I called the sanctuary. Pat had just come in from a tour of inspection and sounded dog-tired.

"All right, all right," he said wearily. "They've mucked things up. The department is right about having to be extra careful about females; they're our breeding stock. But one more or less won't make any difference, and we promised you a pair. Tell that ranger I want to talk to him."

When I got back to the corral, Mercia was still clinging to the bars like an octopus, surrounded by a ring of cursing policemen and the furious ranger. I gave him Pat's message and he departed sullenly. He returned and gave angry permission to remove the rhinos.

By now, a large crowd had collected, whispering excitedly.

"He has rhinos!"

"Do they have horns?"

"Of course, you fool; otherwise why should he bother with them?"

"A piece of those horns would make me a rich man for life!"

"Why is this white man stealing our rhinos? Cut off the horns! The animals belong to Assam. We are no longer slaves to the white man!"

Mercia said to me quietly, "Get the lorry going at once. This means trouble."

A man with a long knife in his hand pushed his way through the crowd. His eyes were fastened on the rhino cages with a fixed, unblinking stare and saliva ran from his partly open mouth. He was an old man and probably impotent. He had to have those horns. I grabbed his wrist and the crowd began to shout and push forward. The police came to my help, swinging their clubs.

One of the policemen panted, "Let them have the horns! We can't hold them any longer!"

The horns were only tiny stumps, and if they were gouged out, the baby rhinos would die. One of the policemen went down and was tramped on by the shouting crowd. A stone hit another man beside me. He dropped his club and fell back against the lorry, half senseless. The man with the knife was still fighting with insane desperation to reach the cages.

The lorry began to move. Mercia had jumped into the driver's seat and started the engine. I pulled myself up on the side as it lurched forward. The car bumped over the rough road, steadily gathering speed while the mob pursued us, throwing stones and screaming insults until we were out of range.

We went directly to the loading ghat on the Brahmaputra and got the cages on the flatboat without further trouble.

The three weeks' trip down the river was a mixture of long, peaceful days and sudden, blood-curdling crises. Once the paddle-wheel boat ran aground, the cable towing the flatboat parted, and we saw our precious babies go floating off down the river.

(*Continued on Page 55*)

The telephone—
a two-way
highway
HOME!

One of the most pleasant, reassuring things about going on any kind of trip is to know that home is always as near as the telephone.

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Providence to New York	85¢	55¢	15¢
Chicago to Detroit	$1.05	70¢	20¢
Cleveland to Milwaukee	$1.30	85¢	25¢
Miami to Atlanta	$1.65	$1.10	30¢
San Francisco to Washington, D.C.	$3.00	$2.00	55¢

These rates apply nights after 6 o'clock and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

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Salem
FILTER CIGARETTES
Salem

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(*Continued from Page 53*) Luckily, we were able to get the boat off the mud—Mercia and I jumping into the river, helping to push with the crew—and overtook the flatboat before it reached rapids. One evening we were attacked by a horde of natives who'd seen the rhinos and were determined to get the horns. The captain cut the cable and we escaped with the loss of the anchor.

We managed to make connections with the Alcione and sailed for Europe. News of the rhinos had been radioed ahead and when we arrived in Genoa, the pier was black with reporters, photographers, radio men and representatives from the zoo. Mercia, with her stunning exotic beauty, made even a greater hit than the rhinos. She was photographed with the babies, with me, looking at Europe for the first time, and in virtually every change of clothes she possessed. Used to being snubbed by the English in Singapore, she could not understand why here no one cared that she was a Eurasian. She was still in a trance when we loaded the rhinos on a luggage car and left for Basel.

An hour or so later, a sharp reaction set in. Mercia wept, "People are just curious about me because I'm brown!" Nothing I could say affected her. Before we reached Basel, she insisted on covering her face with a very light make-up.

When I protested, she shouted, "They won't let me into a hotel or a restaurant if they know what I am! They may even send me back to Singapore!"

When the train arrived at Basel, I went out to face the army of newspaper and camera men. Flash bulbs were exploding on all sides and I couldn't think of a word to say. While I stood stammering and sick with embarrassment, someone pushed me aside. It was Mercia, radiantly lovely in an Indian sari and without the make-up. At the last moment, she'd decided to play up her Oriental background instead of trying to conceal it. She spoke for ten minutes, making jokes, describing our adventures and saying how she'd looked forward to seeing Switzerland, which was even more beautiful than she'd imagined. The crowd loved her. Meanwhile, I stood in the background, scraping the side of the platform with my shoe.

Doctor Hediger had insisted that the zoo be cleared during the unloading of the rhinos, as he was afraid a crowd might bother them. The crates were carefully slid down the tailgate of the truck and the cage doors lifted. The rhinos refused to come out. The elaborately designed pen was foreign to them and they clung to the familiar safety of their old cages.

"I'll get them out," I said. I went into the house that connected with the pen and gave a special whistle that the babies had learned to know. All during the long trip, Mercia and I had checked the babies, day and night, at regular three-hour intervals, and we always gave that whistle as we came toward the cages. At once there were excited squeaks and my two babies rushed into the pen and began looking for me.

Except that they weren't my babies any longer. I'd sold them. I turned and ran out of the house by another gate, so they wouldn't see me. If they saw me again, they'd expect me to continue feeding and playing with them in this new home, and that couldn't be. I had to make a clean break.

I went to our hotel and found Mercia in our room, prancing with excitement. "We're asked to a big dinner to meet a lot of prominent people," she exclaimed. "Everyone is delighted with me. They don't seem to care if I'm a Eurasian or not. And look at this!" She flourished a sheaf of letters, telegrams and cablegrams over her head.

We tore them open. There were orders from Rome, from Paris, from New York, from Buenos Aires, from Sydney, from Tokyo. Everyone wanted to commission me to get them animals. We were asked to dinners, receptions, conferences, and heaven knows what else. Mercia snatched up the letters, ripped them open, dropped them half read, and grabbed for another, like a child opening Christmas presents.

Finally she said, while still poring over the wonderful mail, "Hurry and get dressed. We haven't much time."

"I'm not going," I said heavily.

She stared at me. "Why not?"

"Mercia, I called the babies to get them into the pen. They ran out looking for me and I had to leave them there. We'll never see Gadadahar and Joymothi again."

I called room service and told them to bring me a bottle of schnapps. The schnapps arrived and I started drinking. Mercia watched me for a while. Then she got up and started dressing, still not speaking. She put on her evening gown and a stole of snow lynx I'd got for her in Calcutta. Then she walked over and stood frowning at me.

"I've waited all my life to go to a big party and be received by Europeans," she said levelly. "This is my chance. I'm not going to give it up for you and those rhinos. Are you coming?"

I couldn't. I couldn't talk to people tonight with the babies locked up in the Basel Zoo, all alone and frightened. I shook my head.

"Then I'm going alone," said Mercia, and walked out. I heard her high-heeled shoes tapping off down the corridor. I was glad that she was gone. Now I could start drinking seriously.

I drank myself into a stupor and passed out within an hour. But no matter how drunk I became, I got up all night at the prescribed periods to look for the babies and give them their palm sugar and salt. I wandered around the corridors of the hotel whistling for them, and it was only when I didn't hear their funny little squeaks that I knew they were gone. Then I'd go back to my room and drink some more schnapps until I could sleep again.

I swore over and over that I'd never again make a pet out of an animal, but, of course, I broke my word. If you're fond of animals, you can't help making pets out of them.

Overnight, I found myself suddenly transformed from an unknown animal collector to an international figure—at least in zoological circles. Mercia and I made a trip to Indonesia, where we collected orangutans, leopards, pythons and tigers. Then we returned to Assam, where we obtained another pair of rhinos—this time for the Philadelphia Zoo in the U. S. A. I had intended turning these animals over to a dealer who would arrange for import permits and the other innumerable details involved in importing animals, but Mercia had a different idea.

"Peter, we must deliver this cargo to the United States ourselves," she urged me. "People there have got to know about you. We'll sell all the animals direct to the American zoos, without going through a dealer."

I tried to explain to Mercia how impractical it was to arrive in a strange country with a cargo of animals, but she was so determined that, against my better judgment, I agreed. In addition to the larger animals, we had several hundred cranes, storks, small birds and monkeys. All our savings were invested in the cargo, and as we entered Boston harbor I was shaking from nervousness.

Mercia tried to buck me up, "You know that all the animals we have are in big demand in America. Don't worry about the customs officials. We can always bribe them."

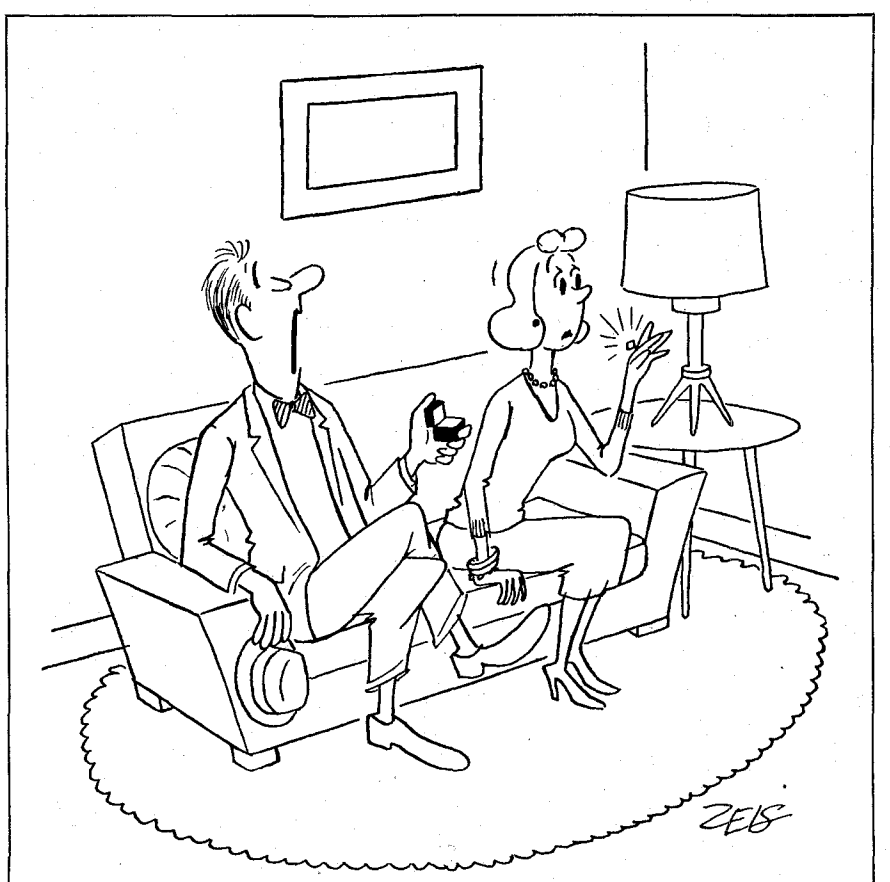
"You can't bribe American customs officials," I told her miserably.

Mercia stared at me in astonishment. "Can't bribe the customs officials? What a terrible country! Why did you ever bring me here?" And the poor girl burst into tears.

As the ship docked, an automobile half a block long came tearing up and stopped with a scream of brakes. Two men jumped out, and one of them shouted, "Have you any animals besides the rhinos?"

"Plenty!" yelled Mercia. "We have ——"

"We don't care what you have; we'll buy the whole consignment!" the man shouted back.



"Marry me, honey—and help me pay for it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Mercia sat down weakly on the deck, gasping, "See, what did I tell you? I knew America would be like this!"

The two men were from the North Atlantic Fertilizer and Chemical Company, one of the biggest wholesale houses for animals in the United States. This seemed a curious title for an animal import firm, but we asked no questions. Mercia asked double what we had hoped to get for the cargo, and the men instantly consented. Mercia was heartbroken. "I knew I should have asked three times as much," she whispered to me bitterly. We had one big leopard that was very tame and Mercia tried to correct her mistake by saying that he wasn't included with the other animals, but that she'd let him go for a very special figure. The men paid without question. The pythons we sold by the foot—five dollars per foot of snake. After glancing at the snakes, one of the men remarked, "They seem to average about fifteen feet each. Shall we settle for that?"

"Oh, no, you don't!" snapped Mercia. "We'll measure them right here on deck!"

All the pythons were taken out and measured with a yardstick. Handling an eighteen- or twenty-foot python is quite a problem, but Mercia held their tails and I took their heads, Mercia stretching them until their backbones almost cracked.

We were swamped by TV cameramen, newsreel men and press photographers, and Mercia posed in a sarong; in a special "jungle costume," with shorts designed to show her pretty legs; and in her European gowns. The next day, her picture, with or without the animals, was plastered over the front pages of the newspapers. We began to get letters, phone calls and telegrams from zoos, animal dealers and lecture agencies all over the country. Then we were called into the office of Mr. Fred Zeehandelaar, the head of the animal-dealing department of the fertilizer company, which, it turned out, has many interests. Mr. Zeehandelaar had made a careful study of the animal market and told us that there was a big demand for young female Indian elephants less than five feet at the shoulder. He wanted ten such elephants and would pay $2200 each for them landed in the U.S.A. before May first. It was then autumn.

I told him that it would be impossible. To make sure of fulfilling the contract, we would have to go on *shikar*—that is, hunting—in the Garo Hills in Northern India, which was a fabulous undertaking. Also, the problems involved in bringing back such young elephants were almost insurmountable, because the calves would hardly be weaned. Mr. Zeehandelaar admitted that other collectors had told him the same story, but he'd hoped that I'd undertake the assignment.

Mercia and I went to a restaurant for a cup of coffee. While I drank my coffee, Mercia was busy figuring with a pencil on the back of an envelope. She finally announced, "Peter, with the profit on the elephants alone, we could clear twenty thousand dollars. Then there's the profit on any other animals we bring—and now we know the American market. It's too good a chance to miss. We'll pull it off someway."

Mercia could always talk me into anything, even against my better judgment. We left the United States the next day by plane. We flew direct to Karachi and then took a local plane to a small landing field in the Garo area. Here we made arrangements to get pad elephants, mahouts and *phundis*—professional elephant catchers—and spend the winter in the heart of the wild Garo jungles.

Editors' Note: The concluding article in this series will appear in next week's issue.

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Forbidden Love (Continued from Page 30)

mob in one night, fitted them all with concrete waistcoats and sank them in the East River. Or the times that Antonio co-operated with Murder, Incorporated. And a score of other occasions when he had practiced his "little habits."

Antonio never boasted about these things as some men would have done. He hardly ever talked of them. But everybody knew, and when anyone in the village found Antonio looking at him, he'd be inclined to search his conscience a lot more carefully than if it was the priest, or the mayor, or the police chief that was looking at him. And the next day, as likely as not, he'd leave a little something at the back door of Antonio's house—a duck, perhaps, or a basket of eggs, or a bottle of Strega. Certainly Antonio never asked anyone to do such a thing, but equally certainly he never discouraged it, and in our part of Italy we have had so much experience with assassins that we prefer to play safe.

And I would have played as safe as anyone if it hadn't been for Antonio's daughter, Fiorella. One day I was just a young man, playing *scópa* in the café, working on my father's land, doing this, doing that, as free as a bird on a tree. And the next day I was Fiorella's slave, who could neither eat, nor drink, nor think, nor do anything but try to make up verses to her eyebrows, her cheeks, her mouth like a soft red bud opening to release its perfume, her dark brown hair that looked as warm and soft as a kitten.

Of course, I had always known that Antonio had a daughter. She had been five years old when he came back as a widower from America, twelve years ago. But I had been a boy of seven then, interested in other things than small girls in pinafores. And as soon as she became older, Antonio's housekeeper, Eugenia, began to keep her out of sight of young men like myself. You might see them at Mass, perhaps; Fiorella bundled up in black lace in the darkest corner of the church, with Eugenia beside her like an old and molting screech owl. But never Fiorella alone, or without the black veil Eugenia made her wear at Mass for her dead mother in America.

And then one day my father gave me a basket to leave at Antonio's house—a duck, and some new wine, and a capful of eggs.

"It is better to be careful," my father said sadly, when my mother flew at him about it. "We have not given the Signor Antonio anything for a long time, and you can never tell when he might remember and become angry."

And so I carried the basket down to the village, and round to the door in the high garden wall that protected Antonio's plum and cherry trees. Not that they needed protecting. The village boys would have broken into the bishop's orchard sooner than into the Signor Antonio's. I pushed open the narrow door and walked softly down the path to the house itself, half afraid that Antonio might see me and be angry, even though I was bringing him something. But the windows remained shut and silent. I tapped at the door, waited, tapped again. And as it opened I lost my heart as surely as if Signor Antonio had stood on the other side of it pressing the trigger of his submachine gun. Fiorella stood there.

I put down my basket between us and leaned sideways against the door frame for support. Brown eyes, with little candle flames of witchcraft deep down inside them. A little hand touching her white throat. And a small gasp of surprise as she saw me. I wished desperately that I had put on my suit before coming down to the village; even that I had combed my hair.

"Oh," said Fiorella.

"Ah," I breathed.

We stayed like that for a long time, gazing at each other. She had the smallest, tiniest, softest brown mole on her right cheek, and I thought that if I could kiss that little mole just once I would ask nothing more out of life. "The basket," I said, looking into her eyes.

"The basket," she whispered, looking down at the floor between us. And at that moment Eugenia came into the kitchen and screeched, at the sight of me, like a witch being burned.

"Fiorella!" she screamed, and Fiorella fled like a brown bird.

I gave up the contents of the basket and went home. But I had left more than wine and eggs and a plump duckling behind me. I had left my heart. Did I walk home? Did I run? Or fly? I shall never know.

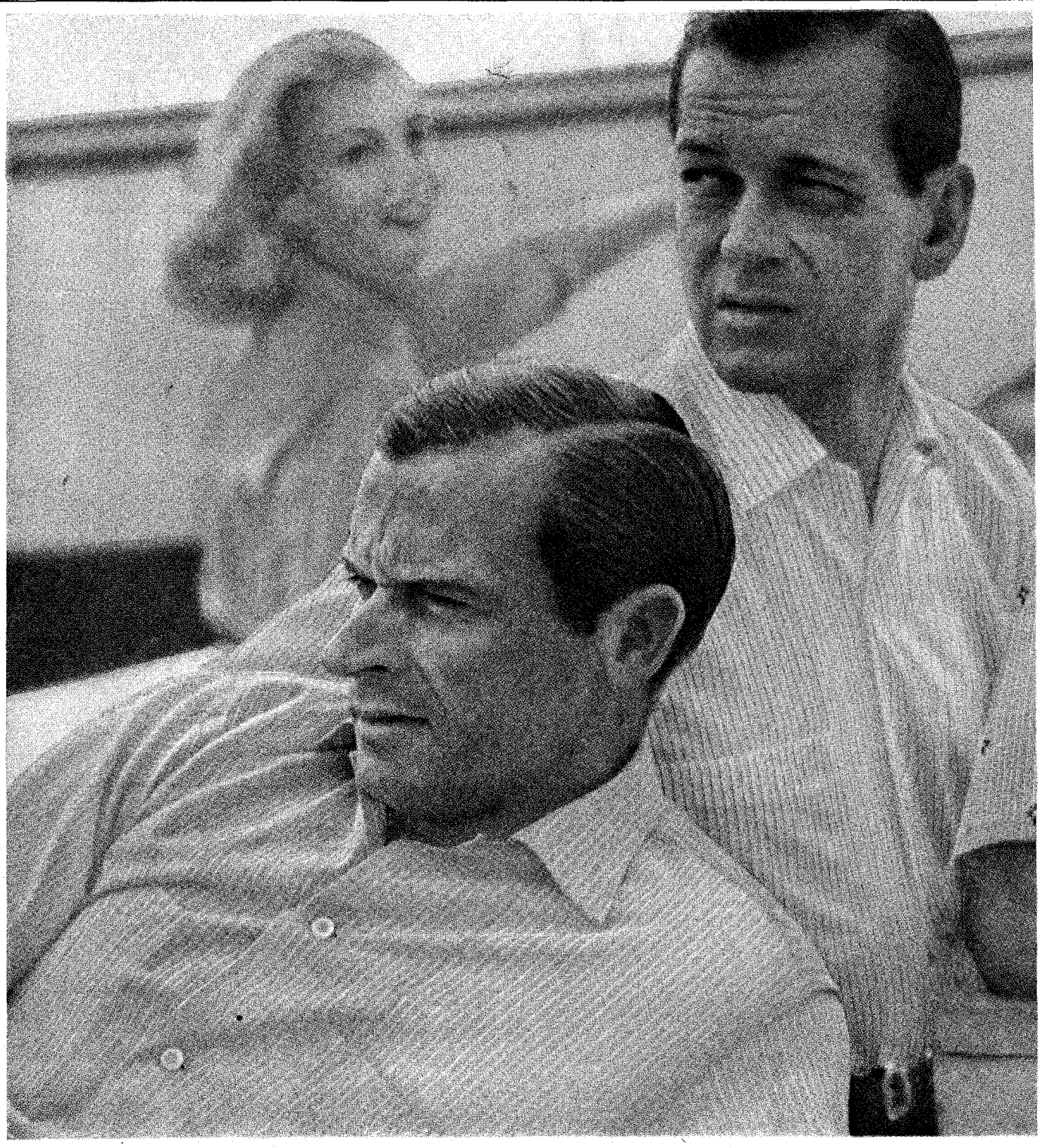
"Did you see the Signor Antonio?" my father whispered anxiously when I came in. He was only a little less afraid of my mother than of the assassin, and didn't want to remind her of the offering.

"Like an angel," I breathed, still in a trance.

"An angel?" said my father, taken aback.

"Such little hands," I whispered, wondering what rhymed with Fiorella.

"Those little hands have knocked off better men than you," said my father irritably, thinking that I was making fun of him for being afraid of Antonio. And as he said it, it was as if cold water began to



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run down my spine. Fiorella was the Signor Antonio's daughter. And whoever Antonio might one day want his daughter to marry, it was unlikely to be me. I turned so pale that even my mother noticed it.

"What is the matter with you?" she said, reaching for the castor oil.

"I'm in love," I said hastily, since I knew that any other excuse for looking pale would result in a couple of centiliters of oil.

"Love!" cried my mother in fury. "Give me the medicine cup, Paolo," she commanded my father, and before I could protect myself I had swallowed four centiliters of castor oil.

"Let that cure you of love," said my mother triumphantly.

"She's right, you know," said my father, when she was safely gone out of the kitchen. "If only my mother had treated me like that when I told her about your mother." And he gave a long, sad sigh.

But I didn't listen to him. I could listen to nothing but a small, warm echo in my mind saying "Oh," and "The basket." And I could see nothing but warm brown eyes lit with candle flames, and soft brown hair, and small white hands like the petals of a flower. I couldn't sleep. I couldn't eat, although I had to make a pretense of it whenever my mother was watching. Our dog never got so well fed as in those days when he'd sit by my chair, getting my dinner, forkful by forkful.

For a long time—about a week—I lived on memory. But then the memory began to fade. How had she said "Oh"? Like this? Or that? And how had she said "The basket"? It had been like music, I knew. Like an angel singing. But how exactly had it sounded? And I knew that if she was the devil's daughter, I must find out. I must see those hands again, those eyes, that breathless mouth.

The next Sunday I waited in the café until I saw Eugenia and Fiorella going to Mass; the one bent and shuffling, the other the shapeless black bundle of shrouded, veiled virtue that I had seen a hundred times. But now! I knew the divine reality, the perfection all but stifled inside those yards of lace. The space where my heart had been, thrilled like a plucked violin string. My hands shook as I gathered up my missal, and I nearly dropped the carefully folded note I had prepared for Fiorella. It contained my best poem, telling her that I was dying of love for her, and that if she would look out her window that night at two o'clock, she would see me standing under the cherry trees of her father's orchard.

Holding the note ready, I hurried across the square, reaching the church door just behind Fiorella and her dragon. I brushed against her, pushing the sharp edge of the note against her hand. Once again I heard the divine voice saying "Oh." Felt the delicate fingers start with surprise, and then, as her eyes turned to me under the mourning veil, felt her hand close over my note. I smiled, and allowed myself to be lost in the crowd. "Oh!" Had any girl ever put such music, such poetry into one syllable as Fiorella? Never. I lived on it all that endless afternoon. And on the soft touch of her startled finger tips.

The thing that makes it so tough on fathers is raising kids and money at the same time.

DAN BENNETT

That night as the moon came up and the dogs cried on the distant hillsides, I climbed over Signor Antonio's garden wall with my heart in my throat. Which was her room? Would she look out at me? I crept among the trees, cherry blossoms brushing like summer snow against my face, each petal like my beloved's finger tips, welcoming me. There lay the house. The shrine. My knees were weak and I sat down against a tree trunk, content for the moment to drink in the moonlit scene of the kitchen door and six windows. One of them was hers. Beside that door she had looked at me. I had looked at her. If Signor Antonio had come out at that moment I could not have made a move to escape. I should have lain there while he pumped me full of bullets, thinking, *Perhaps her fingers will close my martyred eyes for the last time.*

A long distance away the town clock of Bianconi struck the hour, releasing two chimes like silver birds across the sleeping countryside. What was that? With a soft click of shutters a window on the upper story of the house opened a little. Farther. A pale shadow leaned out. Fiorella!

"Fiorella!" I called, springing to my feet. Why couldn't I play the violin? Or even the ukulele? But at least I could sing. "*O sole mio!*" I began.

In her nightdress, her brown hair like a waterfall about those divine arms, she leaned out toward me. "Sh-sh-sh," she whispered piercingly, and I remembered Signor Antonio and Eugenia with a lurch of the heart. I stopped singing and crept close to the wall of the house.

"Lean down to me," I whispered.

And she leaned down until the soft strands of her hair reached almost to my upstretched finger tips. "It is very wrong of you to come," she breathed.

"I know," I said. If I had thought of bringing something to stand on, I could

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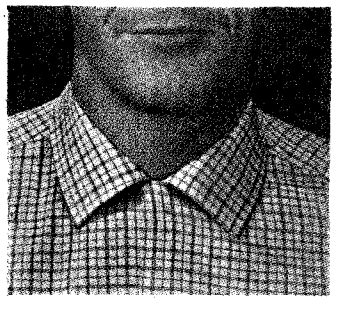

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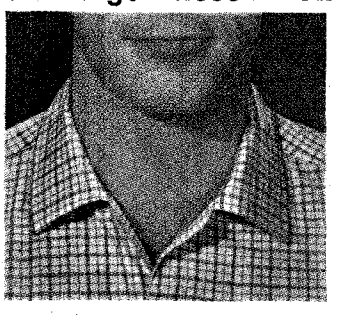

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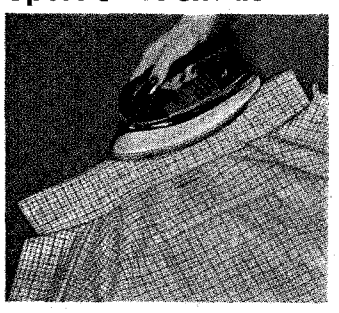

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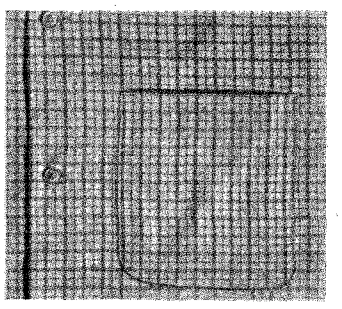

Patterns perfectly matched at pocket and collar. Everything is casual about an Arrow except the way we make it.

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have touched her hair. Even her cheek. And if I had brought a ladder ——

"Is there a ladder in your garden?" I whispered.

"Oh!" gasped Fiorella. "How could you? If you were to touch that ladder in the little shed at the bottom of the garden, Eugenia would be certain to hear you!"

But I was gone. It was a stepladder, suitable for pruning the fruit trees. And for picking the fruit, too, thank heaven. I set it firmly under the window, and tiptoed up its steps until my face was almost on a level with Fiorella's own.

"You mustn't," breathed Fiorella. "This is very wrong."

"I know," I murmured, holding a strand of her warm hair against my cheek. Her shoulder, smooth as ivory under the cotton nightgown, was an inch from my burning lips.

"Oh," she gasped as I kissed her arm. It was like an electric shock through every nerve of my body. Was there ever an arm so soft, so smooth, so rounded and so warm as Fiorella's? Never. Nature could not bear such increase of perfection. I trembled wildly on the stepladder and Fiorella clutched me.

"You'll fall," she whispered. "Get down." But her hands still clung to me.

"If I sat on the window sill?" I breathed. "I should be safer there."

"But would I?" she whispered. Her lips were tremulous with fright, and I stilled them in the only way possible.

"Ah-h-h-h," we breathed together, our breaths mingling. "Oh, Pietro," she whispered, when she could whisper again. "How often I have seen you at Mass, and how little I thought you could be so wicked as this."

"Oh, Fiorella," I breathed. "How often I have seen you at Mass, and how little I thought you could be as beautiful as this." Had we really kissed? Or had I dreamed it? I bent my head forward to make sure, pressed my arms about her soft, yielding shoulders, leaned forward across the window sill; then suddenly the stepladder lurched beneath my feet, swayed outward and was gone.

I lay helpless for an endless second, clutching at Fiorella. And then, far below, like a hundred trees crashing in the forest, the stepladder fell. Every dog in the neighborhood began to bark.

"Oh, oh!" cried Fiorella. "Eugenia is bound to hear! Go at once!"

"The stepladder!" I gasped. "It's fallen! How can I go?" I wriggled myself to safety across the window sill and into her room. She backed away from me with a terrified cry, as if I were a stranger, and at that very moment the door was flung open and Eugenia came storming into the room, more like a disheveled vulture than ever, clutching a blue flannel dressing gown across her stomach with one hand, and a lighted lamp with the other.

"You!" she cried in a terrible voice.

From another room I heard the even more terrible voice of Signor Antonio, crying, "What is it? What is happening? Where is my gun!"

And at that my limbs began to work of their own accord. I turned to the window, took a deep breath and hurled myself out into the night. I don't know what I expected to happen, but, in fact, I landed in the middle of a cherry tree, crashing through its twigs and branches in a snowstorm of moonlit blossoms. Then the branches were no more and I dropped six feet to the ground, scratched on every inch of bare skin, stripped of most of my shirt and trousers, but miraculously whole in body.

I began running even before I struck the ground, bounding for the wall like a rubber ball. Behind me, another window was flung open and Signor Antonio's voice roared into the night, "Halt or I fire!" A moment later his revolver crashed with a noise like artillery. But I was over the wall and running like a greyhound for home.

If only that could have been the end of it. But I had been recognized. And Fiorella's reputation, even her life, was at stake. Would her father kill her? I slowed my steps. Would he kill me? I hastened them again. I thought of the concrete waistcoats he had distributed so liberally in Brooklyn, and shuddered. Should I leave for South America? But I had no passport. And there was Fiorella. I remembered our kiss. If only that ladder hadn't fallen.

I let myself into the house as softly as I could, but not softly enough to avoid waking my mother.

"Where have you been?" she said grimly, coming into the kitchen as I was tiptoeing into my bedroom.

"In Signor Antonio's garden," I said.

"In Signor Antonio's garden?" cried my father, coming into the kitchen behind my mother. He was in his nightshirt, his eyes full of sleep, and I realized, with a sudden filial pang of guilt, that he, too, might receive a concrete waistcoat out of this affair. There seemed to be no end to it.

"I think you had better tell us what this is all about," said my mother. So I told them.

My father sat down when I had finished, looking round the small treasures in the kitchen—the clock on the wall, the old shotgun hanging above the door, the fine plates on the dresser, the wedding photograph of his parents in the mahogany frame—and he spread his hands with a sad gesture of resignation.

"He will kill us all," he said.

"Never!" cried my mother. She got up and fetched down the gun. "We will defend ourselves to the last!" she said. Her eyes flashed. She was like the mother of the Gracchi. "If he wants to shoot you, he must come up the road to the house. Wait at this window, and shoot him down like a mad dog the moment he shows himself." She crouched herself behind the kitchen window to show father what she meant, her still-dark hair like black flames round her face. Father and I felt as if she was hypnotizing us.

"It might be safer to run away," said father, but both he and I knew that when mother looked at us in that way there was nothing for it but to obey. And so we sat down and waited for daylight, while mother prepared for the siege, making coffee and pasta, and moving the dresser against the front door.

Dawn came in callous splendor, and the dusty road from the village that passed our farm began to gleam white as a dead man's bones in the sun. But nothing stirred. We heard the bells for Mass. Then the schoolbell. But still no figure broke the whiteness of the road. Was it a reprieve? Or a refinement of torture? I began to think of Fiorella, whom I should never see again.

"I am sorry, papa," I whispered to father. "But if you had seen her you would have understood."

He patted my hand. "Perhaps you are better off this way," he said, looking sideways at mother. And then, "Psst. Is that someone coming?"

We stared down the long road. A knot of figures was coming out of the village street into the open—black as death against the whiteness of the road. On and on, nearer and nearer, with a terrible purposefulness, until in the middle of them I could see the Signor Antonio, brandishing a revolver, and behind him two muffled figures. One of them the unspeakable Eugenia. And the other? Could it be? It was! Fiorella! Even at this distance I could see that she was weeping, bowed down with grief. The monster of a father! To bring his daughter to see her lover die! At least that satisfaction should never be given to him, I decided, looking at the back window of the kitchen. Father had the same thought in the same instant, and so had mother, because she went across and closed it.

The crowd from the village was a bare twenty paces away by now, and we could hear individual voices calling out.

"Come out and face death like a man, Pietro!" And: "Assassinate them, Signor Antonio! Shoot them down without mercy, despoilers of families!" In the middle of the crowd, Signor Antonio stood looking thoughtfully at the muzzle of father's gun, which was poking out of the window. Fortunately he couldn't see father, lying in a dead faint on the floor beneath it.

"Kill them!" screamed Eugenia, and I saw her give a distinct push to Signor Antonio, until he stood alone in the center of the road. "Go and massacre them, the vermin!" the old harpy cried again, and the crowd roared approval. Only Fiorella's voice dissented, in a wail of misery and terror.

"Shoot him down like the dog he is!" my mother was hissing in my ear. She gave poor father a merciless kick out of the way and crouched down behind the gun herself.

"Don't!" I cried, but it was too late. She had pulled the trigger. The gun, which was eighty years old, and hadn't been fired since I could remember, exploded with a roar of flame and smoke. Mother fell over with her face blackened like a devil's. Father sprang to his feet as if it was he who had been shot, and both he and I dived through the back window, regardless of the fact that it was shut. We were among the rocks at the top of the hill before we so much as drew breath. But when we had time to look behind us we stood stock-still with astonishment. The road in front of our farm was empty. And far, far down it toward the village a scattered necklace of figures was running for its collective life. Somewhere at the head of it I thought I could make out Signor Antonio.

"*Sapristi!*" said father, gazing in astonishment at the empty battlefield. "We have won!"

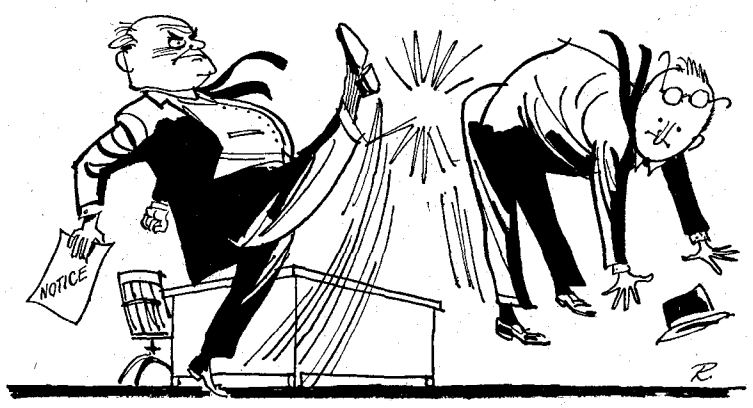
We walked down to the house in slow, reflective silence. Was it possible that Signor Antonio was a coward? That he had provided concrete waistcoats only for people less courageous in defending themselves than we had been? The argument seemed inescapable. We found mother lying unconscious under the kitchen table, and revived her with a bucket of water and burnt feathers.

"We have won," father told her with calm determination, once she could listen to us. "The struggle was long and hard, but we have won for the moment. The next round," he said, striking his fist on the table, "shall take place in the enemy's camp. Pietro and I will go down and settle this matter once and for all." And as soon as we had changed into our Sunday suits and reloaded the gun, we went.

"Will you ask for Fiorella's hand for me, papa?" I said, as soon as we were out of earshot of mother. But father looked grave at that.

"I don't think I could bring myself to allow you to marry a coward's daughter." He turned and waved to mother. "But we shall see."

After that we tramped in silence until we reached the village. The street was deserted. Even the dogs seemed to have run away. But I could feel the eyes of the villagers on us as we walked majestically up that empty street toward the frowning fortress of Signor Antonio's house until we were within twenty paces of it. Suddenly a thought struck me.



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

John couldn't stand his job. So he gave his boss ample notice, two months, even though quitting cost him more than $1000 in severance pay. The boss, however, got so angry that he told John he could clear out at once. John took this to mean he was fired. He demanded his severance. Refused it, he sued his boss.

"My resignation did not take effect for two months," John contended. "I wasn't ready to leave instantly. But he told me to get out. That's firing me, and entitles me to my severance pay."

"John ended his own employment voluntarily," the boss replied. "I merely accelerated the process for him. So why should he mind that?"

If you were the judge, would you grant John severance pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

John collected. The court ruled that he was fired. "To call it an 'acceleration' of the worker's departure," it said, "confuses the actual termination with the reason therefor."

Based upon a 1956 Michigan decision.

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"The boss isn't here . . . went to the dentist.
One of his fangs has a cavity."

"Papa, perhaps Signor Antonio has a shotgun pointing at us out of a window?"

Father stopped as if he had walked into a wall. "You have a long head on young shoulders," he said. "Let us sit down at that café table and think. But one way or the other, this thing must be settled today or I shall die of anxiety in the night."

We sat down, and by the sheerest chance it happened that we had chosen Signor Antonio's own favorite café table. I heard a low gasp from behind the nearest shuttered windows. Evidently the villagers took our action as the ultimate challenge to Signor Antonio. And so did he. For before the trembling waiter had time to come for our supposed order, the door of the house opened and Eugenia appeared, more bent and shuffling than ever, with a dirty white handkerchief fluttering from her claws.

"A flag of truce," I whispered. "The day is won." Behind the still-half-open door of the house I could see Signor Antonio's pale face glistening among the shadows.

"The master wants to speak to you, if you'll lay down your arms," Eugenia quavered.

"Let him come out first," said father, "with his hands empty." The message was carried; and slowly, his cheeks ashen in the sunlight, and Fiorella supporting his tottering steps, the great Signor Antonio appeared. We left our gun on the café table and advanced to meet them; father fixing Signor Antonio with a piercing glance, my eyes seeing nothing but the divine form of Fiorella, the tear-stained face, the tiny feet treading the ground like white birds.

"I love her!" I cried. "Unless you allow me to marry her, papa, I shall die!"

"Marry the daughter of an assassin? My only son? Never!" cried my father.

"My only daughter marry the son of a bandit? A man who shoots at a wronged father with a cannon?" hissed Antonio. "Never!"

It was a dramatic scene. The people who had taken refuge in their houses came out, and within a moment, as soon as they saw that father and Antonio were both unarmed, we were surrounded by the whole population.

"Bandit!" they cried at my father. "Ravisher!" they shouted at me.

But there was more than a hint of new respect in their voices. I could see father bathing his soul in it as he bent a ferocious glance under his gray tufts of eyebrows at Antonio.

"Never!" cried my father.

"Never!" shouted Antonio.

"Never?" I cried, and at that cry my poor Fiorella lifted up her lovely flower of a face and wailed aloud. "Never?" And slowly as a flower wilting on its slender stem she began to faint.

"She is dead!" the people in front of the crowd began to shout.

"The bandits have killed her!" cried those at the back.

"Oh, love!" I cried. "Oh, little flower of my heart!" I caught her in my arms and smothered her pale face with kisses.

"Bravo!" cried someone.

"Ravisher of girls!" cried someone else. But the "Bravo" was louder and began to be repeated.

"Do not dare to touch her!" shouted Antonio, clutching at his last remnants of authority as an exploded assassin.

"Papa!" I cried, over the growing "Bravos" of the crowd. "Remember that no victory is complete without a prize! Remember for what we fought! How we stood shoulder to shoulder during the siege! Are we to leave the scene of battle with empty hands?"

"Never!" cried my father. . . . "I demand your daughter's hand for my brave son, Signor Antonio!"

"Never," whispered Signor Antonio. But his whisper lacked all conviction, and was drowned as deep as his shattered reputation in the "Bravos" of the crowd.

"My love," I whispered to Fiorella.

"My bandit hero," Fiorella murmured, her eyes still hidden by their petal lids.

"We are together forever," I whispered.

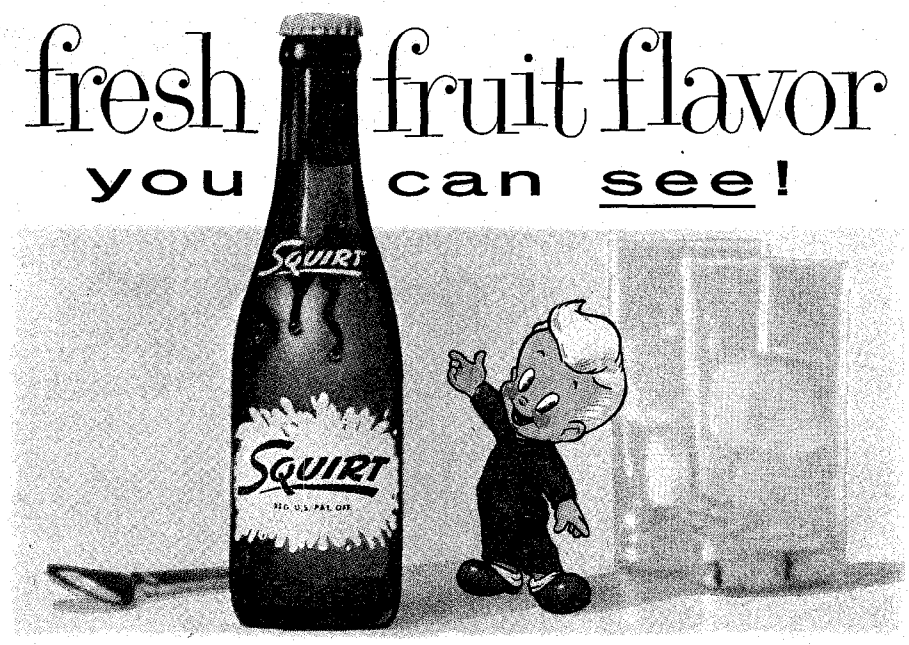
And so it turned out to be. Of course, there were considerable formalities before the marriage could take place. Mamma, papa, Signor Antonio, the parish priest, even Eugenia and Giacomo, the police chief, had to be satisfied as to this and that. But during all such conferences, in the café, or the priest's house, or Signor Antonio's, or ours, Fiorella and I knew only love.

At first, indeed, she was a little cast down by her father's shame, but as I explained to her, and as the whole village came to agree when tempers cooled and judgment restored itself, even the greatest assassin might become rusty in such a backwater as ours, and one should no more sneer at Signor Antonio than at a great racing cyclist who has retired from the championships and grown stout.

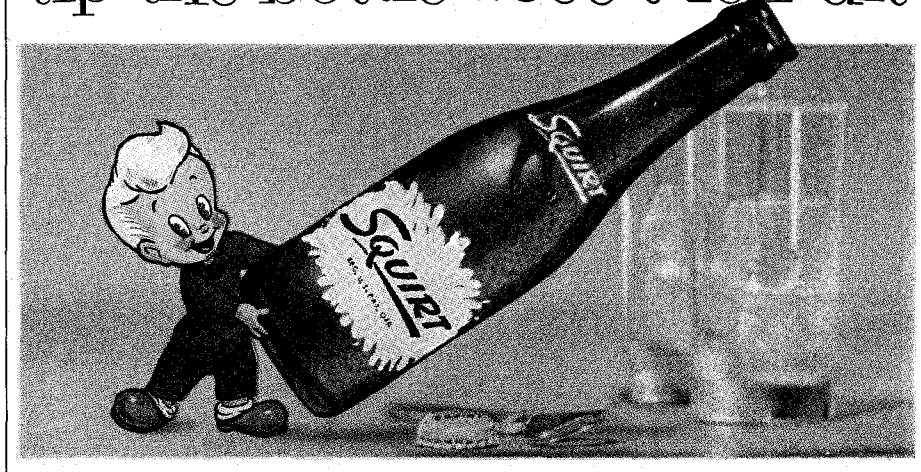
As you may understand, no more ducks and baskets of eggs are left at Signor Antonio's back door, but he is still treated with respect, as becomes a retired assassin. And if he is no longer the first citizen of our community, he has at least the satisfaction of being related to him. And who is that new citizen, you ask? Why, who else but papa, the hero of the siege? Even mamma becomes quiet now when he looks at her in a certain manner, and reminds her of what happened even to Antonio Chirico, the great assassin, the day he was rash enough to cross papa's path.

THE END

fresh fruit flavor
you can see!



tip the bottle... see the fruit



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Communist by Choice (Continued from Page 36)

comes from here. In addition, many of the nickels and dimes that Americans put in their church collection envelopes or drop in boxes marked "For Foreign Missions" are used to help the Christians of Kerala. About one third of the people of Kerala are Christians and they take their religion seriously. Most of them are concentrated in the central Travancore region, where on a Sunday morning the air is full with the chants and hymns from Catholic, Syrian Christian and Protestant churches. The Protestants are the smallest of the three major Christian groups, yet when Billy Graham visited Kerala about two years ago, he attracted audiences that ran into the tens of thousands; they were some of the largest meetings he has held anywhere in the world.

The Communists took office in Kerala in April, 1957. Though they won only 35 per cent of the vote, they captured sixty seats in Kerala's 126-seat assembly, while the Congress Party of Nehru took only forty-three seats. The Commies pretended to be a normal democratic party, but found it difficult to keep their sheep's clothing in place. In the first flush of victory some local Communist leaders set up secret cell courts to administer "people's justice." One cell court fined a landlord about two dollars for beating his servant, and another fined a villager about ten dollars for insulting a petty Communist boss. But after several months of this a few courageous men risked revenge at the hands of Communist goons and exposed the cell courts.

One such man is Bhaskaran Pillai, owner of a ceramic factory in central Travancore. Last July he got a letter from a cell secretary saying that a worker in the factory had complained that he was beaten by Pillai and that the cell court had decided on an unspecified award. Pillai was told that if he had defense to make he should inform the cell secretary within twenty-four hours. He did nothing of the sort. Instead he told Father Anthony what had happened.

I called on Father Anthony in Kottayam. He is the editor of the Catholic newspaper The Deepika, the oldest newspaper published in Malayalam, the language of Kerala. He studied journalism in Wisconsin for eight months in 1954. He is a small man with a cherubic face, dancing eyes and tonsured head. He is a man of peace, but he is not an easy man to bluff. He published a story about Bhaskaran Pillai. When the Communists threatened to sue him for slander, Father Anthony printed a picture of the cell-court summons. This then produced evidence that some of the persons whose names were listed as members, including one Christian, had never even heard of the cell court.

The Communists beat a strategic retreat. Cell courts were never heard of again. Just recently the Communists throughout India have gone through the motions of further changes. They have amended their constitution and now pledge themselves to achieving "socialism through peaceful means." However, they still encourage violence whenever it suits their purpose. They have firm control over the Kerala police, so that even when evidence of Communist skulduggery might be found, the police are not eager to investigate.

"The police are only interested in making money and protecting their jobs," said an anti-Communist politician. "Give them a few more years and the police will become like the police in Russia or Hungary."

"Representatives of the working people can now bargain with the capitalists and landlords on terms of relative equality," the Communists now proclaim. But what they mean by equality is something different from the ordinary definition. Communist agents encourage the poor and landless to grab what they want from the landlords without fear of police interference.

"They steal our coconuts and we cannot do anything about it," said a landlord named Nair in Trivandrum, the state capital. The name Nair in Kerala is like Smith in the United States. The Nairs are the most numerous of the Hindu castes in Kerala. At one time they were the administrators of Kerala and they are still the most influential single group. I wanted to get a firsthand account of how the landlords fared under Communist rule, and the Nair in Trivandrum sent me to his cousin, Sankara Nair. He lived in the backwaters between Cochin and Alleppey—a region of dreamy lagoons and rivers.

Sankara Nair sent a little dugout to fetch me from the nearest road, where I left my car. The sun was hot, but as the boatman paddled along close to the bank under the shade of the overhanging coconut palms, there was always a cooling breeze. We passed thatch-roofed cottages where groups of women sat pounding coconut husks to extract fiber for making rugs and door mats. They are paid about ten cents a day. The coir industry, as it is called, supports about 1,000,000 of the 15,000,000 people who live in Kerala. But now mats and rugs are going out of fashion and the industry is in a bad slump. The Communists are fattening on the resulting mass unemployment.

Sankara Nair led me to his small house and asked if I would like tea, lemonade or coconut water. I said coconut water, and a servant cut the top off a large green coconut and poured the cool, sweetish water into a glass. Sankara Nair said he had ten acres planted in coconuts and seven acres of paddy (rice) fields. We talked about the land problem. Only about half of the land in Kerala is arable; the rest is mountains, jungles and rivers.

The population along the coastal strip between the sea and the mountains which separate Kerala from the rest of India, rises as high as 2300 persons per square mile. About 80 per cent depend on agriculture for a living, yet half of them do not own land. The per-capita annual income is 120 rupees, or about $25. This works out to only seven cents a day. But most of the people get much less, since a large part of the wealth goes to the 24 per cent of the landowners who hold 75 per cent of the area. Thus Kerala is a land which the Communists can exploit merely by pretending to protect the "toiling masses" from the "owning classes." Many people simply have no place to erect a hut in which they can live.

"We pity these people," said Sankara Nair. "Many years ago we allowed a number of families to put up huts in our coconut gardens. We did not charge them rent. They guarded the coconuts from thieves and once a month they plucked the coconuts. We gave them a share. We also paid them to work in our paddy fields. If they did anything wrong, we could call the police and have them evicted. Now this government has banned evictions for any cause. So these people let their Communist friends steal coconuts and take a share. And we cannot do anything about it."

"Do you call the police?" I asked.

"What can they do? How can I prove who is guilty? But now I don't call these people to work in my fields."

"Then do you plow your own fields?" I asked, knowing that the Nairs, as a group, are not accustomed to doing their own work.

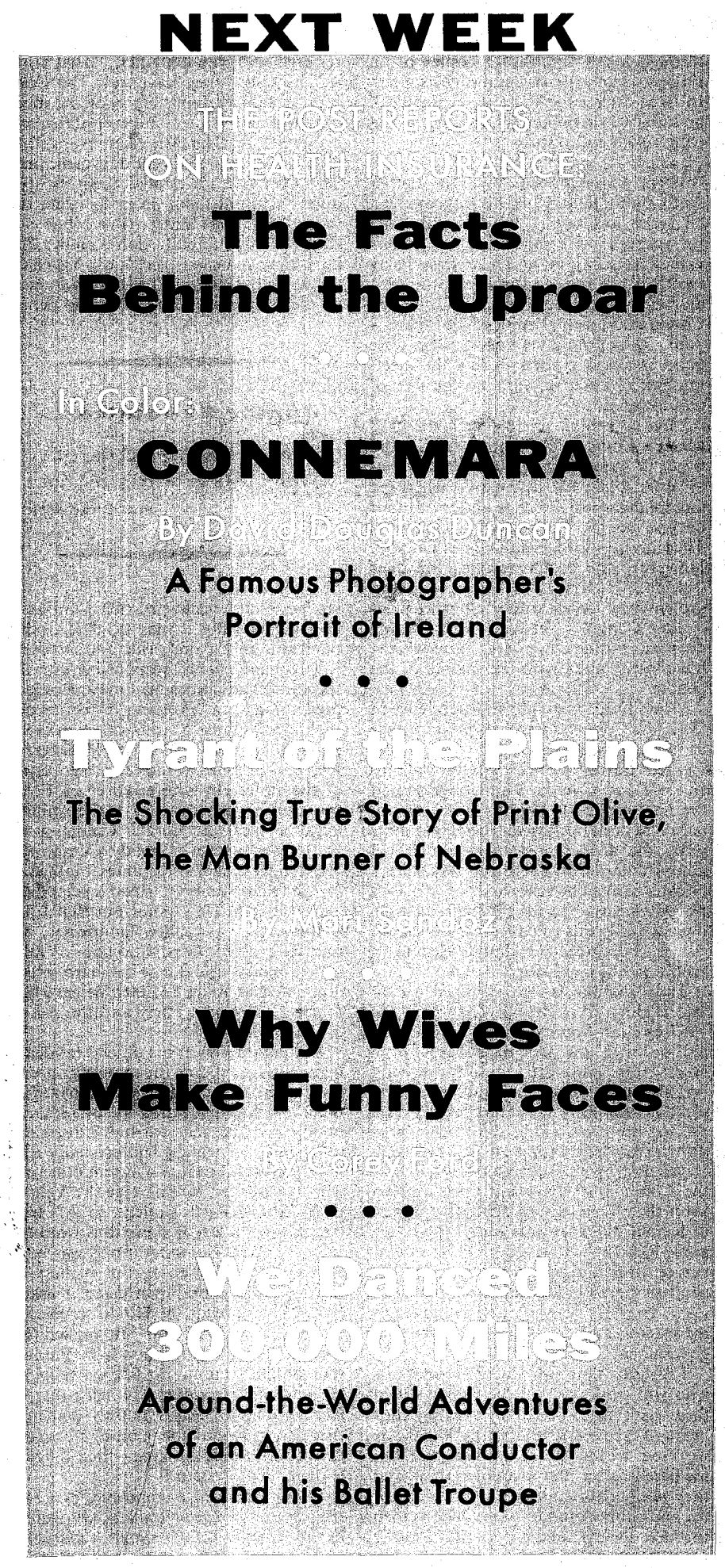
"We can get some help," he said. "But some fields we do not plant."

"But then you are taking a double loss—on the coconuts and on the paddy."

"Yes, but do you expect me to call them to work? When the harvesttime comes, they might tie me to a tree and steal the paddy before my eyes."

The Communists celebrated their victory by releasing more than 400 prisoners from state prisons. They turned loose scores of Communist strong-arm men convicted by previous governments of murder, loot and arson. These swelled the ranks of the *agit-props*—the Communist agitation and propaganda squads.

Mattancheri is one of the toughest places in Kerala. It is part of Cochin Harbor, an important naval base. Mattancheri's streets are crooked and narrow. Burly stevedores walk around with cargo hooks hanging from their belts. A few months ago some of the members of the Mattancheri Municipal Council planned to introduce a vote of no confidence against the council president, who was a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Communist. When they arrived at the meeting, one of them was stabbed and another kidnaped. The kidnapers were recognized, including one dockworker who had the nickname "Stalin." The police had to file charges against the kidnapers. But the man returned home two days later and denied that he had been carried away by force. Obviously, the denial was made under some sort of threat, but the police quickly dropped the case.

There have been many incidents. A Congress Party worker was murdered in daylight in Alleppey and the case is still unsolved. A member of the strongly anti-Communist Praja (People's) Socialist Party was strangled to death. But here there appeared to be quick revenge—a Communist was found murdered in his office a few hours later.

"We are afraid to walk out alone at night," a Catholic priest told me. A few days later, a priest in another part of the state was found dead in front of his church. The Roman Catholics, largest of the Christian groups in Kerala, are now trying to organize their own protection force. Their youth organization, the Christophers, is being trained to defend Catholic communities. The Communists have eagerly seized upon the Christophers as a propaganda weapon. I leafed through a few months of copies of an English-language Communist newspaper. In issue after issue there were stories of how the Christophers were being armed with knives and pistols.

When I mentioned this to Father Anthony at Kottayam, he just laughed. "They're just boys," he said. "But see for yourself." He said the Christophers would probably be at a Congress Party meeting in a remote rural area the next day. I went to the area and found the Christophers as he had described them—young boys armed with sticks, who were good at keeping order during the meeting, but of doubtful value in the face of real violence.

"Do you think we like such things?" asked a Congress Party leader. "Gandhi was our leader and he taught us nonviolence, but what can we do when the Communists use violence and we cannot depend on the police for protection?" The Congress leaders still talk of Gandhi. However, one of the reasons for their downfall in Kerala is that they have grown away from Gandhi's austere principles. Congress leaders, now mainly lawyers, businessmen and landowners, have lost contact with the masses of the people.

When India gained its independence in 1947, the Congress Party formed the first democratic government in the newly merged former princely states of Travancore and Cochin. The Congress had the field entirely to itself. The Communists had been outlawed. Then, year after year, the Congress leaders squabbled among themselves. There were six changes of cabinet in eight years and for two long periods Kerala had no government of its own at all. It was ruled from New Delhi, as the constitution of India permits in such times of confusion.

The Communists were legalized in 1952 and rapidly grew strong. They won the 1957 election because many voters were fed up with the Congress Party. The voters were also attracted by glowing promises made by the Communists. Their election manifesto contained ninety-four specific promises. It has since been withdrawn from circulation and all available copies destroyed. The reason is obvious—the Communists have not been able to keep their promises to achieve progress in Kerala. But this suits their long-range aims. Kerala is still ruled by India's democratic constitution and the Communists want to increase discontent with democracy. They try to shift discontent from themselves and focus it on the central government in New Delhi.

They say they are sincere democrats who will work "within the four walls of the constitution." But they also say they "cannot create a revolution in Kerala by working within the constitution." Immediately after the elections they said they would nationalize the foreign-owned tea and rubber estates. New Delhi vetoed the idea, for the valid reason that India is trying to attract foreign capital and that nationalization of the British estates would only scare it away. The Communists knew the central government would not permit nationalization. They were merely making propaganda. Now they charge that New Delhi protects the "white imperialists."

The Communists are careful to maintain an outward front of respectability. They have not interfered with the freedom of the press. Anti-Communist parties can make as many speeches and stage as many processions as they like.

"Frankly, even I get confused," said an Indian Protestant leader. "Communism seems different here." We sat on his veranda in Trivandrum overlooking a tennis court. I asked if the Communists had interfered with his activities. "That's just it," he said, "they have not. The Communist cabinet ministers come to meetings at the Y.M.C.A. and everything goes on as before. The American evangelists, Dr. and Mrs. Sherwood Eddy, came here. The Communists treated them as state guests and put them up at the state rest house." He was silent for a while and then mused, "I really don't know. Perhaps Communism is necessary. You have Christian capitalists. Christians own most of the business. But most of the people are poor and backward. Christianity is ancient here, but it may be that God is punishing us for our pride and avarice."

Junior Executive

A man whose life is cluttered up
With bosses to be buttered up.

Hal Chadwick

The man chiefly responsible for the success of the Communist masquerade in pretending to be "progressive" democrats is Elamakulam Manakkal Sankaran Namboodiripad, the Chief Minister of Kerala—what we would call the governor of the state. He is referred to as EMS, pronounced Yemess. His is the smiling, fatherly face of Kerala Communism. Even after a year of shady Communist transactions, all the Keralites I talked to insisted that Namboodiripad is personally incorruptible. They point out that EMS is the son of a wealthy landowner, but that he insisted on partitioning his family's property, and out of his share, which amounted to about $63,000, he gave half to the Communist Party and the rest to his wife.

I called on him at his official residence here. He was reading the morning papers, and three of his children were playing on the floor. A servant took the two smaller ones away, but ten-year-old Shreedaran remained and watched interestedly as I took pictures. EMS also has an older girl who is studying medicine at the Vellore Christian Medical College in Madras, largely supported by donations from the United States. Namboodiripad was born a *Namboodri*, which is the highest of India's priestly Brahman caste. I asked him if he still reads the Hindu scriptures.

"Of course. Why not?" he replied. He then explained what I knew to be the current Indian Communist line on religion. He said the party does not insist that its members be atheists. "It only demands that they accept the Communist economic and social thinking—their religion is their own concern."

Visitors are always impressed by EMS. He appears to speak frankly. Outwardly he appears a frank, simple, courteous man. But his own comrades consider him an opportunist. He is a member of the *politburo* of the Indian Communist Party and has always followed the twists and turns of the party line.

A friend took me for a swim at a beach near Trivandrum. I asked him why the Communists apparently had been so successful in pretending to be what they were not. As we drove down the main street, he stopped at a small monument near the government secretariat. It was a bust of a man identified on the pedestal as Velu Thampy.

"The Communists," he explained, "erected this soon after taking office. Velu Thampy died in 1810. He led a revolution against one of the maharajahs of Travancore and when it failed, he committed suicide. The British got hold of his body and exposed it on a gibbet. Velu Thampy is a great hero to all of us. But did the Congress Party ever raise a monument to him? They never got around to doing it. The Communists did it.

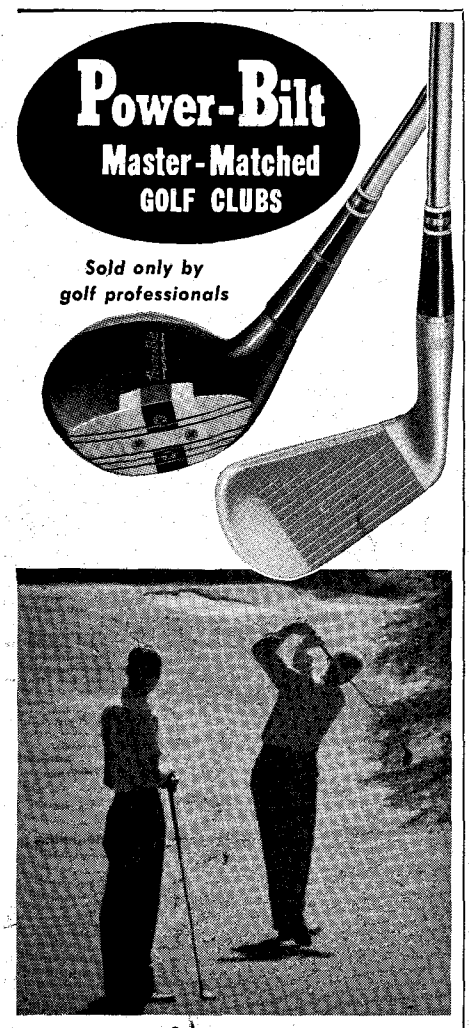
"Velu Thampy died before Karl Marx ever thought of his theories," he continued as we drove off. "But the Communists use his name and make it seem that Velu Thampy was fighting for the same things that the Communists want."

He fell silent and concentrated on his driving. It was a little before ten o'clock in the morning and the narrow, black-top road was crowded with school children. Thanks largely to the big Christian population, Kerala has the finest school system in India. About 70 per cent of the people are literate, while the average for India as a whole is only 18 per cent. The girls had big black eyes and long black pigtails and were dressed in bright saris or skirts. The boys wore freshly laundered white shirts, and a long white cloth called a *lungee* wrapped around their waists and hanging down to their ankles. Some of them had folded it in half so that they seemed to be wearing a short skirt reaching to just above their knees. Both boys and girls were barefooted in the Kerala fashion. My friend slowly threaded his way through them, honking furiously. After our swim, we took a walk along the beach to watch the fishermen. A boat carrying three men approached the shore and one of the men began chanting in time with the movement of the paddles.

"Do you hear that?" asked my friend. "It's a famous poem about a fisherman; how hard he has to work and how poor he is. We honor poets more than politicians. And this is another thing the Communists have done. There are many poems by famous men telling about the hard life of the people. We learn these poems in school. Now the Communists use them. They mix in their own slogans and make it seem that our famous poets were all Communists or that Communism is the same thing as what our poets were writing about."

The Communists, of course, are doing more than just stirring up violence and making propaganda. They are working at top speed to get a grip on the government machinery and enrich their party organization. Because of the strict civil-service regulations, it is almost impossible for them to discharge a government worker and replace him with a trusted Communist. However, using the excuse of decentralization, they have created duplicate posts in various parts of the state and have filled these with Communists. They have also given pay increases to some of the lower categories of government workers in an attempt to win them over.

They granted bonuses totaling nearly $650,000 to employees of the state-owned bus system, who have long been some of



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the strongest supporters of the Communist Party. They have also settled several thousand Communist-led landless agricultural workers on government-owned waste land throughout the state. The Education Minister's son, who runs a bookstore, got a fat contract to publish textbooks for state schools.

The opposition parties charge that there has also been outright corruption for the benefit of the Communist Party. However, the Communists blandly brush aside all charges of corruption as coming from "those despicable representatives of the vested interests who have always in the past held in their hands the reins of power." And while smearing the opposition they simultaneously spout pious appeals for unity.

"The Communist Party and the state government led by it in Kerala," says an official statement, "are endeavoring sincerely and consistently to build the unity and seek the co-operation of all, irrespective of party affiliations."

The amazing thing is that some of the most respected men in India naïvely further the Communist aims. The president of India, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, visited Kerala last year and praised the Communist rule as "an example of coexistence, of living and working together, in spite of differences, for the good of all."

"Whose side is he on?" asked a Congress Party leader bitterly after hearing the speech.

The Communists accuse anyone who opposes them of "adopting a stand which sacrifices the common interests of the country and the common good of the people to their self-interests born out of blind anti-Communism and power madness." Nevertheless, opposition is growing. Previously the Christian groups often quarreled among themselves, but now they have formed a united front to oppose an education bill introduced by the Communists. The government claims that the proposed law is needed to prevent mismanagement of the privately owned Christian schools, but in reality it is designed only to put the Christian schools under Communist domination. University students who previously supported the Communists are growing cool.

There are few jobs available for university graduates in Kerala. About 60 per cent of them are unemployed. You find them standing around the newspaper stands in the bazaar or at the railway stations, and when you ask what they are doing, they reply, "Just idling." Students turned to the Communists in the hope that they would be able to provide jobs. But now many of them see that the Communist promises are hollow.

Recently student tempers flared in Ernakulam, which forms another part of Cochin Harbor. A few of the Communist goons employed by the state-owned bus lines beat a group of students with chains and iron bars after a dispute about the proper fare to be paid. When the government refused to punish the workers, the students called a strike. They stretched out on the road in front of the buses and stopped them. The Communists called out the police, who arrested hundreds of students and then charged student demonstrators with brass-tipped staves and dispersed them with tear gas. But the students continued their agitation and persuaded stores and shops to close down in sympathy. After a few days, the government had to give in. The Communists promised to hold an inquiry and punish the guilty bus workers.

It is possible that the Communists may be unseated without completing their normal five-year term of office. They now have only a two-vote majority in the State Assembly and they depend on the support of five Independents. They may lose some of the by-elections that will normally take place and be thrown out of office. But then what will happen?

"Don't cheer too soon if Namboodiripad goes," advised an astute ex-Communist. "The Communists will still have the best political organization in the state. They had only twenty-four card holders when their party was legalized in Kerala in 1952, and now they have fifty-six thousand. They have entrenched themselves in the police and civil service. They can paralyze the bus system at any moment. Any party that follows them will find it impossible to rule, and the Communists might then come back with greater strength than ever.

The Communists know they might suffer short-term defeats, but they are planning on a long-term victory. They hope to win the states of Andhra and West Bengal in the next elections. But they are not concentrating all their attention on winning India state by state. They are using their slogan of "socialism through peaceful means" to develop united fronts. Namboodiripad was recently asked how long he thought it would take before the Communists won all of India.

"A generation," he replied confidently.

Who Says Pilots are Obsolete?

(Continued from Page 31)

concept known as the "fifteen-minute alert." The goal is to recast SAC's operating procedures so that at least one third of its bombers can be ready to launch within fifteen minutes—the approximate warning time the airmen expect radar can give of an approaching enemy missile.

Once the incoming missile is detected, not a second can be wasted. At SAC headquarters in Omaha, an elaborate new communications center, with closed-circuit color TV and an electronic brain, has been installed in an H-bomb-proof shelter forty-five feet underground. Within seconds, SAC chief Thomas S. Power can reach, either by radio or direct "red" phone, any of SAC's seventy-odd bases strung around the world.

Today at bases such as Ellsworth, several bombers are kept at all times in "cocked configuration"—that is, bombed-up, fueled to the hilt and fully checked, ready to fly on an instant's notice. Alert crews designated to fly these planes stand fifty-four-hour watches at a stretch. Almost every point on the base has been equipped with an alarm horn. Crews may go to the officers' club to dine with their families, or to the movies, but they must stick together at all times, dressed in flying clothes. Colonel Briggs has alert telephones not only in his office but also in his home and in his automobile. During each fifty-four-hour watch, the crews can expect at least one drill that will send them careering across the base in their special radio-equipped car to the ready planes. In most of the drills at Ellsworth, the alert planes have been poised at the end of the runway ready to roll within six minutes.

SAC has no choice but to move with frenetic speed. Our own ICBM's, which could help deter a Soviet ICBM attack, are still in the test stage. Launching sites have been planned near SAC headquarters

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in Omaha; Warren Air Force Base at Cheyenne, Wyoming; Cooke Air Force Base in California, and Fairchild Air Force Base at Spokane, Washington; but experts agree that it will be years before they can be called combat-ready. For some time the B-52 and its smaller, older brother, the B-47, will form the backbone of our deterrent force.

As I saw later in my B-52 flight, they do the job efficiently and effectively. The crews perform with professionalism that comes only with long years of intense, closely monitored training. On our simulated combat mission, we took off precisely on schedule, rendezvoused after hundreds of miles of flight with an aerial tanker, took a drink of fuel and went on to "bomb" Denver, Colorado, all without a hitch.

And thus SAC is gearing for the coming intercontinental-missile age. But what of the future? Is the intercontinental bomber a dead duck? Should it, as Khrushchev said in the wake of Soviet missile successes, be relegated to the museum? Can an unmanned missile do the deterrent job more cheaply and effectively than Colonel Briggs and his crews?

For a while it seemed that the answer to all these questions was a resounding Yes. In recent months defense leaders have flooded the press with razzle-dazzle stories about ICBM rocketry, so that some writers, perhaps also encouraged by Army missile zealots, began to forecast the "coming death of the flying Air Force." Spending for Air Force ballistic missiles rose to a billion dollars a year; orders for new manned aircraft fell off sharply, limited only to a handful of types. But now the pendulum is beginning to swing the other way. Air Force generals are now examining the ICBM with cool detachment and telling about its weaknesses. In preparation for my B-52 flight, I talked with a great many of them, as well as with top aircraft and missile builders in industry. Most were of the opinion that the ballistic missile had been oversold, and that to insure our national survival we must keep building manned bombers. Behind the scenes, plans are moving ahead on that basis. Unless current thinking is radically altered—and this is only a remote possibility—the manned aircraft will be with us for quite a while. Why?

As is well known, the intercontinental ballistic missile is a machine of immense power and speed. It rises from the ground in an inferno of flame, smoke and noise and hurtles high into space, reaching a velocity of 16,000 miles an hour or more. It then re-enters the atmosphere, still traveling at a high rate of speed, and explodes on the ground with a city-busting thermonuclear blast. Seemingly, the ICBM would be difficult to detect or intercept. It has a range of 5500 miles or a little more. It requires no pilot, is unaffected by weather and is cheaper in many respects than a manned bomber. After launching, it cannot be turned back by such human frailties as fear and anxiety. It is an awesome thing. It has often been called "the ultimate weapon."

These are the great advantages of the ballistic missile. Not so clearly defined, perhaps, are its shortcomings. The gravest of these, the experts claim, is the fact that the ballistic-missile weapon system is inflexible and immobile. ICBM launching sites will be large, tremendously expensive, fixed installations—immovable targets easily pinpointed by the enemy. Since ground-support equipment for missiles is very complex, it will not be possible, the experts say, to achieve a comfortable margin of dispersion at missile sites. Thus, they say, many of our missile-launching bases would probably be knocked out in the first salvo of the war. Missilers tend to discount this danger, stating that with fifteen minutes' warning they could get their missiles away in time. However, most airmen who have had experience with liquid-fuel rocket systems agree that a fifteen-minute launch would be difficult.

Practice alert: Crewmen of an SAC B-52 respond to an alarm at Ellsworth Air Force Base, Rapid City, South Dakota.

Manned bombers, on the other hand, can be rotated from field to field; some of them can be kept in the air, safe from the enemy's first blow. For its present-day bomber force, SAC has embarked on a multimillion-dollar dispersal program. In the future, SAC planes will be scattered throughout the entire United States.

Since our ballistic missiles would be fired from fixed launching complexes, and since ballistic missiles must travel on a fixed trajectory to reach obvious targets in the U.S.S.R., they must follow courses that can be computed by the enemy. Some experts claim that ICBM's fired from any point in the United States toward Soviet targets must travel through a relatively small "window," or cone-in space, in the northern latitudes. In effect, the missile flies on a predictable highway in the sky. Because of these fixed factors, the experts say, it is possible to build an antimissile missile that could zoom up and destroy the incoming warhead before it reached its target. The United States is already pushing ahead with its own antimissile-missile project. "We can be certain," said one air general, "that the Soviets have not neglected this field."

Manned aircraft, the experts claim, need not fly a fixed route or approach an enemy target through a corridor that could be plotted by the enemy. On the contrary, bomber tactics call for attacking the Soviet defense perimeters from virtually all points of the compass. Once inside the enemy's radar screen, manned bombers could disperse and follow a variety of flexible tactics. "Manned aircraft," says Dr. George E. Valley, the Air Force's chief scientist, "can respond to unexpected situations."

Another advantage of the manned bomber over the ballistic missile, airmen say, is that it can deliver a larger payload with greater accuracy. As yet, ballistic missiles can lift only the smaller warheads. On the other hand, the B-52 can carry one giant bomb or several smaller ones. In order for a ballistic missile to reach its target, the position of the target in relation to the launching point must be known precisely. Many areas of Russia have never been accurately mapped, even by the Russians.

Here a manned bomber has the advantage—in a target area it can look around with its own radar eyes and withhold fire until the target is in the cross hairs. The manned bomber can also bring back reports on the effectiveness of its attack. The B-52 carries a radar device which records an image of the bomb as it explodes on target. Damage can be assessed without guesswork.

A manned aircraft penetrating a heavily defended target area will obviously be more vulnerable than a missile, until the enemy develops a positive antimissile-missile system. Nevertheless, advocates of manned aircraft believe that even in the missile age most of the bombers will get through to target and back again. Our present-day B-52's are equipped with powerful electronic devices which are designed to jam enemy radarscopes. On my flight in the B-52, several ECM (electronic countermeasures) exercises were conducted against the most advanced kinds of United States ground-based radar. The details of these exercises are classified, but I can reveal that in every instance our ECM man easily dealt with the defensive radar.

The B-52 crewmen are not overawed by air-defense weapons. They talk confidently of evading our most advanced supersonic fighters. They claim that in war games with the Air Defense forces the subsonic B-52 almost invariably comes off the winner.

"It is not generally realized," says one of Briggs' men, "but a fighter has very limited endurance at twice the speed of sound. He has to take off, climb to altitude, fly an intercept and then try to shoot. All that time we are moving almost at the speed of sound. The fighter is lucky to get one shot at you, and quite often that shot is aimed at a false target we have put on his radar."

More advanced missiles could be a problem. However, in a very short time the B-52 will be equipped with a new weapon that will vastly increase its effectiveness and greatly reduce its vulnerability to antiaircraft attack. The weapon is an air-to-surface winged missile called Hound Dog. Designed and built by North American Aviation, Inc., the Hound Dog can carry a nuclear weapon and has a range of several hundred miles at twice the speed of sound. In addition to its regular bomb load, the B-52 will carry one Hound Dog slung under each wing on a pod. Steered by a foxy guidance system, the Hound Dog can be fired in advance of the B-52 at enemy air-defense installations, thus blazing a path for the incoming bomber. Or it could be aimed to land on the main target itself, allowing the B-52 to keep at a distance until the enemy is in a state of confusion. Afterward the B-52 could go in and deliver its ordinary payload. Hound Dog is powered by a jet engine and, prior to launching, it can be fueled from the tanks of the B-52. Thus, on initial take-off, Hound Dog will provide additional thrust for the mother plane, the "G" model B-52, which will have a larger fuel load and about 1200 miles more range than current models.

Another considerable problem with the intercontinental ballistic missile is that of mechanical reliability. Failures in experimental tests at Cape Canaveral are to be expected and should be mostly discounted. However, the men who build the missiles are seriously concerned about reliability, even in production models. A missile has hundreds of thousands of parts, all of which must function perfectly, or nearly perfectly, if the missile is to do its job. Once missiles are delivered to launch sites, the experts say, it will be tough to keep them forever up to par.

Says A. W. Blackburn, an engineering test pilot, "It's an old axiom that if you want to keep an airplane in commission, fly it. Planes that stay on the ground too long are plagued with hydraulic seals that dry up, relay points that corrode, valves that get sticky, (*Continued on Page 66*)

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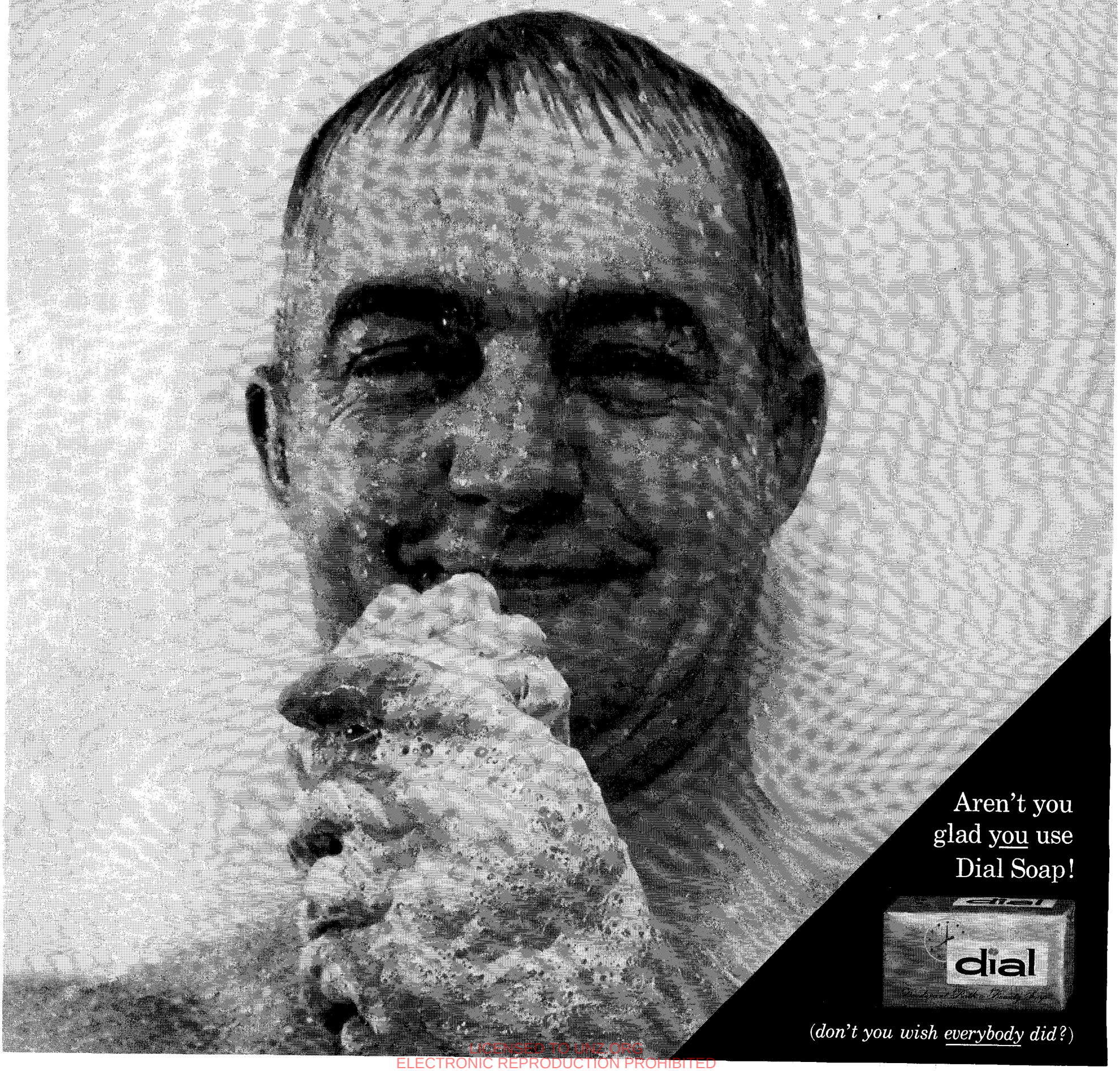

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(*Continued from Page 64*) and degradation from dust and disuse. The same holds true for missiles." On the other hand, Blackburn adds, manned bombers will be flown constantly on training missions, so that unforeseeable mechanical defects will be exposed. The failing part can be modified. If the bomber were on a combat mission, it might even be repaired in flight.

From a strategic standpoint, the experts point out, the greatest weakness of the ballistic missile is the fact that, once launched, the missile cannot be recalled. For the first few minutes of flight—before the warhead is detached from the rocket—the machine can be destroyed from the ground. However, a "destruct" device inside the warhead itself might be triggered by enemy countermeasures. Thus, the actual firing of a ballistic missile is a final, irrevocable act.

"It could be a hell of a situation," says one SAC man. "Suppose you get a blip on the radar. You alert the ICBM units. But how long will it take you to tell whether the blip is a meteor, a new satellite coming over the horizon, or an enemy missile? If you are able to identify it as an enemy missile, it will take time to notify the President and obtain permission to launch a counterattack. Suppose you did launch such a counterattack and then found it was all a mistake?"

Air Force General James Ferguson puts it this way, "A man with the power of recall is invaluable to our security. He can be dispatched or already airborne when the threat is detected, rather than being held on the ground until it is confirmed—perhaps too late." Manned bombers, under the rules now in effect at SAC, can be launched without permission of the President. They fly toward a predetermined rendezvous point under strict supervision of SAC bosses in Omaha. The much publicized "Fail Safe" system keeps them in harness, well this side of enemy borders, until they receive positive orders from Omaha to proceed with the attack.

In addition to these arguments for the manned bombers, there is a kind of intuitive feeling among military and industry experts that a man in a weapon system will increase its probabilities of success. Says Hugh Elkin, a top engineer at North American, makers of many of the rocket motors used in ballistic missiles, "Men have a mysterious ability that enables them, for example, to see round things as round, and square things as square, even though viewed obliquely. Men can respond appropriately to many different kinds of information inputs because they have such an immense long-term storage capacity from which they can quickly select a program appropriate to the immediate situation. This is because, for one thing, their minds contain the equivalent of approximately ten billion binary decision elements. A computing machine with this ability would fill four large hangars. Moreover, men are relatively immune to jamming, are reasonably reliable and relatively easy to maintain."

Finally, Air Force scientist Valley makes this point, "Those who support the missile to the exclusion of the manned bomber seem to argue that the strategic war is no longer a battle between men, but something more analogous to an engineering demolition program. They appear to believe that all can be planned engineeringwise in advance and that the only action required of men is to start the process. This implies that the strategy of missile warfare is so simple as to be completely plannable in advance. I will not belabor this point, but I will only observe that wars in the past have hardly ever been conducted in the ways in which they were planned."

In the belief that these arguments are valid, the airmen are pushing ahead rapidly with the design and production of new manned-bomber systems. Now coming into the hands of SAC training units is Convair's dazzling B-58 Hustler, a delta-wing, medium-range bomber designed to replace the B-47. Manned by a crew of three—one pilot, one navigator and one systems operator—the Hustler carries a nuclear weapon in a streamlined pod beneath the fuselage. It would cruise to enemy territory at subsonic speeds, but if it met trouble it could zoom toward the target or away from enemy counterfire at twice the speed of sound. It has flown supersonically for as long as an hour and a half. With in-flight refueling, the Hustler could fly around the world, SAC men say, in about twenty-three hours. The initial wing of Hustlers—about forty-five planes—will cost about $1,000,000,000.

The Hustler is exciting enough for manned-bomber advocates to contemplate, but the plane that has all SAC men clucking is the coming replacement for the B-52—the B-70. Here is a bomber so fantastic in concept that mere words cannot do it justice. In attempting to describe the concept, Jimmy Doolittle, chairman of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, recently told Congress, "About a year ago, a strange and wonderful thing happened. It was as if the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle began falling into place. Almost simultaneously research programs that had been under way at the NACA laboratories in Virginia, California and Ohio began to pay off. The result—this is an oversimplification, but it is not an overstatement—was that the companies and the Air Force suddenly realized it would not be much harder to design a long-range bomber that could fly its whole mission supersonic than to design one that would fly subsonic most of the way and only a small fraction of the flight supersonic. Not only that, but the top speed of the prospective bomber was raised to Mach 3, about 2000 miles per hour."

North American won the design competition for the B-70 after a hard tussle with Boeing. Its engineers are not permitted to discuss the still-secret scientific breakthrough—and here that tired, overworked word actually applies—which makes the B-70 so breath-taking. They can only say that a new application of an old theory of aerodynamic lift has been achieved. In terms of fuel consumption, speed and endurance, engineers say, the breakthrough is comparable to developing an automobile that could cross the United States on one tank of gasoline.

Some additional facts about the B-70 have leaked into the industry trade journals: The plane has a delta wing, with a long-snooted fuselage probing forward. In over-all length and weight it is comparable to the B-52. It is powered by six conventional turbojet engines. Ultimately it may be possible to inject into the engine afterburners limited quantities of so-called "exotic" fuels to improve the performance of the B-70 even further.

The B-70 will be manned by a crew of four—two pilots, a navigator and a systems operator. They will ride in a pressurized cabin ingeniously designed so that the pressure can hardly fail. This means that even though the B-70 might fly at altitudes of 70,000 feet, or higher, uncomfortable pressure suits will be unnecessary. This is a very appealing feature to crews who would have to wear such suits on the ground during prolonged alert periods. Each ejection seat of the B-70 will form into a self-contained capsule which, in emergency, can be fired clear of the plane at 2000 miles per hour. If it fell into water, it would float.

All electronic equipment on the airplane will be arranged in a pressurized compartment of the main cabin, in "file drawer" cabinets. To repair a failing system, a crew member need only open a drawer and replace the faulty part. The most ingenious piece of electronics on the airplane will be the inertial navigator, developed by the Autonetics Division of North American. This device will automatically steer the B-70 unerringly to any point on the globe. It corrects for wind drift and other factors by automatically tracking the stars. The inertial navigator, which may revolutionize all navigational techniques, is far beyond the dream stage. North American test pilots have been chalking up amazing results with it in company planes. On its next try at reaching the North Pole under the icecap this summer, the atomic submarine Nautilus will be guided by this gear.

Under the present schedule, the B-70 should be ready to go into SAC units about the time the B-52 nears the end of its life cycle, about 1963. Many specific design details must yet be worked out. An Air Force general estimates that 14,500,000 engineering man-hours will be required altogether.

Whenever the B-70 is completed, it will be an awesome weapon system. It will be equipped with a pod containing all its ground-power equipment which, in alert status, would keep its electronics systems and engines "warmed up" for instant take-off. When told to go, the crew would climb into the plane, detach the pod and taxi immediately to the take-off runway. (The portable-pod arrangement makes it possible for the B-70 to operate from any airfield, including New York's Idlewild airport.) At its cruising speed of 2000 miles per hour, the B-70 could fly the 5500-mile course to the heart of the U.S.S.R. in two and three-quarters hours. (ICBM time: thirty minutes.) With refueling, the B-70 could fly around the world in a little over eleven hours. It could be equipped to carry an advanced version of the air-to-surface missile Hound Dog, as well as the heaviest H-bombs now contemplated. It will be crammed full of ECM gear, as well as sophisticated, automatic radar-bombing equipment which would make it possible for the B-70 to bomb targets while flying off to one side instead of directly overhead. After completing its mission, including an automatic assessment of target damage, the B-70 could return without refueling to a friendly base outside the U.S.S.R.

In view of these dashing new concepts of deterrent weapons, one might ask, Does the intercontinental ballistic missile have a future? The answer, all defense experts agree, is yes. Even the most strident advocates of manned weapon systems concede that the ICBM in limited numbers could be a useful weapon, complementing the bomber forces. If we had such missiles installed in launching sites, the gnawing uncertainty over whether they could all be rendered helpless might well deter the Soviets from initiating a missile attack. Moreover, the fact that we had them available, along with manned bombers and naval weapons such as Polaris-equipped submarines, would add one more expensive complication to the Soviet list of defensive problems.

If our missile bases survived an initial blow in time of war, the experts say, and if the missiles did not malfunction in flight and were not intercepted over enemy territory, they would be deadly "area weapons" which could blast large-scale targets such as Moscow. They could be launched after our bomber force had departed, but before it arrived over enemy territory. Following in the wake of an intercontinental-missile "area bombardment," our bombers would no doubt have an easier go of it.

As time progresses, everyone agrees, missile technology will improve. Guidance systems will be refined. Solid fuels and "storable" liquid fuels, which require no last-minute topping-off, will reduce "reaction time" and the need for expensive launching sites. Even now the Air Force is exploring Project Minuteman, a plan to locate a vast number of long-range solid-fuel rockets in underground launching tubes throughout the country.

SAC commander General Power, who is in charge of integrating intercontinental ballistic missile units into his command alongside the manned bombers, and who must recommend where the dollar can be spent most wisely, sums it up this way, "We have a deterrent job to do. Naturally we will accept any new weapon that will help us in our job. Intercontinental missiles, such as the air-breathing Snark now going into units, and later the Atlas and Titan ballistic missiles, will give us an added capability to confuse and destroy the enemy should he attack. However, missiles are still early in their life cycle. They must prove themselves. Even if they turn out to be completely reliable, there is no logic to the argument that missiles obviate the need for manned aircraft. We think of missiles here at SAC as comparable to heavy artillery. Fire them first, if you will. But a man must come in behind to do the real fighting."

THE END

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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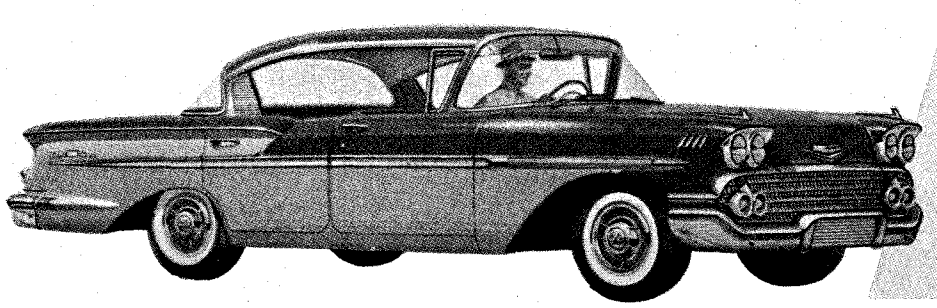

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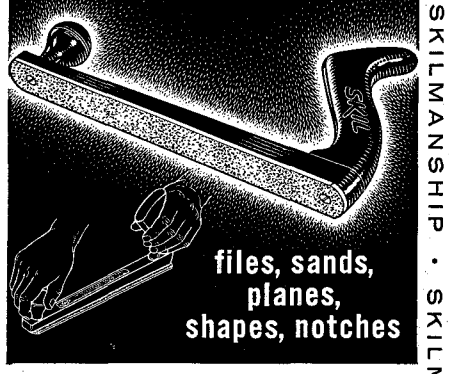

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Cookouts Can be Murder

(Continued from Page 19)

represents an atavistic return to Neanderthal man and his campfire and to our own frontiersman with his fire of buffalo chips. Men who wouldn't dream of heating a can of soup on the kitchen stove leap to the outdoor grill with boyish eagerness and complain bitterly if their wives so much as prod the meat they are cooking.

And the wives—how they are laughing behind their hands! For years beyond number, men have been snickering over the way women gossip and gibble-gabble about each other, but now, with the cookout, retribution has set in. The home barbecue has turned many of us men into grouches and common scolds. I have a friend who is president of a corporation in New York City. Not long ago he had a cookout at noontime on a Saturday. One of his guests, an advertising man, sharply criticized his use of lighter fluid on the charcoal, saying it would ruin the taste of the meat.

On the following Monday the corporation president's wife told my wife, "Fred sulked all Saturday evening and all day Sunday because of what Jack said about the lighter fluid. He says he's going to take his account away from Jack's company."

Thus far I've been able to keep in the clear, probably because I've given some thought to the dangers inherent in cookout criticism. Not long after the Coogan affair I was invited to the Shaughnessys' for Sunday lunch. When I arrived, Shaughnessy was already broiling the chicken on his outdoor grill. The simpleton wasn't using enough charcoal and for the amount he had, his grill wasn't set at the correct distance from the coals. I don't think the clod knew he could adjust the grill to whatever level he wanted. I was on the verge of giving him some advice, in the form of soft suggestions rather than the raucous criticisms of a Coogan, but in the end I chose to keep quiet. Then Mrs. Shaughnessy yelled from the kitchen door that she was ready, and Shaughnessy began taking up the chicken.

Apparently the poor jerk didn't have the nerve to tell his wife the chicken wasn't done—or, more likely, he wasn't capable of judging when a chicken is done—so in a few minutes we were trying to eat chicken that hadn't even been scorched, with pink meat of a sickening, rubbery consistency. I wanted desperately to give Shaughnessy a sound lecture on the art of the cookout—just for his own good, mind you—but again I held my tongue.

Please don't get the idea that I am one of those finicky, overfastidious sorts of outdoor chefs. I'm pretty haphazard and slapdash at my cooking, but I'm well acquainted with the basic rules of the game. I've been cooking outdoors for twenty years, yet, in common with most Americans, I didn't take it up in a big way until after World War II. When I bought my house thirteen years ago, I spent a small fortune having a barbecue built of flagstone with a handsome walled terrace surrounding it. This barbecue has two grills and an elegant tapering chimney, and I have not had a fire in it for the last four or five years.

Outdoor cookery really achieved its great upsurge with the coming of the portable grill.

Most of us in my rural neighborhood switched to portable grills after a paralyzing ice storm that hit us five years ago. Glare ice almost two inches thick covered the roads and driveways and fields; walking was almost impossible, driving was out of the question, and for four days we had no electricity. I kept a roaring fire going in the house, night and day, and built a makeshift stove in the fireplace, using bricks and the big iron grill from the fieldstone barbecue. By candlelight I assembled a potful of chili con carne and cooked it in the fireplace, and it was the best chili con carne I've made in thirty years of chili making.

The real triumph, however, was our extraordinary strawberry shortcake. My wife found a package of strawberries in the freezer compartment. They were thawing fast, so we boldly decided on a shortcake. She explained to me that in order to bake the cake part, a medium heat is needed. So I had her mix the dough and put it in a piepan. I set a brick on end, on top of the fireplace grill, and balanced the piepan on top of the brick. It baked perfectly, and there in the chill and semidarkness, sans lights and sans radio and sans TV and sans electric blankets, isolated from the world, we enjoyed steaming-hot chili, with delicious strawberry shortcake for dessert.

The only achievement equal to ours was that of a neighbor, a young lawyer, who had no fireplace in his house, but located two containers of canned heat. He set three empty beer cans on the floor in a triangular pattern, put the burning canned heat in the middle and set his skillet on top of the beer cans.

The ice storm taught us that big stationary outdoor grills weren't the handiest things, and we all bought the portable kind and began cooking outdoors almost as much as we cooked indoors. The big stone or brick grills were forgotten. One friend of mine, a successful novelist without a shred of common sense, bought an enormous house and decided that his outdoor barbecue should be of commensurate dimensions, so he had two of them built, side by side and almost as big as cathedrals, capable of burning tree-length logs. When truth came to him at last and the small, portable grill became standard, he had concrete roofs put over his two huge barbecues and converted them into doghouses. His chagrin and disappointment grew even greater when his dogs refused to enter them.

The extent of outdoor cookery today becomes apparent to anyone who happens to drive an automobile through any suburban area in the United States on a Saturday evening, say around seven o'clock. In almost every block, if the wind is right, there comes wafting on the breeze the lovely redolence of steak being burned to a crisp. And, perhaps, male voices raised in heated dispute—for that has become part of the game.

Even such an even-tempered man as James Beard, the celebrated gourmet, grows livid when he contemplates certain methods of outdoor cookery as practiced in the republic today. "Some of the deeds performed in the name of grilling or broiling (outdoors)," he says, "are grounds for divorce and even for homicide." He mentions in particular one man who covers his steak with brown sugar before putting it on the fire, another who smears his meat with Roquefort cheese and butter, and still another who applies a coating of flour, water and herbs.

Mr. Beard's judgment reminds me of the Gillfords, who have been married for seventeen years and who are known to all their friends as the most happily wed couple in the county. Once I asked Effie if it was true, as reported, that they had never had a quarrel.

"We've not only had quarrels," she said, "but we've had several pretty serious fights."

I asked what they were about.

"Well," she said, "we've never exchanged a harsh word over but one thing—Bob's way of messing up dinner when he's cooking outdoors. He either starts the fire too early, and the meat is ready before the table is set or the salad made, or he starts the fire too late, so that half the guests get pie-eyed and don't want to eat. We have quarreled over that one single thing, and once I got so mad that I threw a pan of melted garlic butter at him."

In my years of cooking out and attending other cookouts I have noted the various sore points which bring on the disputes and sometimes result in two men quitting speaking to each other.

The quality of the charcoal is a common cause of arguments. There are men who buy their charcoal with much more meticulosity than they employ in buying their meat. They labor under a terrible incubus—the fear that they'll get hold of some charcoal made from pine or that there will be a little bit of pine charcoal mixed in with the hardwood. They contend that if there's any pine in the charcoal, the fire will sputter and burn unevenly and throw sparks and, worst of all, the meat will taste of pine. I know one man who answers this argument with, "Damn it all, I like the taste of pine!" These are the men who are opposed to briquettes, claiming that they are made from a variety of woods, with a good portion of the hated pine mixed in. Adherents of briquettes, it must be pointed out, say this is a dirty lie.

There are devotees who contend that the charcoal is as important in outdoor cookery as the herbs and spices in indoor cookery. They say that they "develop a taste" for charcoal made from a specific kind of wood and that no other kind of wood will do. Some "develop a taste" for hickory, some for oak, some for apple, maple, cherry; and in Florida there's a man who won't eat barbecued meat unless it has been cooked with wood from the lemon tree. There are other men who, being uncertain about the quality of their

... ...

Hostess Who's the Toastess of the Town

By E. B. de VITO

Blessed is she who knows
the joys
Of feeding adolescent boys:
They do not raise a
sandwich lid
Suspicious of what may be
hid;
They do not fear caloric
hurts
But count rich cakes their
just desserts.

And when they've dealt
with seconds, thirds,
Their gaze, without the
need of words,
Crowns her with charms that
star a list
Her nearest dearest
somehow missed.

... ...

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charcoal, buy chips of, say, applewood, soak them in water so they'll give off a heavy smoke, then sprinkle them over their fire, with the consequence, I imagine, that their chicken comes out tasting pretty much like a big red apple.

In the days before canned charcoal-lighter fluid, I was always quite casual about the way I laid my fire and got it started. Today there's a school of thought which places great emphasis on the way a fire is laid. One man I know spends almost as much time laying the fire as he takes to cook a steak. He puts in carefully crumpled paper, then little sticklets of kindling wood that look as if they'd been measured with calipers, and then the charcoal, which is not dumped into the pan, but placed in, one piece at a time, carefully, to make certain there are adequate air spaces between the pieces.

Methods for cooking sweet corn provoke a good many arguments. One man will say that the outer layers of the husks should be stripped off, and the ears then placed on the back of the grill. Another will insist that the husks be left on, dampened with salted water and placed on the bed of coals, where they should be turned frequently. Still another belongs to the aluminum-foil school, saying the husks should be removed, the ears smeared with butter and wrapped in foil and placed on the coals. I have been bitterly criticized by some of my friends because I believe in none of these methods. It is my old-fashioned contention that sweet corn should be ripped off the stalk, quickly shucked, rushed into the house and placed in a pot of boiling water—with sugar in it rather than salt.

Some people employ a water sprinkler or a rubber squirting device known as a "spritzer," for the purpose of slowing down the fire and at the same time creating more smoke. Others say that putting water on a charcoal fire is a criminal offense common only to certified morons.

There is also the question of the chef's hat and the apron with the comical inscriptions, such as "Come 'n' Get It!" and "Just Call Me Escoffier!" and the big pocket labeled "Tips." Some men insist on wearing these costumes, believing that they are contributing to the good feeling of the party; others describe the wearers of cap and apron as chuckleheads who ought to be committed.

Not long ago, at a cookout in New Jersey, I saw two men almost come to blows over the matter of turning a steak on the grill. The host emerged from the house with a pair of tongs designed especially for this very job.

The other man, his guest, flew into a loud fret. "Never," he said, "never, never, never touch your meat with any metal instrument. Never, never, NEVER!"

"Poppycock!" exclaimed the host. "How do you expect me to turn it over—with my feet?"

"The proper procedure, recommended by famous chefs," explained the guest, "is to put on a pair of clean white gloves and take hold of the steak and flip it over with your fingers. Don't ever use a fork or tongs or any other metal instrument!"

To which the host replied, with considerable asperity, "Don't ever come over here and tell me how to cook a steak!" and using the tongs, he turned the meat. I doubt if those two men see much of each other any more.

It is possible today to spend a fortune on equipment for outdoor cooking; the grills themselves come in many shapes and sizes, and there are elaborate barbecue wagons with shelves and warming ovens and chopping boards and spits turned by electricity that run into hundreds of dollars. These expensive setups come with various accessories, including even skewers and swords. Most men, I find, are not impressed by the shish-kebabber who cooks and serves his meat on rods or swords. I'm reminded of the time Jimmy Durante took Martha Raye for her first visit to the Pump Room in Chicago—a great place for sword cookery. They were sitting talking when a waiter came down the line bearing aloft a chunk of flaming meat on the tip of a sword.

Miss Raye let out a startled yelp and exclaimed, "What in the world is that?"

To which Mr. Durante replied, "That's a man who made the mistake of tipping only a dollar."

As I said before, I've been cooking out for many years and the principal frustration I suffer is that of a beautiful fire going to waste. I always have a feeling that my fire is swiftly dying when all the black parts are gone from the charcoal. I feel that I'm faced with disaster, that the coals are growing cool before I even get my meat on the grill. Consequently I usually defy the rules and start cooking before all the black spots disappear. And I'm usually finished at about the time the coals reach perfection. Thereafter, for a couple of hours, I look at those glowing coals and curse myself for having hurried, and I always say, "If we only had something else to cook. Just look at that beautiful fire going to waste!" I happen to know that many of my friends and neighbors are guilty of the same mismanagement and that they, too, groan about the wasted fire. I have thought about laying in a supply of green coffee beans and roasting some of them after I've removed the meat; I've even thought of roasting peanuts.

In the interests of benign social intercourse there has long been a rule which says: Never poke another man's fire if you would retain his friendship. Even more important today, I think, is the need for a rule which says: Never kibitz another man's outdoor cookery unless you desire a slug in the puss. I try to follow that rule and I recommend the procedure I have worked out for myself. If the temptation to criticize grows too strong, I walk away from the grill, go into the house and put a record on the hi-fi. If they have it, I favor Fats Waller singing, You Run Your Mouth and I'll Run My Business, Brother! THE END

So We Commemorate

SACRIFICES TO WAR

Against a stark background of the bare, majestic ridges of the Columbia River valley, 600 feet above the Maryhill Ferry landing in the state of Washington, stands perhaps the strangest war memorial in the land. It is said to be patterned on ancient Stonehenge in England in shape, size, design and compass location. One difference is that whereas Stonehenge was built of huge rock slabs, the replica was constructed of 2,000,000 pounds of reinforced concrete.

The late Sam Hill, multimillionaire Quaker from North Carolina, erected the structure to the memory of Klickitat County's thirteen war dead of World War I. The American Legion dedicated it on Memorial Day in 1929. It consists of an outer circle of thirty upright slabs, each sixteen feet high, and an inner circle of forty slabs nine feet high. The outer circle measures 108 feet across. In the very center stands a replica of the ancient altar believed to have been used by the Druid priests to make human sacrifices to their god of war. Hill, who visited Europe during World War I as a man of sixty, felt with some irony that the casualties of that conflict also were human sacrifices to war.

Hill attempted to establish a peaceful Quaker community on his nearby estate. When that failed to develop as planned, his estate was turned into a museum. He purchased 7000 acres of wheat and grazing land around his war memorial and museum as an economic means of perpetuating care of the two places.

Motorists can now reach the American Stonehenge from Highway 97, one of the many good roads which Hill advocated. The memorial sits in sunny tranquillity high above the mighty Columbia River, sometimes without a living creature nearby, sometimes with sheep grazing placidly around its doorless entrances. **Irving Petite**

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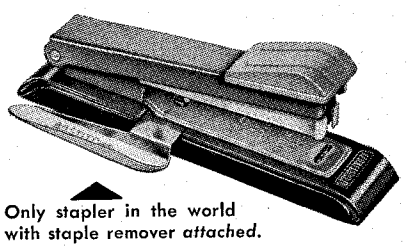

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Killers' Rendezvous (Continued from Page 37)

here goes, thought Dayton, and entered. He came into a small room, rugless, with filthy walls and a cobwebbed ceiling. There was a cannonball stove, and a short counter with a chicken-wire wicket above it, but no sign of a human. There were three doors—the one by which he had entered, one at the rear, and one behind the counter, which was ajar. He could hear genial masculine voices rumbling through the crack, and relaxed. He took his saddlebags from his tired shoulder, laid them on the counter, decided perhaps this was impolite, placed them on the floor, and then replaced them on his shoulder. He was thinking about his sick sister, back on the ranch at Bullskin Creek, when the drone of voices began to make words and sentences. The men behind the door—two, it seemed—were joking each other.

"One of them has a split ear," said the first voice.

"A mule don't pull with his ear," said the second.

"I'll want a bill of sale from you. And how can you sell me something you ain't got?"

"I'll get them, and I'll get them legal, and you'll get your bill of sale," said the second voice, laughing.

They appeared so quickly, coming through the doorway, that Dayton flinched. He had been so intent on the conversation that his hand had roamed involuntarily. For the past five hundred miles in the saddle, his money belt had pinched him just over his spine. Unconsciously, he had been rubbing the tender spot. Taking off his hat with his other hand to divert attention, he dropped his guilty hand to his trousers seam.

The men were still talking, but now they were talking about card games. One of them, red-faced and sticky-mouthed, looked like a disreputable, down-and-out rancher. The other, bloated and greasy with hair oil, was obviously a townsman. His eyes were simply black threads behind puffy yellow lids. His houndstooth suit was seedy and his mustard vest was spotted.

"Howdy, son," he said expansively.

The sticky-mouthed rancher, reeling and staggering, came out through a flap in the counter. He stumbled to one knee by Dayton, clawing, and Dayton stood him on his feet.

"Thanks," said the rancher. "I guess I been takened with demijohn fever."

Dayton made a disapproving mouth and said nothing.

"I'm T. H. Eams, the owner here," said the bloated man. "My rooms are fifty cents per night, and tonight you can take your pick. The best one on a night like this, with a little breeze from the north, is Number Eight, at the back of the upstairs hall." He put forward a register.

Dayton signed it and laid down fifty cents.

"Desert hellish hot today?" asked Eams.

"I couldn't say," said Dayton.

He knew he was being pumped, and said it curtly. The words were scarcely out of his mouth, however, when he realized he had answered a hidden question. The true question—an unhealthy one these days—had been: Where are you from and where are you going? It had been asked craftily, by indirection, and he had answered it. Blue Rock lay just at the edge of the desert. The desert lay south of Blue Rock. The trail through Blue Rock ran north and south. Dayton hadn't been on the desert. Therefore he had come from the north and was traveling into the desert, south. He despised people that tricked you, even with words.

Without further conversation, he walked up the stairs, down the hall, and into Room 8. He turned the key in the lock, and sat on the bed. He took off his neckerchief. From his saddlebags he produced soda crackers, an onion and a can of salmon, which he opened with his Barlow. He hadn't eaten since morning. He was in a situation he didn't care for—didn't care for at all.

He ate with big appetite, but little enjoyment. Everything had been going as nice as you please, and now, all of a sudden, this. He had a terrible decision to make.

The girl Kitty and her old man were in a mighty bad hole and didn't even suspect it. They were strangers in a strange land and that Mr. Eams was going to take their mules from them. If they pulled out of Blue Rock now, in the next twenty minutes, they would probably be all right. The decent thing was to warn them.

But there was more than decency involved from Dayton's position. His sister's life was involved. Months ago, down on the Crandall ranch at Bullskin Creek, his ten-year-old sister, Eden, had been thrown from a half-broken horse. She had been put to bed; after a bit, the pain stopped, but as weeks went on she began to waste and her voice became a whisper. Doctor Jordan said the only thing could save her was to send her to New Orleans. All told, he figured, it would cost about fifteen hundred dollars.

There had been bad drought on Bullskin and the Crandalls had been living without white flour or coffee. Uncle Martin mentioned Uncle Travis with his giant herds up in Wyoming, but everybody shook their heads; they didn't want to be beholden to anyone, even a close kinsman. It was Dayton's mother who broke first. All right, she said, they'd send Dayton up to Uncle Travis. They all gave him advice at the corral as he left.

"Remember to mind your own business," said his mother.

"Yes, ma'am. I'll do that."

"And if you're still thankful the Lord saved us from them Apaches nine year ago," said his Uncle Martin, "you might take a few minutes off every day and mention the fact to Him. I do."

"Yes, sir. I will," said Dayton.

The trip to Wyoming had been incredibly endless and difficult. When Uncle Travis heard the story and learned, too, that the men down at Bullskin couldn't even afford sore-throat medicine and such, he was badly shocked. He added another fifteen hundred dollars and Dayton took it. Daily overpushing himself, he undertook the exhausting trip home. He wore his Uncle Martin's pistol, but his clothes showed extreme poverty and no one bothered him. In his urgency, at the last moment, he had decided on this short cut through Blue Rock and a stretch of desert.

"Mind your own business," his mother had warned. That was his problem. Should he save an old man and a girl from disaster, and risk involvement and disaster himself? Or should he put a chair under the doorknob, fort himself up for the night, and think only of Eden and the money? It was the first big decision that he had ever had to make himself.

He sat stone-still for an instant, frozen, haggard, travel-worn, then got to his feet and left the room. Steep stairs at the rear of the hall descended to a short passage which led him out into a grubby back yard. Overhead, the moon was but a faint vapor behind sullen, motionless clouds.

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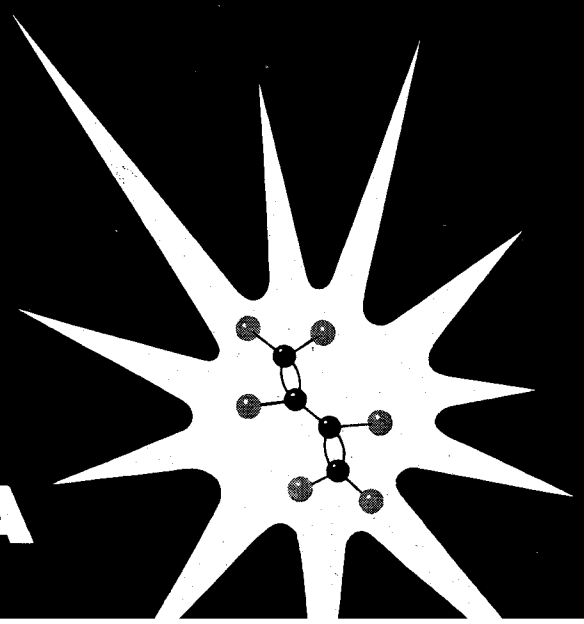

PENNSYLVANIA
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About him, the town was dark. He turned to his left, making a wide loop, and came upon the vacant lot and the floater's wagon from the rear.

He came upon it like an Indian, and stood for a moment in the high weeds, adjusting his eyes to the night. There were the embers of the fire, the hulk of the wagon and the mules. After an instant, he saw the old man, asleep beneath the wagon, fully clothed, a carbine across his chest. There was no sign of the girl, Kitty, and Dayton knew she was in the wagon itself.

Speaking softly from where he stood, making no movement, he said, "Wake up. I am a friend."

He said it once more, distinctly, and the old man crept forward, arose and faced him. The girl came down from the wagon, muffled in a robe.

"You must harness up and pull out this minute," said Dayton, and told them the story of Eams and his companion at the hotel. "He's set to take this team of mules. He's just about already sold them. You better leave this place, and in a hurry."

The old man began to pant in fury. "Maybe he will, and maybe he won't. Them mules is all I got." As an afterthought, he said, "Them mules and Kitty."

"Listen," Dayton said. "I know what I'm talking about. You won't have a chance. Pull out."

Kitty said, "I'm Kitty Yarman. And this is my father. I didn't catch your name?"

"Stick to the point," said the old man, in a flurry of excitement.

"I'm Dayton Crandall," said Dayton, "from down on Bullskin Creek."

"Pleased to meet you," said Kitty.

"Pleased to meet you, ma'am," said Dayton.

"Pleased to meet—pleased to meet!" raged the old man. "How can he do it? How can he take my mules?"

"Several ways," said Dayton. "If you'd heard him talking, you'd know he already figures them in his pocket. My guess is he's got a heap of influence here—more than he should have. He might get a few of his friends to go before a J.P. and swear them away from you. It's been done many a time before. That would be the easiest way. There are other ways—meaner ways."

"Grab that harness, Kitty," said the old man. "We're movin'."

"Thank you, Mr. Crandall," the girl said. "I'm sorry I was snippy with you earlier in the evening."

Earnestly, guilelessly, Dayton said, "Forget it. That's the way girls do when they like a boy on sight. They get snippy with him."

"Well!" she said. Then she said, "Forevermore!" Then she said, "Heavens above!" Her voice had icicles on it.

He couldn't think of anything else to say, so he left.

Returning to the Eams House, he entered by the back door and ascended to his room. Inside, he turned the key, lighted the candle stub and once more jammed the chair beneath the doorknob. He had no watch, but he judged the time to be almost eleven o'clock. He should have been in bed two hours ago; he had three days of traveling still ahead of him—two days of desert, with a waterhole break, and then one day more and home. He sat on the edge of the bed and thought for a while, first about his sister, Eden, and then about Blue Rock. He was thinking about Kitty when he heard a creak on the stairs. Someone was mounting them quietly to the upper hall. He drew Uncle Martin's pistol, held it loose at his thigh and put out the candle. Standing by the door, he rested the tip of his forefinger delicately on the doorknob.

There had been silence before that single creak, and there was silence now. Silence, and musty air, and darkness.

The doorknob moved beneath his finger tip. Moved and grew still. He waited. A noisy, friendly knock sounded on the door panel.

The voice of Mr. Eams, friendly yet apologetic, came through the thin wood. "Hate to bother you, but can I come in a minute?"

Dayton counted ten, removed his barricade, unlocked the door and opened it. He opened it a small crack and peered out. Mr. Eams was standing in the hall, holding a kerosene lamp; he was holding it in both hands and showed no pistol. Wordlessly, Dayton stepped back and allowed him to enter.

Mr. Eams put the lamp on the washstand. "Your shutter is banging," he said. "It's keeping some of the other guests awake. That shutter's a nuisance. I'll have to hook it."

"I could have hooked it myself," said Dayton, "if you'd just asked me."

"Not this one," said Mr. Eams. He went to the window, leaned out, fussed around outside and pulled back in. "There's a trick to this one."

He stood for a long moment, staring at Dayton. He seemed angry, and baffled, and frustrated. Finally, he asked, "Was you just sitting here in the dark?"

"I was asleep," said Dayton blandly.

"With your clothes on, even your boots? Cowboys hereabouts all sleep stark nekkid."

"So do I when I'm back at the ranch," said Dayton pleasantly. "But in hotels I always sleep geared up and ready to go. I'm afraid of fire."

"Fire?" said Mr. Eams, boggling a little.

"Yes, sir. Ain't you?"

"No," said Mr. Eams. "Not at all. Not in the slightest." From the doorway, he said, "And do you always sleep with your pistol in your hand?"

"Only in hotels," said Dayton. "It's my uncle's pistol. I only borrowed it. I wouldn't want to forget it, say if there was a fire."

"This your first hotel?" asked Mr. Eams.

"And my last," said Dayton. "Say I wake up in the middle of the night hungry. Where's the turnip cellar? Or the springhouse, should I want a drink of milk? Then, too, back home, or out on the range, for that matter, they ain't no busted shutters, so people don't wake you up to fix them." He smiled disarmingly. "No offense meant."

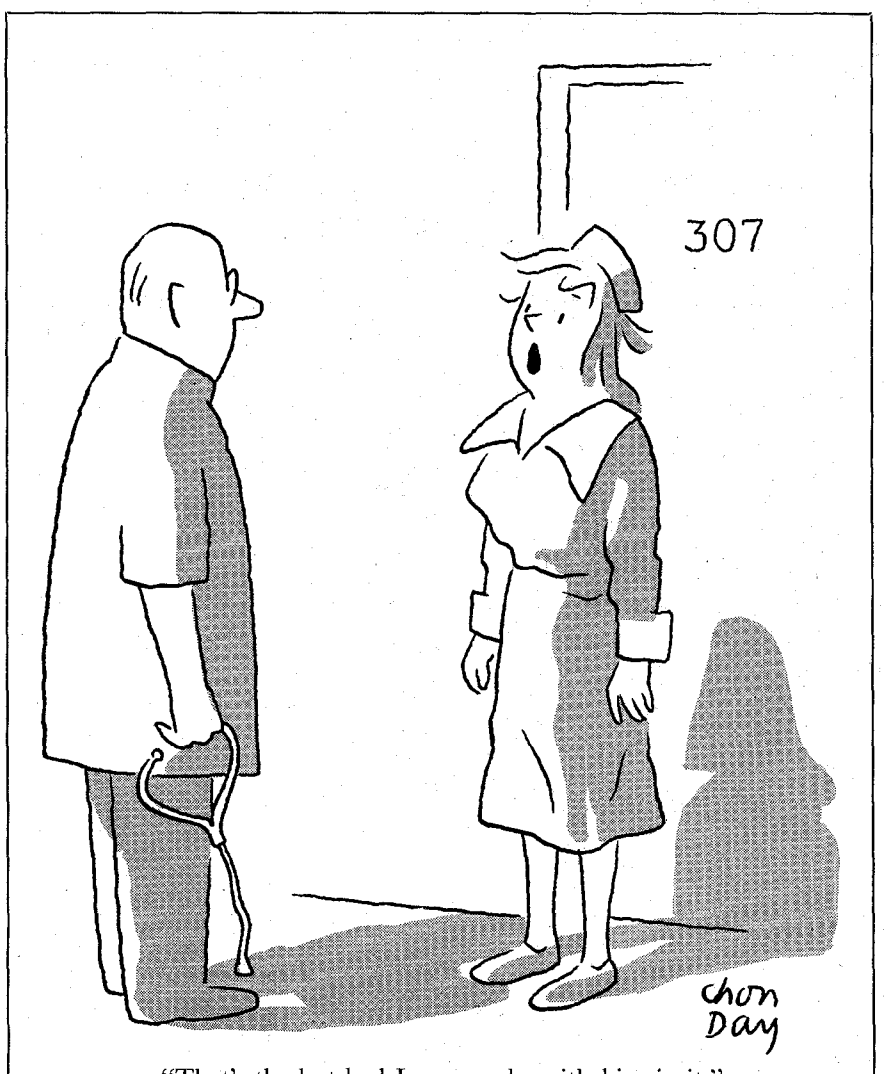
"No offense taken," rasped Mr. Eams. "Good night."

Alone, Dayton once more barricaded his door. He went to the open window. Over the desert, the sodden clouds still hung motionless before the faint moon. There wasn't enough breeze to move a stray bird feather, let alone bang a shutter.

He wasn't sure just what was going on, but he didn't like it. He could do one of two things. He could hightail right now or he could stretch out on that bed and get a little sleepless rest. This seemed best. If Mr. Eams was really up to any devilment, ten to one, he would now wait until morning.

Dayton stretched out on the bed and relaxed. He watched the sky through the window, and when, hours later, it showed a hint, the earliest hint of predawn fading, he left the room, left the hotel by the back door and went to the livery barn.

He awakened the stableman, saddled, lashed the old grain sack of emergency supplies to his cantle, and was out of Blue Rock, a good seven miles into the desert, by the time the morning sun unsheathed its shriveling, cherry-red eye.



"That's the last bed I ever make with him in it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A rancher up on the Gunnison River had mentioned this desert shortcut to him. The rancher had been over it himself, some years ago, and while he talked quite a lot about it, he talked mainly about the heat and not too much about landmarks and such. He explained enough, though, to make Dayton think he could follow it. It was an old trail, once favored, but now abandoned, and ran south by southeast. Time and the desert, the rancher had said, had obliterated most of it, but here and there along its way could still be seen traces of its past existence. It was used mainly now by wanderers and its sole lingering advantage was a small but splendid water hole a day's journey from Blue Rock. This water hole was in a clump of rocky ridges rising from the desert floor in stony spines and chimneys and eroded tilted chasms. "A feller can't miss it," the rancher had said. "He'll know it as soon as he sees it." *If he sees it*, thought Dayton.

Dayton found the trail almost at once, and almost immediately lost it. He found it again about noon, from a rotting wagon wheel; ate; moved on, and once more lost it. Once he thought he'd not only lost it but himself, and was going in circles, but about four o'clock he saw the clump of stony ridges, fantastic and stark in the desert air, almost dead ahead.

He reached it just before sunset, at least four hours behind his schedule. He'd wandered more than he had suspected. As he approached, his discomfort grew, and his mind knew suddenly what it had hidden from him all day. He was dreading this place.

A short distance away he halted his sorrel and studied it. It was a nightmare of rocks, and entered, as the rancher had said, by ascending a slightly sloping, fan-shaped gorge. He could see the gorge plainly, a smudge of shadow in the mauve and buff of the sun-washed rocks.

The first thing, of course, was to hide the money belt. He had made up his mind on this back on Gunnison River. A water hole—any water hole—was a touchy proposition. Good people stopped at water holes, and some mighty bad people too. Nowhere in the West—not in stage coaches, not even in saloons—was there such a random mixture of decency and savagery. Any child listening to hearthstone conversation knew this. The world would never know, said Uncle Martin, some of the awful things that had happened at lonesome water holes.

He moved his sorrel forward and was soon in the gorge. On either side were blocks of rock, leaning inward, with tonguelike crevices between them, half filled with detritus and stony shards. Deep in one of these crevices he hid his money belt, concealing all traces.

Once more moving forward, rounding a corner, he came into a bowllike hollow. Midway between the gorge mouth and stony terraces in the near distance lay the water hole, clear, cool, beautiful. Slightly to his right was a small weathered building without windows, its tiny porch roof supported by unpeeled cottonwood poles. The Gunnison River rancher had told Dayton about this building. In the old days it had been a store and station. For years it had been abandoned. Now close to it, was a floater's wagon; near the wagon were two fine mules, one with a split ear. The Yarman wagon.

Out of the station chimney rose a thread of smoke. Dayton parted his dust-caked lips happily. Kitty was in there, cooking supper.

He bellowed, "Howdy!", calling out his presence, as was proper etiquette. Then he saw the two men.

They were across the hollow, beyond the water hole, sitting by a tiny fire. Deep

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in the shade of the cottonwoods, they were hardly discernible. They turned their bloblike faces toward him as he shouted.

Kitty and Old Man Yarman came from the station. They approached him woodenly, as though he were an utter stranger.

Old Man Yarman helped him unsaddle. Lowering his head, speaking softly, rapidly, he said, "Them's gunmen yonder. I know it in a strange way I can't figure out. I seen 'em all the time I was in Blue Rock. They made the Eams House their headquarters. They got here three hours ago."

"It's just an accident," said Dayton. "They wouldn't come all this distance for your mules, and if they did, they would have said so by now."

The men beneath the trees rose and stretched. They came out of the shade, into the golden stain of the sunset, walking lazily.

"Listen," said the old man urgently. "Listen. They ain't after me or my mules. They're after you. They been here talking to me and Kitty, back and forth across the hollow, a half dozen times. Asking questions, asking questions. Have we seen a young feller of your description, answering to the name of Dayton Crandall? Are we sure we ain't?"

"Oh," said Dayton.

He wiped his jaw. So it had all meant something.

That was why the man had pawed him in Eams' hotel. He'd suspected, and confirmed, that Dayton was carrying a money belt. That was why Eams had paid him that night visit; robbery-bent, maybe even murder-bent, looking for an opening, but not finding one. Then either Eams or the man who had made the discovery had spread the word. And now two other men—professionals probably—were here waiting for him. Money belts always meant real money.

The two men walked up and stopped. Dayton had never seen either of them before. They were as mean-looking a pair of humans as he had ever laid eyes on. One was toothless and ragged; the other was red-haired, skinny and turtle-faced.

Speaking to Dayton as though she were in the process of answering a question, Kitty said, "It's one day's journey, straight north. We left there last night."

"What's straight north?" put in the skinny man.

"This young man here was just inquiring how to get to Blue Rock," said Kitty.

"Get to Blue Rock?" said the ragged man. "Didn't he just come from there?"

"No, sir," said Dayton. "I come from way down nigh Old Mexico."

It happened then, and it happened so marvelously that Dayton could hardly believe it. The ragged man drew his pistol and trained it on Dayton's heart. But it was the way he drew it. He just reached down and picked it up out of his holster in a kind of a sloppy way, and the time it took to do it was just about nothing at all.

"Dump your gun belt," he said to Dayton. "I'm going to trust you."

Dayton dropped it. The red-haired man picked it up, went into the station and returned with Old Man Yarman's carbine. "O.K.," he said.

"We're law officers," said the ragged man gravely. "So everybody just keep simmered down. We're on the trail of a young feller about like this sprout, that blowed a train up in Kansas. He got hurt a little and he's got a bandage around his stomach. . . . All right, son, let's take a look at that stomach."

"No," said Dayton.

"Yes," said the red-haired man quietly.

An ugly, desperate look came into Dayton's face. He made a big, horny fist at his knee, and launched it in a looping swing at the ragged man. The red-haired man clipped him behind the ear with his gunsight and Dayton went to the ground.

He took a breath, got to his feet, and said, "You can beat me for a month. I won't show my stomach before no decent young lady."

Kitty, pale with terror, said, "I'll close my eyes," and did.

Dayton pulled up his shirt. They crowded close and examined him, patting him, searching his clothes in their disappointment.

"You can open them eyes now," said the skinny man to Kitty. To Dayton, he said, "What's your name?"

"James Jackson," said Dayton. "Junior."

"That would make a nice cattle brand," said Kitty. "JJJ."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Dayton.

The gunmen stared at each other in indecision.

"Well," said the ragged man, "what do you make of it?"

"Looks like he's the wrong boy," said his partner. "But the other one will come along. We'll wait."

When they returned to their fire they took not only Mr. Yarman's carbine and Uncle Martin's pistol, they also took Dayton's sorrel.

"We're just borrowing this stuff till morning," said the ragged man. "To keep anybuddy from rearin' and buckin'. We'll leave the mules with you, but try to move 'em and we'll cut their throats."

After they had gone, Old Man Yarman said, "This is just the beginning, o' course."

Dayton's face was fiery red with anger.

"I seen them two fellers somewhere before Blue Rock," said Old Man Yarman pensively. "I even heerd their names. Dod-rot it, I can't remember. It was about a year ago, up in Montana. That's all I can recollect."

"Could well be," said Dayton. "Them owl-hoot men is always on the move."

"Supper's ready to go on the table," said Kitty. "Come in and eat."

They ate in the decaying kitchen, in the gathering dusk, and as they finished their meal, night came and Kitty lighted a lamp. In the golden lamp glow, with the feel of salt pork and hot beans under his belt, Dayton's spirits lifted a little. He was basking in the satisfaction of having handled things very neatly when Old Man Yarman demolished his mood.

"They'll be back, o' course," said the old man. "These fellers is very smart. They rode all day through the desert to catch a Dayton Crandall at this water hole, and they're going to see they catch him. They don't want to go off half cocked or roll out nothing really rough till the time comes or they have to, but then, oh, my. Right now they're just waiting. They'll wait what they figure a reasonable time. When no other boy shows up, they'll figure you fooled them. They'll be back, and when they come in that door, you better not throw that James Jackson, Junior, in their faces no more."

"We'll see," said Dayton doggedly.

The old man shifted in his chair. His face was grim and worried. "I don't mean to be hateful," he said, "but here's something I want to get off my chest. It's this: I think maybe you ain't been honest with me and Kitty. I doubt your name is even Dayton Crandall. Why are these men trailing you? I'll tell you why. It's because you're some kind of outlaw yourself, and got into trouble with some of their friends. I appreciate what you done for us back in Blue Rock, but I don't appreciate the way you're turning out. Me and Kitty will stick by you, o' course, whatever, but we're turrible, turrible disappointed in you."

"I'm not," said Kitty.

"Thank you," said Dayton. "Thank you."

"Look at it this way," said Kitty: "Why are you responsible for what you happen to be? Just because you happen to be a thief or gunslinger or something, and we happen to be decent and law-abiding, who are we to blame you? Maybe it was out of your control. Maybe you was born into a family of thieves and gunslingers."

"No," said Dayton hoarsely. "Don't say those things. Let me explain."

He told them the whole story—about his impoverished family, about his sick sister, about his long, long trip to Wyoming and back. He told them about his experiences at the Eams House. He told them all about the three thousand dollars, and what it would mean at home. He told them he had hidden it, but he didn't tell them where. That was Eden's secret, and he had no right to share it.

"I'm proud to know you," said Kitty softly.

They sat in utter quiet. Beyond the door frame, the heavy night was like purple pollen. After a bit, the old man said, "Simmons and Garry. It was up in Montana, on the Musselshell, a year ago, that I seen them," he said. "There was this little town, not more than a half dozen cabins. Kitty was in the store, buying salt. I was standing by the wagon, chatting with a deputy sheriff. These two men come by, walking lathered horses, and the deputy told 'em to keep right on moving. They looked mighty mean, but obeyed him. When they was gone, the deputy told me they was the worst kind of outlaws and killers. The skinny, red-haired one, he said, was named Simmons, and the other one Garry."

Kitty looked appalled.

"All that don't help us none," said Dayton. "Truth is, I wish I didn't even know."

"It might help us," said the old man slowly, "if we handle it right. Just let me study this over." He seemed to go into a reverie. "All right," he said, after a moment. "Yes. Now here's the way we'll do it." He began to talk.

"Now get pen and ink, Kitty," said the old man. "And write."

She took pen and ink and a scrap of paper from a valise. The old man dictated and she wrote. When she had finished, she kissed the paper for luck, folded it and handed it to Dayton. He tucked it in the sweatband of his hat.

"You got the idea now," said Old Man Yarman. "From here on, son, it's up to you."

Dayton nodded, and moistened his lips.

Time went by—a long time—and no one spoke. *It's like sitting by a coffin,* Dayton thought, *my coffin.* Beyond the open door there was nothing but desert silence.

When the two men came into the room, they came suddenly, with no sound warning of their approach. They came bleakly, with set faces. Dayton watched them numbly. The skinny man stood just within the door, and the ragged man pushed forward into the lamplight.

"Listen," said Dayton. With great ostentation, he picked his hat up from the table and set it dramatically, reverently, on his head. "I want to change my story. I'm Dayton Crandall."

The ragged man smiled faintly. "You had to be, and maybe them words have saved you a heap of punishment. Now where's the money belt?"

"Where you can't get it," said Dayton pleasantly.

The ragged man hit him with his six-gun, laying barrel and cylinder along the flat of Dayton's jaw, and Dayton sprawled from table to bench to wall. His hat caromed off and rolled at the skinny man's feet. The ragged man hit him again, bringing a touch of glaze to his eyes. Kitty began to weep almost inaudibly.

"Where?" repeated the ragged man.

Dayton staggered and lurched across the room. He picked up his hat, examined it craftily and placed it again on his head.

"Six forty-two Elm Street?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Lazily, the skinny man reached out and removed it. "You surely cherish this, don't you, boy? I think I'll take a look at it."

An instant later, he discovered the paper. Holding it to the light, he read it aloud:

This is to certify and testify that Dayton Crandall has entrusted into my care a money belt containing $22,000, counted out in my presence, to be held in my safe until called for.

T. H. EAMS
Prop. Eams House

He and his partner looked stupefied.

"Sylvester sent us on a wild-goose chase," the skinny man said. "Eams had it all the time."

Sylvester must be the sticky-mouthed rancher, Dayton thought.

Hold on to your money. They say it's going to be valuable again some day.

MAURICE SEITTER

"I don't believe it," said the ragged man. "It can't be so. I don't believe it."

"It's wrote here in black and white," said the skinny man.

"You didn't do that, did you, boy?" said the ragged man. "You didn't trust all that money with a skunk like sneaky Eams?"

Dayton inhaled, steadied himself, and was finally able to speak. "I don't think Mr. Eams is sneaky. I figure him as a fine upstanding citizen. He went to the trouble of talking to me, trying to help me."

"Now how was that?" asked the skinny man.

"Well, he said if I was carrying money, I'd better leave it with him. He said the country was full of robbers. He said he'd just lock my money up, and my father could come for it later. It was a man's job, carrying money, not a boy's."

"I can't believe it," said the ragged man. "But it sure sounds like Eams."

"So he said the country was full of robbers?" murmured the skinny man. "He didn't happen to mention nobody in partickler?"

"I don't want to answer that," said Dayton.

Softly, the ragged man said, "Twenty-two thousand dollars!"

Old Man Yarman wiped his nose with his thumb. That was the signal. Now. Now was the time to give them the works.

"That's right, Mr. Garry," said Dayton. "Twenty-two thousand."

The outlaws froze.

"What did you say?" asked the skinny man.

"I said yes, he was right."

"I don't mean that. You called him Garry. Where did you hear Garry?"

"He had to hear it from Eams," said the ragged man. . . . "Didn't you hear it from Eams?"

"I don't want to answer that either," said Dayton. "I don't want to get Mr. Eams in any trouble."

"That clinches it," said the ragged man. "The money is in Eams' safe in Blue Rock. We're in the wrong place. We're wasting time. Let's move."

"Can I have my paper back?" asked Dayton. "That's my receipt."

The skinny man handed it to him. "Help yourself. I doubt if we'll be needin' it."

"Thank you, Mr. Simmons," said Dayton politely, and the skinny man flinched.

The ragged man laid out final instructions. "We're on our way. You know where to find your horse and hardware. Just a word of warning. We'll forget you, if you forget us."

"Glad to," said Old Man Yarman agreeably. "Glad to forget you."

The outlaws left the building. A few minutes later they came past the door light, straight in their saddles, loping into the night.

"You people are wonderful," said Dayton. "Downright wonderful."

"Nice of you not to cause Mr. Eams no trouble," said Old Man Yarman.

Early the next morning Dayton said good-by to them. In the predawn chill, Kitty and her father huddled in the kitchen door. "It's all over," said Dayton. "I'm almost home."

When they didn't answer, he said, "The Bullskin Creek country would be a mighty good place to settle down, Mr. Yarman. While you're traveling here and yonder, why don't you come down and give it a look?"

"I might," said Old Man Yarman, after a pause. "I swear and declare I might. If I'd be welcome."

"You'd be welcome, sir," said Dayton quietly.

"Who are you to tell us where we can go and where we can't?" said Kitty.

"Now, Kitty," said the old man. "Don't get snippy."

"Mr. Crandall wants me to chase him," she said. "He knows what people thinks about girls who chase boys, but he don't care. He just wants me to chase him."

"Now, Kitty," said Dayton, grinning.

They Find Baubles in the Dust

(Continued from Page 25)

Twenty-five dollars ought to cover it all nicely.

But perhaps the best thing about rockhounding is that it can be done anywhere. As Richard M. Pearl, associate professor of geology at Colorado College, says, "A mineral or rock collection is as close as your back yard or as distant as the far corners of the earth." One can often pick up topaz and beryl, for instance, in hillside outcroppings or road cuts. Beach sands may reward the assiduous searcher with zircons, moonstones or garnets. And stream beds and mine dumps have been known to yield rubies, agates and sapphires, although not of gem quality.

Most rockhounds specialize rather than try to collect all 1500 known minerals. One may be fascinated by the shape of crystals, so he will narrow his interest to these clean-lined natural jewels. Another may concentrate on petrified wood. A third may prize only rocks that fluoresce, looking like common boulders by daylight, but glowing pink, green and yellow under ultraviolet light. Still another collector may specialize in the mineralized life of bygone ages—fossil bones, shells, cycads, ferns. Some make a point of sticking to one locality; some range far and wide.

Typical of the far-ranging variety of rockhound are Ken and Jo Ann Smith. Thirty-five-year-old Ken, a World War II flier, earned his degree in physics at the University of Oklahoma and now works for Lockheed's Missiles Division at Cape Canaveral, Florida. Twenty-seven-year-

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old Jo Ann studied geology at Oklahoma A. & M. and served as part-time switchboard operator. One spring night in 1950 Ken heard her pleasant voice and asked for a date, and soon afterward they eloped. They were on vacation in Utah when I met them.

"It was a tossup between a cruise to the West Indies and a rock-collecting trip," said Jo Ann. "Maybe we're nutty, but we figured to have more fun here."

The first time I saw pretty, long-legged Jo Ann, she was squinting at a dusty rock. Then, to my astonishment, she stuck out a pink tongue, licked the rock and then examined it again.

Noting my flabbergasted expression, she smiled. "It's the tongue test," she said. "Rockhounds wet their specimens to see how they'll look when polished."

We were standing beside a road near Capitol Reef National Monument, in Southern Utah—a land of sunny skies, sculptured red-rock cliffs, cool green canyons, silent forests of petrified wood and 100,000,000-year-old dinosaur bones. In recent years uranium mining has cast a network of jeep roads over this area and opened up hard-to-reach canyons and plateaus once tramped by the explorer John C. Frémont.

Capitol Reef, despite its fantastic geologic formations and vivid coloring, is one of the least-visited areas administered by the National Park Service. But rockhounds discovered, a decade or more ago, that the region is a veritable bonanza for collectors. Among other things, it abounds in petrified wood of rich colors and unusual patterns; black, glasslike obsidian embedded with white "snowflakes" of silica; warm red jasper; banded and plumed agates, which take a high polish; quartz, amethyst and topaz crystals; beautiful blue variscite; diamondlike labradorite, and dinosaur and marine fossils. No collecting is permitted within the boundaries of the monument itself; so the Smiths spent their days driving off into the surrounding country, sometimes alone, sometimes with one or more of the local guides. One such trip took them—and me—to the Valley of the Goblins, a fascinating region never explored, except perhaps by Indians, until 1949, when two brothers, Worthen and Perry Jackson, jeeped into the area. The Jacksons, a pair of lean and leathery Mormons, now run a general store in Fremont and hire out as guides on the side.

The Valley of the Goblins consists of several square miles of giant, toadstool-like formations carved by the wind from reddish sandstone. As we strolled through this Alice-in-Wonderland setting, we could visualize lions, camels, turtles and Oriental potentates in the weird formations.

Right in the middle of this array of surrealist sculpture rises a geological formation guaranteed to make any rockhound's eyes light up—Geode Hill. Geodes are hollow balls of rock, somewhere between the size of a lemon and a honeydew melon, which, when sawed open, prove to be filled with clusters of pink, green, white or brown crystals. Generally, it is a rare rockhounding thrill to come across even one. Here they lay about almost like clamshells on a New England beach.

Another day I accompanied Ken and Jo Ann on a hunt for dinosaur remains. It seems hard to believe, but with a little direction the average rockhound can fairly easily find fossil bones, tracks and other evidence of the great reptiles that roamed the earth 100,000,000 years ago. Our guide, Lurt Knee, pointed out one huge dinosaur legbone solidly embedded in the conglomerate, and on a nearby hill Jo Ann herself discovered several bone fragments of a more manageable size. Then someone suggested that we keep our eyes peeled for dinosaur gizzard stones. Somehow this struck me as sounding suspiciously like that classic American hoax, the snipe hunt, but as it happens, I actually found one of the things.

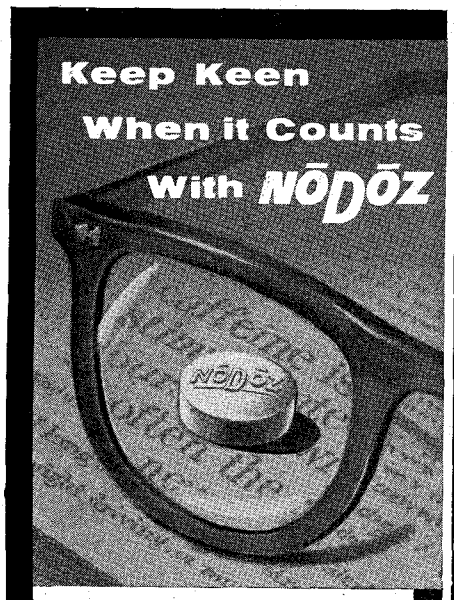
Paleontologists tell us that the dinosaur had such poor grinding teeth that Nature equipped him with a gizzard like that of a chicken. Instead of swallowing sand to help grind up their food, however, the monsters gobbled up rocks along ancient seashores and streams. These became gizzard stones—or, in scientific terms, gastroliths. Some as small as a walnut, others as big as baseballs, they can be identified by their smooth, slightly greasy feeling and by the concave surfaces where the rocks rubbed against one another inside the dinosaur's gizzard.

I use mine as a paperweight. It has no intrinsic value to speak of, but it makes a first-rate conversation primer.

For that matter, few rockhounding finds are worth much in terms of dollars and cents. Last year, indeed, the Federal Bureau of Mines estimated that amateur gem hunters found semiprecious stones worth slightly over $1,000,000—or approximately two dollars' worth per rockhound. Every now and then, however, a rockhound will stumble on something worth considerably more. Several years ago, for instance, a California collector chanced upon a massive hunk of jade which, when cut and polished, sold for $25,000. And in 1954 a Maine rockhound discovered a tourmaline deposit valued at $100,000.

It's not what keeps the true rockhound going, of course—this off chance of finding a bonanza. But it's something to keep in the back of the mind. You never can tell. THE END

Dr. Arthur Inglesby amid part of his 50-ton, $100,000 collection. He has been cutting, polishing and selling his own gems for 20 years.



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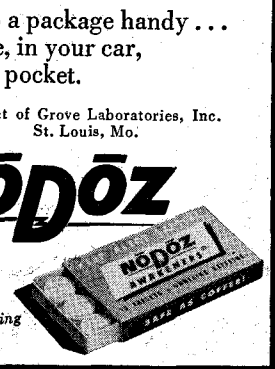

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Moon Shot (Continued from Page 35)

Then the Titan was gone in a billowing caldron of flame-lit steam and Gibney was back with the needles. They were erect in a neat row, quivering slightly. It was going to be fine—an O.K. shot, a Green Bird, as they said in pad lingo.

Then the azimuth needle went crazy. It veered sharply to the extreme left—held there, quivering like a captive insect—zoomed back to vertical. Gibney hunched close, staring. The needle tilted again to the far left and held as if glued down.

Punch it, his mind screamed. *Quick, before it hits the beach.*

The rest he analyzed later. The agonizing part—the thing his eyes had seen just as his thumb mashed down irrevocably on the Air-Destruct button. That last thing had been a flick—sudden as light, but distinct as if carved in stone. The azimuth needle had freed itself from the glued-down position and erected in an even line with the rest—meaning that the Titan had cleared its trouble somehow, had turned into a Green Bird, safe to let loose into the starry blackness of outer space. But it hadn't gone there. It had disintegrated forty-five thousand feet in the cloudless sky, buckling and falling, dropping its high-energy exotic fuel in cascades of molten fire that could be seen all over the Cape—all over America, really, because the long-range TV cameras had been grinding.

Gibney hadn't gone to pieces. As a matter of fact, he'd felt almost normal for a little while. Big Wes Kirby, who was his friend as well as Martin's launch director, had talked to him in that easy-going Southern accent, had asked what had happened, what he'd seen. He'd told Wes about the azimuth needle—how it had suddenly reversed—and how he'd thought the missile was going to smash into Cocoa Beach; and Wes had listened and nodded.

"Funny none of the other consoles showed it," somebody said then. Not a condemnation, actually; just a statement. And he had looked around the blockhouse and it was perfectly quiet and nobody was meeting his eyes. That was when Major Gibney's private nightmare had begun.

Now, in his motel room, he sat up in bed and turned on the lamp. No use reliving the nightmare now. He'd lived it constantly for the past five weeks. There'd been a day—no, two days—when everything had seemed calm. He'd gone to the Cape, and the Martin guys had been great—too great, really. It would have been easier if they'd been rough instead of trying to act as if the air-abort didn't mean anything. It meant something, all right—hundreds and hundreds of hours of sweat and hope for every one of them; and he'd blown the works in half a second because he'd been too quick—Was panicky the word?—about hitting the red button.

On the morning of the third day an Air Force colonel had arrived from headquarters, Air Research and Development Command—a tall man with pale eyes which did not blink when he looked at Gibney and asked questions. What, exactly, had the needle indication been? . . . A sudden sharp deflection, eh? . . . No, two of them. . . . Was Gibney sure of that? . . . He was. . . . All right, now what had the duration of the deflections been? . . .

Finally, the colonel had said, "Do you know how much that test missile was worth, major?"

"Yes, sir. I've heard them say around two million dollars."

"You heard them correctly," the colonel said. "Look, Gibney, I'm not going to beat around the bush. We're replacing you. It's not a punishment, understand. Anybody can make a mistake."

"But, colonel, sir ——"

"All right, Gibney. Maybe you saw these needles flutter—or thought you did. That's not the point. This missile program is more important than one man or a thousand men. What we do here in the next months can influence foreign policy, alliances—can swing the balance of power in the free world. I'm sure you understand that, Gibney."

Gibney nodded. He made no further defense—did not mention the Saturdays, Sundays and nights he'd spent out on the launching pad with the Martin gang, learning the details, the tools, trying to make himself expert in every phase of a launch. That didn't matter now. He'd blown up a Green Bird, worth $2,000,000, before it could give any data they hadn't already taped on previous tests.

... ...

Dawn

By JOHN D. ENGLE, JR.

Fog waves run up
The meadow's green
beaches
Till birds sing the sun up;
Then a hand of light
reaches
The fog tide and pulls it,
Wearies and wallows it,
Quietly annuls it
While the sun swallows it.

... ...

With a mark like that on his service record, he'd never make another promotion if he lived to be a hundred. He'd seen old majors before—men who'd goofed somewhere along the line, bitter, red-faced from too much drink, waiting for twenty to get out. He'd seen them sweat, too, when the Air Force had a reduction in force. A major was not immune to the RIF. Norm Gibney knew one personally who'd been flying jets a couple of months back. Now he was an airman first class, checking schedules on the jets he'd flown, saluting the same men who'd saluted him before he lost his oak leaves. They gave you two choices in a RIF: re-enlist as an airman, or get out.

The clock beside the bed showed ten minutes to ten. That was good. Gibney could get up and dress for his last countdown. Not that he was really needed. His replacement, Maj. Dick O'Brien, was thoroughly checked out. Dick was a good man. He could handle the job perfectly alone.

Norm Gibney wasn't kidding himself. He knew why Wes Kirby had asked him to stand by a periscope and be on hand in case the new Safety Officer needed him. Kirby was a friend. He liked Gibney and wanted to give him a chance to be in on the Big One. You couldn't refuse a guy like Wes, even though you'd rather do almost anything than face those guys in the blockhouse even one more time.

It was cool and clear when Gibney left the motel. Oceanward the sky was dark, except for the sickle edge of a shadowed moon. The main drag of Cocoa Beach—a bumper-to-bumper avalanche of traffic when the Canaveral Caravan got rolling in the morning—was relatively quiet now. Gibney walked to the edge of the road and waited for Maj. Dick O'Brien to pick him up. He felt numb—numb and bitter. He'd be glad when the shot was over and he could pack up and leave this place forever. Even if they transferred him to Thule, Greenland.

But Major O'Brien, when he picked Gibney up, was both excited and nervous. He'd been on the telephone to the Cape five minutes ago, he said, and it looked good—very good. The Titan was fully checked—all three hundred thousand parts of it—and the warhead was installed inside the nose cone.

"Hydrogen?" Gibney asked.

"Hydrogen," Major O'Brien said, and his voice was hushed, as if he somehow felt that even in the car, rushing through the empty night, ears might be listening. "A full megaton."

"If it hits," Gibney said, "it ought to show."

"It'll show," Major O'Brien said. "It won't be any little pinprick either. They're using those big ROTI cameras—the ones that can photograph detail on a golf ball at ten miles. They'll get a front-page shot that'll make those Sputniks look sick."

They were not the first to reach the launching pad. The place was swarming. The missile had been erected and its handling tower had been rolled back out of the way. It stood alone under the floods, a massive towering shape cinched tightly to the concrete pier by the steel hold-down mechanism. When they parked, Major Gibney saw the staff cars with stars on them—general officers' cars—thick as cabs at a hack stand. This wasn't just one more of those low-power shots down range across the South Atlantic. It was the most powerful shot ever attempted in American rocketry. The Titan was a specially modified four-stage version, using new secret fuel of vastly superior energy. The huge missile would build up velocity as it shed stages, until the hydrogen warhead reached 26,000 miles an hour. The flight path would bend part way around the earth, in a semi-orbit; then run off into space toward the moving moon. Guidance must be nearly perfect. An error of a microscopic .2 degree in path angle could mean a miss. The warhead would vary its speed in space—slowing from 26,000 m.p.h. after leaving the earth, and gaining back some speed as it entered the gravitational pull of the moon. But if all went well, the warhead would impact on the moon about twenty hours after firing.

Big Wes Kirby, the launch director, was sitting at the main control panel in the blockhouse when Gibney and O'Brien entered. He looked at them, but did not see them. He was speaking into his lip mike, and his face, in the cool air-conditioned room, was glistening with sweat. This was the first time a live warhead had ever been fired at the Cape. The warhead wasn't armed now. That would take place automatically when the final stage separated. But this detail was not wholly reassuring. The warhead was designed to go off on impact. If the Titan got away and headed back in, the destruct would have to be very quick and very certain.

"We are taking a certain risk, of course," the briefing officer had said, when they first heard of the Moon Shot. "But our stakes are the highest. This is no circus stunt. We want to hit the moon first. We want to do it positively, visibly—beyond the power of any propaganda to dispute. A high-yield hydrogen warhead is the best way."

Maj. Dick O'Brien took his place at the safety panel, put on his earphones and

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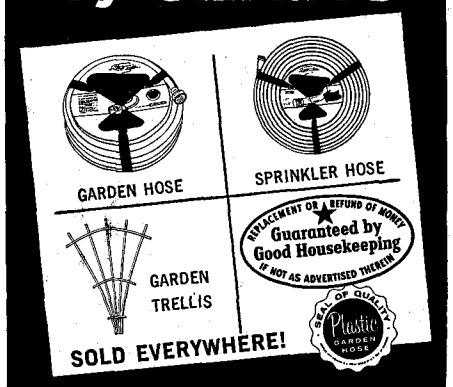

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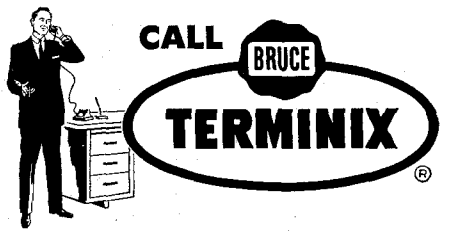

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mike, and began making his checks. Major Gibney sat behind him, where he could see the gauges easily, and could also use the periscope. The blockhouse was now fully manned. Engineers sat in rows behind their consoles. In a soundproofed room, behind double glass, sat the visiting dignitaries: generals, congressmen, presidents of several great corporations.

"Pad to Safety," a familiar voice said over the intercom, which Gibney was monitoring with a set of earphones. "Major O'Brien, this is Jim Hunter. Do you read me?"

"Loud and clear, Jim," O'Brien's voice said. "Go ahead."

"I have slightly low hydraulic pressure on the right hold-down cylinder. If I can't fix it in a hurry, I may have to call a hold."

"Roger," O'Brien said. "Understand."

Gibney peered into the periscope and turned the lens system to ten magnifications. Jim Hunter and his men, clustered at the base of the four-stage missile, came so close he had the illusion he could reach out and touch them. Hunter had climbed up on the right hold-down arm and was standing on tiptoe, opening an access hatch in the wall of the Titan. Two men were holding his legs, steadying him. He reached into a small, dark recess and did something with a screwdriver. Then he closed the hatch and the men helped him down.

Wes Kirby's voice cut sharply over the intercom, "Launch to Pad! What's the trouble out there, Jim?"

"No trouble now," Jim Hunter's voice said cheerfully. "Had a sticky valve in the hold-down. All she needed was a touch of the screwdriver. We're in business."

The night wore on into the dark predawn. Ash trays filled with mashed butts. Paper cups of coffee were drained and crushed. In the soundproofed room, the generals and congressmen shifted wearily in their padded seats. The count-down was plodding slowly and carefully through its technical labyrinth—through two short holds for minor reasons—and then the sickle moon paled and the sky began to get light. Gibney watched the crimson sun rise out of the sea, and heard the voices on the intercom grow thinner and sharper as the count-down moved out of its humdrum detail and into the last critical items—the tense approach to T-zero.

"T minus eight minutes," Wes Kirby's voice said. "All personnel clear the launch area!"

Gibney licked his lips. He saw two men scuttle out of the concrete utility room under the massive launching pier, run past the blockhouse and vanish. The missile glittered in the early sunshine like some giant toy. A flock of pelicans, flying in line-astern formation, flapped low along the dunes, stopped flapping as one bird, and soared. It was seven o'clock in the morning.

"T minus six minutes," Wes Kirby said. "O'Brien, check your board for proper indications and report."

Over O'Brien's shoulder, Gibney swept the console carefully. All was well. Needles steady, in line, no problem. O'Brien's voice said tautly, "Roger across the board, Wes."

Kirby did not acknowledge. He wasn't supposed to. In these last moments of the count-down he saved his attention for the big, critical things, the signs of danger. "T minus five minutes," Kirby said. "Cape radars on. Master telemeters on." The sites rogered in. Gibney waited. Presently Kirby spoke again, "T minus four minutes. I'm starting the firing sequencer now. I say again, I'm starting the firing sequencer now. Stand by for lift-off!"

Gibney saw green dots of light flicker across the big board as the automatic firing mechanism took over. It was out of human hands now. The big board would do the rest, more smoothly, more precisely than the coolest human operator could hope to duplicate.

A voice—sudden, shocking—tore across the intercom, "Safety! Safety! Check the bird! The right hold-down! Quick!"

Gibney ducked to the scope. The right hold-down arm was on his side of the missile. He stared at it. It was a steel bar eight feet long. It was supposed to be tightly socketed in a grip hole in the wall of the Titan. A moment ago it had been. Now it dangled free, loose, inoperative. Unhesitatingly, Gibney reached over O'Brien's shoulder and mashed the Hold Fire button flat.

He spoke into his lip mike, "Gibney to Launch. Right hold-down is inoperative. I'm stopping the lift-off."

Only, nightmarishly, he wasn't. The green lights on the big board had not turned red. The master warning over the automatic sequencer had not begun to glow. The Hold Fire button hadn't worked. The firing sequence was still going on.

"Safety to Launch!" Gibney snapped. "Stopcock it, Wes! My button's out! Use the emergency over-ride, quick!"

He twisted. Wes Kirby was standing up, scrabbling frantically at a panel which was a mass of electric fire and swirling smoke. A short. A big one. Wes had no emergency over-ride. Everything was gone, including the destruct button—and that big H-bomb was cooking out there with one hold-down completely free. In four minutes—in less—those main-stage rockets would cut in and shove the bird off. Not straight up toward the safety of outer space. At an angle—toward Jacksonville, New York—God knew where—with a punch equal to 1,000,000 tons of T.N.T. that could trigger automatically in flight.

Somebody screamed—a high, terrified sound, like a woman. Gibney whirled, ran through the white, shocked faces at the consoles, and wrenched the handle of the steel blockhouse door. The metal fingers which dogged it tight all around retracted with oily clicks. He crouched low and slung his weight against the door, inched it open ponderously, like a bank vault on its ball-bearing hinges, and slipped through.

The concrete launching pier was seven hundred and fifty feet away. Gibney was forty years old, out of shape. He sprinted across the open area, climbed the steel steps beside the pier, and reached the base of the Titan. The loose arm hung back in the air many feet above him. Under his feet was the intricate maze of snouts which would, in seconds, hurl high-pressure cooling water into the flame bucket. He was taking air in tortured gulps. His thighs and knees quivered uncontrollably from the furious run.

The tool he needed—had to have—was shaped like a giant wrench. It took him five seconds to locate it inside the locker. It took him another fifteen seconds to shinny up the steel framework to where he could bring the tool into action. Then, in his desperate hurry, he missed the slot.

Below him, something exploded and the air was full of stinging spray: cooling water on. He fought his way higher, gripping the framework with his knees, and jammed the tool in place. The hold-down arm sagged inward. The locking pin inched toward its socket, touched delicately, and refused to enter. Gibney had one chance, and he took it. He let go with his knees and swung into space on the haft of the locking tool, like a man swinging on a horizontal bar. He felt the pin go in hard, with a definite snap, let go his hold and sprawled heavily on the concrete pier.

The boosters ignited as he reached the iron steps. The shock wave hurled him forward, and he fell, tumbling and lurching, grabbing at the railing, buried in molten light and whirling steam. It was the pier itself—a chunk of concrete as big as a warehouse—which saved him. He could not run. Something was wrong with one of his legs. But he could crawl. He made it to the underpass, dragged his body frantically into it and fell flat with his arms over his head.

The main stage of the Titan cut in. The pier quivered. The sound rose until it was no longer sound, but wrenching, pounding agony. The big four-stage bird was holding, was building up to maximum lift-off power. Then, mercifully, the sound was rising away—slowly, in steady, incandescent fury—was lessening minutely—was lessening quickly—was gone—and there was nothing but a ringing roar in Gibney's head.

Nearly twenty hours later, somewhat before three in the morning, the moon was above the horizon to seaward, a shadowed globe with a sickle edge at its bottom which the Floridians called a South Moon Under. There had been a cloud deck in the evening, but the wind had swept it away, and now the sky was dark and clear, sprinkled with faint stars.

Major Gibney was propped up in a tilting bed on the roof of the hospital at Patrick Air Force Base, twenty miles south of the Cape. His right leg, broken in the fall down the iron steps, was splinted and the flash burns from the Titan exhaust were treated with gentian violet. He had been in severe pain for the last three hours, since the morphine had worn off, but he did not want more morphine now—not until they knew for sure that the moon rocket had missed.

"She's past due," Wes Kirby's voice said beside him in the darkness. "Eight minutes and twelve seconds, to be exact."

"Radar lost it?"

"Two hours ago," Kirby said. "There's too much junk flying around out there—meteors, space dust, heaven knows what. When you turn your gain up high enough to track your missile, you bring in a whole howling wilderness of blips."

Gibney took a look through the powerful telescope they'd set up beside his bed. The moon looked awesomely close through the lenses, a huge shadowed globe pocked with dark craters and striated with ridges and mysterious patches. The thin sickle edge was so bright in magnification that it made him squint a little. He was in strong pain now. The burns were on fire and the broken leg throbbed sharply every time his heart beat. He tried to put his mind on something else.

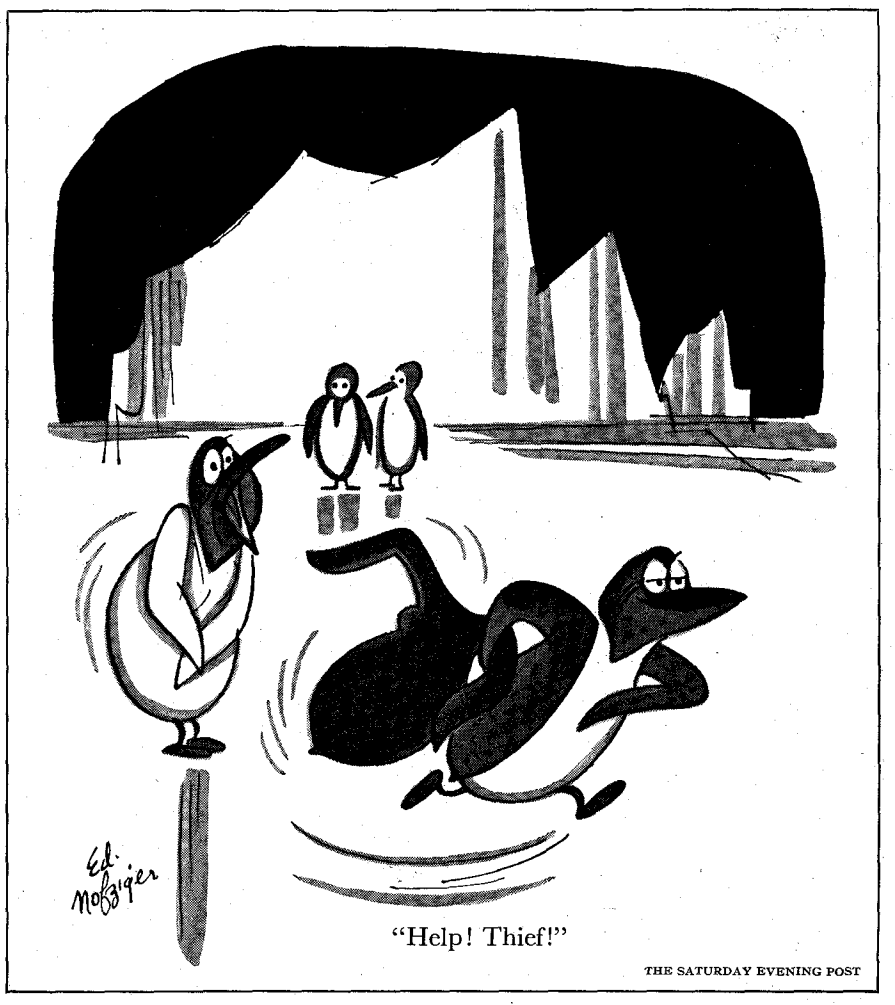
"What caused the hold-down failure, Wes?"

Wes Kirby chuckled. "A twenty-cent hydraulic line," he said. "The little rascal broke and pulled all the pressure out of the locking pin. Then the hydraulic fluid drained down into a main junction box and shorted the whole works. It's real crazy. You rig up five thousand safety checks and one little hunk of tubing blows the ball game."

Twenty cents' worth of tubing, Gibney thought. *Four minutes of time.* They could change a man's life. He could hack it now. He knew that. No problem. No banishment to Thule. No RIF. He closed his eyes. He was very tired.

And then, beside him, Wes Kirby spoke in a tight, almost savage whisper, "Gib—quick—the moon."

He brought it to him, close and clear, through the telescope. A spot, bright and vivid as the sun, had burned itself starkly in the dark lower quadrant of the moon, rather close to the sickle edge. The spot held, pure white, for perhaps ten seconds. Then it faded gradually through yellow and orange, glowed like a dying cigarette ember, and went out. The surface of the moon, riding serenely across the void of space, was dark again. THE END



"Help! Thief!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Chains of Fear (Continued from Page 39)

behind the table to the edge of the low platform. A hundred eyes were looking at him, unable to turn away. No one was smoking now. Lyubkin loomed large, even enormous. He was overpowering. He held them all in his hands. Each felt the grasp of these hands upon him, a power before which he himself was nothing. This power was not Lyubkin. It stood behind him, invisible, unspecified, unnamed, but each of them sensed it instinctively, as a man senses the burden of an overhanging cliff ready to crash down upon him.

"We're going to start working differently," Lyubkin continued. "No one's going to spare himself. We're going to arrest a minimum of five people per section daily. Whatever means you use to get your confessions and denunciations is your business. I'm not going to stick my nose into your methods, but I'm not going to teach you either. And"—he raised his head—"remember this, once and for all, and don't forget it! Concerning your methods of investigation, whatever they are, I'm not permitting you anything and I'm not ordering anything. Understand? And if afterward someone's going to have to answer for these methods, you will be the ones to answer, not me. I'm going to look upon any inability as deliberate reluctance to fulfill the party task, as malicious subversion and as intentional connivance with the enemies of the people—that is, as sabotage on the NKVD battle front. You know the meaning of that."

No one moved in the hushed hall. The power standing behind Lyubkin was felt more strongly, more and more tangibly. But the more strongly and tangibly it was felt, the more unfathomable it became. All the people sitting in the hall were Communists, members of the party, and each had the red party booklet in his pocket. But listening to Lyubkin, looking at Lyubkin, all understood—there was no Communism in this hall. Communism was not necessary here. Communism was merely the catchword of yesterday to be sworn by today, to curse on the morrow.

Lyubkin was nearly through. He outlined the daily schedule, ordered shifts to be drawn up for the Secretariat and the *Kommandatura*. Then, relaxing, he added quietly, in an almost friendly tone, "Let's break it up, boys. There's nothing more to be said. Get the necessary instructions from your section chiefs and talk over the technicalities with them. There's no use to go on yapping. That's that. Now"—he raised his voice—"to Comrade Stalin—our Chekist cheer. . . . Oorah!"

At once, everyone stood and took up the cheer. They prolonged their cheering over a long period, trying not to let it die or allow it to lull, and they shouted as loud as they could. Lyubkin stood on the edge of the low platform, looking fixedly into the front and rear ranks. He stood listening about ten seconds more; then turned, not abruptly, but decisively.

"Let's go!" He nodded to Suprunov, and they went out without waiting for the end of the cheering.

Hardly had the door closed upon them when the shouting became irregular, died away and stopped. Then everyone speeded to an exit. They left in silence, glancing at one another with hastily stolen looks.

Lyubkin set up his bedroom next to the office and moved into the directorate. He left rarely, and always in such a way that no one except Suprunov knew where he was going or for how long. He drove out only with his chauffeur, who remained bluntly and stubbornly silent, and whom people were afraid to question. Nevertheless, it was learned that Lyubkin had found himself a woman, had set up an apartment for her in the House of Authors. However, no one took it upon himself to inquire into the details.

In mid-August he went to Moscow. He did not remain long—a few days in all. On his return, he called in his department heads and talked with them all night. The following day it became known that there were to be many arrests among the ranking military personnel of the district. In the directorate they talked about this only briefly, in undertones, and looked at one another questioningly.

In the evening Lyubkin called Suprunov into his office. The latter advanced to the desk and stood expectantly, with the respectful attitude of a subordinate, his hands at his trousers seams. Neither in his posture nor in his expression was there any solicitude, but only subservient willingness and accentuated subordination. In spite of his close friendship with Lyubkin over many years, Suprunov always conducted himself exactly in this way when on official business. Lyubkin joked about this manner of his, but Suprunov stubbornly adhered to it.

It was said of Suprunov that he was a model executive and enjoyed being a model executive—attentive, efficient and stiffly correct. He was short but well proportioned, with broad shoulders and a solid, muscular build. His movements were quiet, but full of assurance. His voice was even. His eyes were cold. They looked as if they had been varnished. His uniform fitted him well, almost dandily, and he was always smoothly and carefully shaved, with his hair painstakingly parted.

Lyubkin raised his eyes and, seeing Suprunov's posture, smiled. "No, no, Pavlusha, I didn't call you in about official matters. I—just to talk."

Suprunov did not appear to move, but all signs of subordination disappeared at once from his posture and his facial expression, and he relaxed.

Lyubkin stood. "I'd like to talk," he said, looking around the office. "Let's go over there." He nodded his head toward another part of the room. "Bring a chair."

Both took armchairs and carried them away from the desk. Somewhere near the desk a microphone was hidden, and it was known that someone under orders was listening in on everything that was said. Lyubkin never asked about the microphone and never talked privately with anyone except Suprunov, but he was always consumed with irritation and spite at the thought of it. The microphone degraded him.

Lyubkin had no close friends except Suprunov. They had been thrown together in civil-war days and since then had never separated. Recently, however, it seemed to Lyubkin that Suprunov did not approve of him—Suprunov so often kept a censuring silence.

When Lyubkin wanted to have a frank talk with Suprunov, remembering about the microphone, he went into the latter's office or repaired with him to that distant corner of his own office where the unseen ears could not hear. They put their chairs close to each other and sat down.

Lyubkin leaned right up to Suprunov's ear. "Tell me about Yatsenko," he said softly.

Yatsenko, the chief of the Third Section, had blown his brains out while Lyubkin was in Moscow.

Suprunov did not answer right away. "It's a shady business," he said at last without expression.

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"But just the same ——" said Lyubkin, looking at him insistently.

"To tell you in a few words, you have to assume that his nerves couldn't stand the strain."

"How much brutality is there during interrogations?" Lyubkin asked, whispering because of the microphone.

"Some are brutal, some aren't." Suprunov frowned. "Buzuk and Salamatov get worked up, but the rest hold back. They cut a man up, and at the same time they look away. What will happen if they have to answer for it afterward? After all, there's no permission."

"And there won't be," Lyubkin murmured gloomily. "In case anything happens, everything will be dumped on our boys. They'll be said to have gone beyond their authority."

"That's right."

"That's exactly right," Lyubkin repeated emphatically.

Suprunov got up, shut off the overhead light and turned on the desk lamp. The room was almost dark. He walked around the office and stopped again close by Lyubkin's chair, where he bent over, almost to his friend's ear.

"What's it all for?" he asked, insistently but evenly and without apparent feeling.

"What do you mean, 'it all'?"

"All that we're doing and are going to do. This Yezhov campaign. What's it for? What's the goal? Do you know?"

Lyubkin remained heavily silent. He flexed his jowls.

"Do you know?" Suprunov repeated. "How do you interpret it?"

"Myself? I see it this way—obedience. Or still better, submission."

"Submission?" Suprunov asked. "Whose submission? To whom?" He sat down.

Lyubkin turned his eyes to him: "Listen, Pavlusha. Take the collective farms, for instance. Every grain for the state! This is the way I see it: grain for the state—that isn't the reality. The reality is that each peasant must feel that whatever we want to do with him, he will do; and he himself can't do a thing. That's what it's all about, Pavlusha."

Suprunov scowled at him.

"Take Stakhanovism, for instance. You think they got that up to increase production? Partly, yes. But it's not all; not the reality. The reality, Pavlusha, is this: the worker must understand that he has to work like a Stakhanovite, and in no other way—not in his own way. They've got to hammer into his skull that he has no 'own way' and that he can't have, ever. He shouldn't dream of an 'own way.'"

"Go on," said Suprunov. His scowl deepened.

"There's no more to go on about. That's all. It's just there that you have the truth—all of it. The reality is that a hundred and eighty million people must be brought to submission so that each will realize he doesn't exist! Get it? I don't exist! I'm an empty space! And that's the only reality!" He stressed this word especially, finishing with a strange note in his voice.

Suprunov was quiet. He lit a cigarette, blew out a long stream of smoke and asked, "So, what then?"

"It's clear!" Lyubkin shrugged his shoulders. "Our work now is not really to fight enemies of the people. What enemies anyway? Where are they? Who are they? Just citizens who aren't guilty of anything—you and I know that. This work, this Yezhov campaign, is got up to hammer a nail into every cell of the brain: 'I don't exist!' You and I are charged to drive people to such a point that once you put a horse collar in front of them, they'll go into it by themselves. Submission! Such submission that they don't even realize they're doing anything but going into the collar of their own free will, because only in the collar lies their safety. There you have your reality!"

"Submission to whom?" Suprunov asked sharply.

Lyubkin raised his eyes to him. He was silent a moment. "Well, that I just don't know, Pavlusha."

"You don't know? Really? What do you mean, you don't know? You know very well; you don't have the right not to know! Submission to whom? To the party! To the construction of Communism." A malicious joke sounded in his voice, almost mockery.

"The party?" Lyubkin seconded his tone. "Communism? Why, hasn't our Communist Party already submitted? She's gone into the collar, too, to such an extent that she thinks that she herself is the collar."

"Well, all right; that's enough then," Suprunov almost shouted at him. "Shut up!"

"I'll shut up." Lyubkin winked at him slyly. "I'll shut up just like that, not a word. I'll sign the accusations, submit them in triplicate. As many men as must be destroyed, I'll destroy them. I'll shut up! But don't have any doubts, if our Communist Party is ordered tomorrow to throw Lenin's corpse out of the Mausoleum, to lay Karl Marx in and to spit on Communism, then she'll throw Lenin out, lay Marx in and spit. And not from obedience, but because she'll think that she herself wants it that way."

"And after we've carried out the Yezhov campaign," said Suprunov, "then she'll submit even more; she'll submit completely. But to whom? To whom will she submit?"

Lyubkin looked at him again, questioningly. He looked and was silent once more.

"To whom? To submission," he said finally. "Everything will submit to submission—the party, the people and life."

Suprunov got up from his chair again. He did not like to sit down for long.

"You're right about that. Submission," he said evenly; "what more?"

"Nothing more. Not Communism anyway. That's just theory."

"Agh!" Suprunov brushed it aside contemptuously. "That's for idiots."

• •

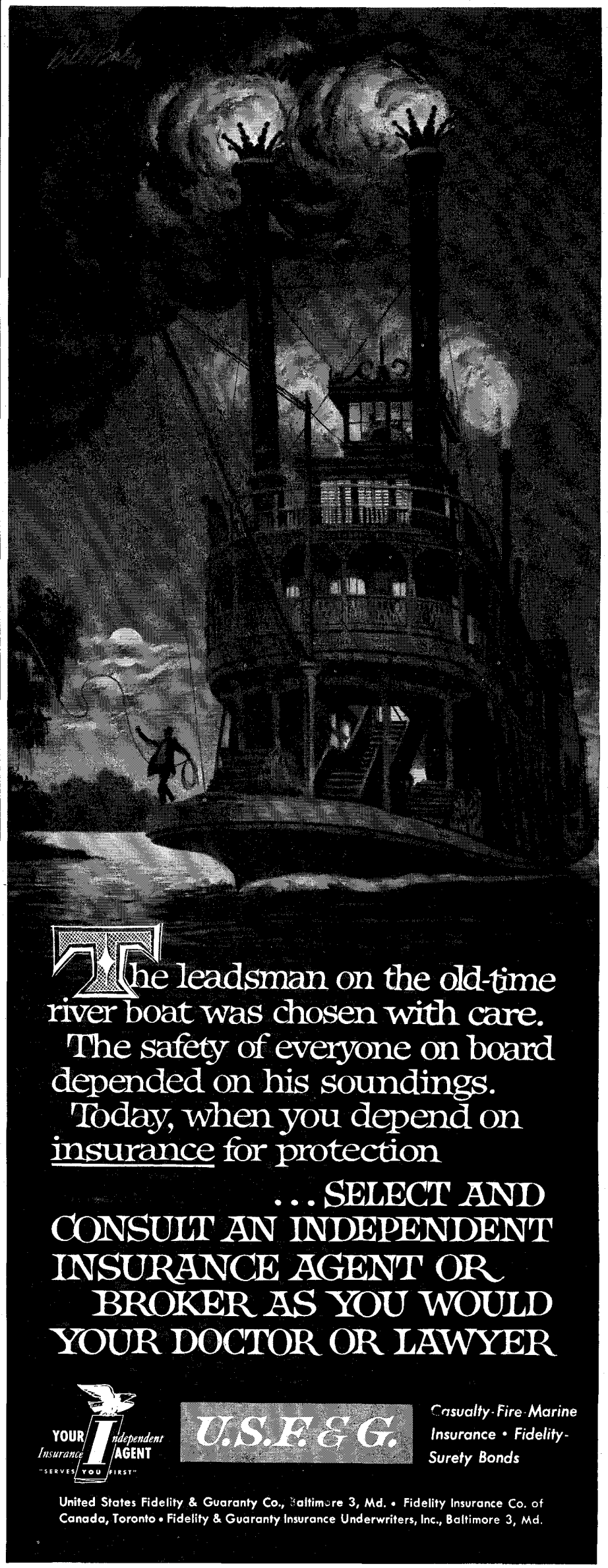
Wandering Dane

By Edward Shenton

The prodigal is home again,
Penitent that he had gone
Without good-bys, or saying
when
He would return. He
brought along
His fatted calf, a ground
hog, dead,
To bury in the flower bed.

He looks at me with
mournful eye,
A wry grin on his massive
jaw;
I cannot guess, although I
try,
The canine wonders that he
saw.
Prodigiously, he yawns and
goes
With errant dreams to
earned repose.

• •


The leadsman on the old-time river boat was chosen with care.
The safety of everyone on board depended on his soundings.
Today, when you depend on insurance for protection
...SELECT AND CONSULT AN INDEPENDENT INSURANCE AGENT OR BROKER AS YOU WOULD YOUR DOCTOR OR LAWYER
YOUR Insurance Independent AGENT "SERVES YOU FIRST"
U.S.F.&G.
Casualty-Fire-Marine Insurance • Fidelity-Surety Bonds
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"Only for idiots," repeated Lyubkin quietly and assuredly. "You—I think that way too."

Suprunov walked the length of the office and came back. "When you were a boy, did you like to drive horses?" he asked.

"Why, sure. Of course." Lyubkin looked at him in surprise.

"Just that! Reins in your hands—that's really something. Everything's in them. Those reins! And now I'm holding reins in my hands, reins that control thousands of lives—thousands of lives controlled by the reins in my hands."

"M'm. Yes!" Lyubkin drawled vaguely, understanding him very well, but somehow not agreeing with him. "Reins. Yes, the reins are in your hands now, and you have thousands of human lives on the end of them. You're right. But ——"

He looked at Suprunov and smiled straight into his eyes. "You've got the reins in your hands? Are you so sure? Well, all right. But just this: those reins—are they real?" He stretched so that his bones cracked. "Well, enough of this tongue wagging. Let's get to work."

Elena Dmitrievna Kudryatseva was the name of Lyubkin's woman. She was extraordinarily beautiful, with that rare beauty which suggests tenderness and innocence. But, in addition, somewhere in the depths of her eyes and the corners of her mouth was concealed something malicious, affected and depraved.

No one knew how she had met Lyubkin. When she first took up with him, she announced that she was leaving her job at the school. Lyubkin listened to her decision indifferently and did not argue.

"As you like," he said. "As long as I'm here, of course, you don't need the school, but they could transfer me away, you know."

"Yes. You will get an assignment in Rumania?"

"When did I say so? I never said any such thing!"

"Quite a while ago. I don't remember." Elena Dmitrievna turned away indifferently. "But if"—she changed her tone—"if you were actually assigned to Rumania, couldn't you take me along?"

Lyubkin smiled contemptuously. "I can't manage with heavy baggage."

"Am I so heavy?"

"In my business all unnecessary burdens are heavy."

She looked at him with an odd little sneer, as if she were either examining something or scoffing at something.

Lyubkin had set her up in a small, private, two-room apartment and had helped her to dress smartly. He was unaware of the fact that at school they called her "Milady Slut," but whenever he looked at her or thought about her, he invariably said the same word to himself, *A real slut.* Not at all ashamed, he told her frankly that he considered her a slut.

She took no offense. She thought for a minute, as if she were checking something. "Yes!" she agreed. "You're right, I am a slut."

It had been agreed between them not to discuss official matters or anything which concerned the directorate. "Just you start talking," Lyubkin said, "and I'll get up and leave. Leave for good."

"But if you start talking about it yourself? Let's say you're drunk. What should I do then?"

Lyubkin smiled; he had heard something in her voice.

"If you weren't a slut, I'd ask you to stop me if I start talking."

"But, after all, I am a slut." Her innocent eyes squinted and then turned straight at him. "So what will you tell me, a slut?"

"I'll just tell you this: eat, dog, while the eating's good."

Elena Dmitrievna burst out in sincere, but at the same time mocking, laughter.

Lyubkin observed that she seemed not at all covetous and demanded nothing of him, neither money nor presents. This pleased him, although it did not fit his understanding of her. She puzzled him—for what reason, then, had she taken up with him?

"What do you do all day long when I'm not here?" Lyubkin asked.

"I go to see my girl friend," Elena Dmitrievna answered just as unconcernedly.

"And what do you do there?"

"We talk."

"And what else do you do?"

"I read. I'm studying English. I know French well, but English badly. And maybe I'll get to England sometime."

"Hardly. They won't let you."

"I'll run away."

"They'll catch you."

"I'll run away so that no one will know it. I'll have people thinking that I don't intend to run away."

"You'll have to find a clever way to do it!"

"I'll find a way. Maybe I have found one already."

"How do you mean?"

"Just that."

"Make sense! There's no use tying everything up in riddles! It annoys me."

"I can't, it's taboo."

"What do you mean, taboo?"

"That means 'forbidden.'"

"Well, then, we don't have anything to talk about? We'll play silence?"

"Well, why not silence?"

"With your girl friend—you talk?"

"I talk."

There were no words of love between them. They did not even exchange words of tenderness. Lyubkin was not inclined to use them, and Elena Dmitrievna somehow disdained them. Relations were frankly businesslike. But he did not see how, when she had closed the door behind him, she would go back into the room with a little smile full of malice and concealed thoughts.

A week after Semenov's visit, something unexpected occurred at the office. The senior typist came to Evlalia Grigorievna and in an emphatic yet mysterious way told her that she was wanted by the director in his office.

"They want me?" said Evlalia Grigorievna in amazement, staring up at the senior typist standing next to her.

"Yes, you! So go on."

Perplexed, Evlalia Grigorievna got up and went off uncertainly, her heart palpitating. She had no more than left the room when a buzz broke out among the other typists. They, at least, knew what it meant to be summoned by the director.

The director, Nikolai Zakharovich Chubuk, was a mellowed, jolly man, a little on the fleshy side. He was convinced that he was surrounded by loyal people and, therefore, was always affectionately good-humored, liberal and not at all demanding about office routine.

Evlalia Grigorievna went to the secretary's office, but remained hesitantly in the doorway.

"They sent for—me?" she inquired, her voice falling.

The director's private secretary, a woman well past her youth, with hair bleached a pale straw color and heavy make-up on her face, looked Evlalia Grigorievna over. At one time Chubuk had enjoyed his secretary's company, but she had been unable to capture him permanently, for Chubuk liked them fresh and inexperienced. She had immediately realized her position, and exchanged the role of favorite mistress for patroness and organizer.

Her glance appraised Evlalia Grigorievna. "Comrade Sheptareva?"

"Yes. They told me that ——"

"Wait a minute; I'll announce you." She nodded toward a chair standing against the wall and went through a door covered by a heavy curtain, returning almost at once.

"Go in." She nodded toward the door.

Evlalia Grigorievna moved timidly up to the door, opened it just enough to let herself slip through and, upon entering Chubuk's office, stopped short, nonplused.

Chubuk sat at a large desk, reading a typewritten page and hastily going over the lines with a thick red pencil. Raising his head, he saw Evlalia Grigorievna, and almost immediately a look of sly amusement appeared in his eyes.

"Comrade Sheptareva?" he asked gently and warmly. "Well, come here. Sit down."

He indicated a soft chair in front of the desk. Evlalia Grigorievna made no sound as she advanced. For no reason she could understand, she was suddenly so embarrassed that she dared not look at him.

"Ye-e-s!" he said slowly, smiling at her. "So that's the kind you are. I didn't know."

"What?" She gave him a frightened look.

"I didn't know you, I say! There are a lot of people on the staff. Could you remember them all? All right, I'll know now. . . . But this is what I want from you: Do you understand French?"

"Yes, I ——"

"Well, that's fine. I have a French journal with an article in it. Here!" He took the journal from a drawer in his desk. "Myself, I couldn't tell you what *pardon* or *merci* means, but I need this article, see? About bricks. Can you translate it? In a couple of weeks, eh?"

He leaned back in his armchair and stared at her while she leafed through the article. He smiled shrewdly, and his eyes gleamed with a look of lively good nature. "Well, what about it? Can you translate it?" he repeated.

"Yes," Evlalia Grigorievna answered with an effort. "It's fairly simple."

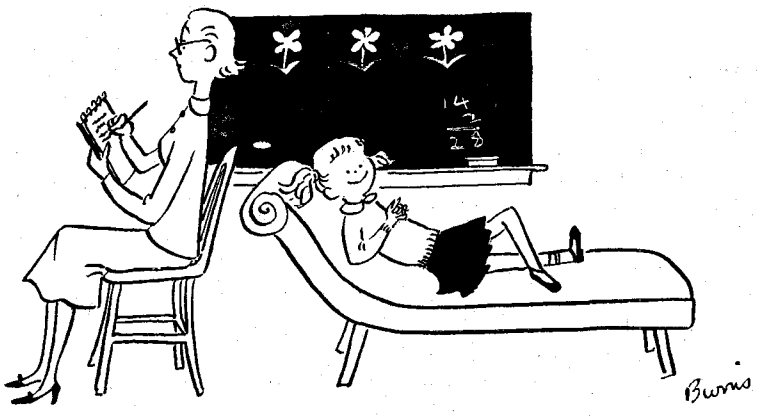
"But what can be complicated about a brick?" joked Chubuk. "A brick is a brick—clay and water. But the point is —— After all, I know that here in the office it's hard to do translating. People walking around, talking and interrupting—you'd never finish it here. So this is what you do: Go home and work. I'll let you off for a couple of weeks and reckon it as a special job. Will that do? You translate the article and type it up for me, and then I'll read it over and see what's what. Can you finish it in two weeks?"

"But it's very short—only ten pages," said Evlalia Grigorievna. "I can do it in three days."

"No, no, no!" Chubuk shook his head energetically. His laughing eyes contained a look of subtle approval. "Don't be in a rush! First of all, I'm in no hurry; and secondly, I want the best possible translation. What's the use of hurrying?" He gave a friendly wink, as if openly alluding to some secret they shared. "The revolution is not going to suffer if you stay at home an extra day. You have a typewriter," he said, not in question, but in affirmation.

"Yes, I have." Evlalia Grigorievna flushed.

"So just tell your supervisor that I'm giving you two weeks' leave for a special job," said Chubuk. "And—but you know how it is with Semenov," he concluded unexpectedly.



The Perfect Squelch

Tommy's mother was invited to school near the close of the term to see for herself how the children improved with modern, progressive education. The young teacher condescendingly explained it all. She talked as if every mother in the room were ninety years old and mentally backward. Then Tommy's mother was given a front-row seat to watch the wonders of the new education.

At one point, the children, given full release from restraint, nearly tore the classroom to pieces. They did calisthenics on the floor, shoved around desks and chairs, and swung from wall fixtures.

"See how wonderfully they respond to group dynamics?" the teacher gushed. "They make their own personality adjustments. You never had anything like that, I'm sure."

"Oh, yes, we did," Tommy's mother replied. "Only we called it recess then."

Garry Sands

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"What?" exclaimed Evlalia Grigorievna. She was astonished. Semenov's name, suddenly linked to this mysterious assignment, seemed unnatural and unpleasant.

Chubuk grinned. "He's a fine fellow, isn't he? Yes, sir! But aren't we all fine fellows?" He sighed. "Well, all right, there's nothing more for the moment. You can go."

The mysterious job that Evlalia Grigorievna had received created a sensation in the typists' office. When the senior typist heard what the director had ordered, she looked askance at Evlalia Grigorievna, smiling to herself, and said almost approvingly, "Well, well! For two weeks?"

So Evlalia Grigorievna no longer went to the office, but began working at home. She completed the translation of the brick article the first day and took another day to correct it. When she had gone over it, she was still in doubt. Had she correctly understood the technical expressions? Which was best: "The preparation of the clay mass" or "The manufacture of the clay mass"?

The job over, she had a great deal of free time and not only was able to finish Semenov's work but managed to attend to a thousand household trifles which she had been putting off.

When she finished typing Semenov's manuscript—it was highly specialized: The Aromatic Plants of Turkestan—and assembled all the pages, the thick stack of paper made her feel more sure of herself, somehow stronger. *After all, it's a lot of money*, she thought. *I would lower the price, I would lower it with pleasure. Typists get one and a half rubles, even as low as a ruble per page. He may think I'm greedy.* But she could not contain her excitement about receiving a lot of money, and shared her plans with Sophia Dmitrievna.

"Four hundred pages. Why, that's eight hundred rubles, Sophia Dmitrievna!" She surrendered to her joy. "I've already received two hundred and they are gone. Papa needed them. But that's all right; I'll be getting six hundred more. Just think, I only bring home two hundred a month in all, and here is six hundred coming! I'll go have a look in the flea market for shoes for Shurik. Perhaps I can find him a warm hat and gloves for the winter—and he'll be getting an egg every day now, for sure! And I can bring him butter."

"Don't let your papa get ahold of it all, Little Bluebird. He could lick that money off you so fast you wouldn't even notice it."

"Sophia Dmitrievna!"

"I know what goes on! Your Shurik won't have time to develop a taste for eggs and butter before Grigory Mikhailovich will have whistled away all those rubles of yours, believe me. Don't keep your money at home, and don't leave it in plain sight or in an open box."

"Sophia Dmitrievna!" exclaimed Evlalia Grigorievna again.

"I've been called Sophia Dmitrievna for sixty-eight years now, but you can't hide anything from me or make me ashamed of knowing what I know. You understand as well as I do."

Evlalia Grigorievna counted off three weeks from the time of Semenov's last visit and decided that he would send for the work toward the beginning of September. But Semenov did not send for it; he came himself, at two o'clock in the afternoon, when neither Evlalia Grigorievna nor Grigory Mikhailovich was at home. Sophia Dmitrievna opened the door to him.

"Is Citizeness Sheptareva at home?" he asked. Sophia Dmitrievna had never seen him until now, but at a glance she guessed right away that this was he, Semenov.

"Not home," she said. Her lined face expressed her disappointment. "And Grigory Mikhailovich isn't here either. Evlalia Grigorievna went to the store with the boy about a half an hour ago. She is coming back soon, coming back right away. Can you wait?" Invitingly she opened the door wider.

Semenov hesitated and looked at his watch. "All right, I'll wait," he decided.

Sophia Dmitrievna stepped aside and let him into the vestibule. He went rapidly and confidently along the familiar corridor, and she after him, barely keeping up.

"You will have to wait in my little room, though, because theirs is locked. Right here, please."

Semenov went in. The room was, in fact, so small that it was difficult to understand why it had been sectioned off when the apartment house was built. Along the longer wall was a tidy bed, and against the short wall stood a table with a chair near it. The bed took up nearly the whole width of the room, so that there remained only a narrow passage through to the table where Shurik played when he stayed at Sophia Dmitrievna's. But there was an astonishing neatness about everything: the floor, peeled to the wood, was clean; the bed was made meticulously without a single crease, and each object was so located that there could be no doubt that it was in its proper place. The room smelled of orderly, clean age.

"Please be seated," Sophia Dmitrievna invited affably, pushing up a chair. Semenov sat down and immediately looked around. It was his manner. At once he spotted two darkened icons in the corner, the Saviour and the Georgian Holy Mother. Sophia Dmitrievna caught his look.

"My grandmother's," she said proudly. "All my life they've been hanging near me because I believe in God very much."

She waited expectantly, as if uncertain whether or not she should prepare herself for argument, but Semenov nodded his head. "Just as you should," he said positively. "One such as you should do just that—believe in God and hang icons."

She did not reply, but looked at him as if uncomprehending. Because it was very crowded in the room, their chairs were against each other and they sat side by side, almost touching.

"You've even got a little lamp hanging up there," added Semenov suddenly.

"I light it on Saturdays," said Sophia Dmitrievna. "Every Saturday evening and Sunday morning."

"And why not every day?"

"May God forgive me!" Sophia Dmitrievna shook her head. "My means don't permit it. And what's more, you can't find lamp oil anywhere now, so I pour sunflower-seed oil in, and, you know, it burns badly; you have to adjust it all the time. In one night such a coating gets on the wick that the lamp just up and goes out!"

"There is no lamp oil now," Semenov observed impersonally.

"None at all," sadly acknowledged Sophia Dmitrievna.

They spoke in different tones, but, strangely, it was as if both were speaking with one voice and expressing one thought.

"When the lamp is burning it's really nice, warmer? Eh?" said Semenov unexpectedly.

"Of course it's warmer! And Little Bluebird likes it—on Saturdays she always sits in my place. 'Let's warm the soul a little, Sophia Dmitrievna,' she says."

(*Continued on Page 83*)

GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE, SAN FRANCISCO

Big news on the road today is Quaker State. It's preferred by more and more people the world over who really care about their cars. This superb pure Pennsylvania motor oil keeps engines cleaner, gives smoother performance—and lasts longer! Wherever you drive, always ask for **Quaker State**... *it's the best motor oil money can buy!*

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WHETHER you're at your favorite neighborhood theatre . . . or a drive-in . . . you'll agree today's modern people are feature attractions. Their trim, slender figures are the happy result of the modern trend toward lighter, less-filling food and drink.

Pepsi-Cola heartily supports this sensible diet plan. For today's Pepsi, reduced in calories, is never heavy, never too sweet. It's the modern, the *light* refreshment. Say "Pepsi, please"!

PEPSI-COLA

The Light refreshment

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(*Continued from Page 81*)

"What little bluebird?"

"Why, Evlalia Grigorievna!"

"Why do you call her Little Bluebird?" It was as if Semenov, while not surprised, was suddenly joyful.

"Oh, because—she's just a little bluebird!"

Semenov raised his eyes, looked straight ahead and thought momentarily. "The Little Bluebird must be having a hard life," he murmured.

"Hard?" exclaimed Sophia Dmitrievna. "So hard that it's impossible to describe. Her husband in exile; her little son —— Her father around her neck like a millstone. He's so demanding you couldn't find worse."

"How's that?"

"How's that? I couldn't begin to tell you. I've lived in the world sixty-eight years now, and I've never seen such a person. A real parasite—everything from others to himself. But from himself to others, that he doesn't understand. When his wife was alive he lived on her work, and afterward he hung on his son-in-law's neck, and now he is sucking out his daughter's life and stealing from his own grandson."

"That bad?"

"Just that bad."

"And the Little Bluebird, what's she like?"

"What's she like? She's—she's—why, she's a little bluebird, that's all. 'After all, he's my papa.' That's all she says. You don't know her."

"But I do," Semenov said softly, yet firmly and positively.

Sophia Dmitrievna looked at him and took him by the elbow in a friendly way. "You have given her work." Her voice softened. "You have done just right in that. Already my Little Bluebird is dreaming and dreaming—and she is buying Shurik a coat and gloves and shoes. 'I can feed him butter and eggs now,' she says. She dreams and her eyes shine—they shine—they really shine. Before, they only cried, you know; they just cried and cried, not sobbing or choking, but with no sound at all. The tears flow and flow, and no one can dry them."

"We'll dry them," said Semenov.

Sophia Dmitrievna believed it immediately. Moved in her whole being, her old-woman's mouth trembled, and starting to blink her eyes, she took him unceremoniously by the shoulders, turning him directly toward her. "If you could ——" she said. "If you could only just dry half her tears, then—then ——" She did not know how to finish. "If you have any sins before God, you just go bravely before His court. He will forgive," she said at last.

"Sins?" Semenov raised his head. "Sins? Perhaps there aren't any sins at all. Perhaps they're just our inventions, eh? We think up a lot of inventions and then go about with them as if we are bound to them. Isn't that really it?"

"Just let your soul tell you whether there are sins or not," answered Sophia Dmitrievna. "That's an affair for souls."

Semenov smiled. "What kind of a thing is this soul? Where is it? What's in it? It doesn't exist, mother." He paused. "But at the same time I'll say this: while I know positively and with all my right reason that there is no soul in a man, I hardly begin to think that when right away something calls out in me, 'You're lying! Here I am!' Now, why is that?"

"You see!" replied Sophia Dmitrievna. She poked him convincingly two or three times in his chest. "It's there. It's there all right."

Semenov smiled again. Actually he was beginning to feel very good in this little room. Had he been asked if he liked it here, he would have shrugged his shoulders—what was there to like? But everything here was simple, and therefore easy and understandable.

Here, in this little room, with this old lady whom he did not know, everything was made plain with a deft, simple and intimate clarity—that she believed in God "very much," that she loved her "Little Bluebird" and did not love the father, and that life was hard for "Little Bluebird."

Here it was possible to think as one wished and what one wanted. To him, the words which Sophia Dmitrievna was speaking and which he himself was speaking did not contain in themselves anything particularly meaningful, but there was a great charm in them for him; they were his—his own. A warm droplet of joy, tiny and hardly noticeable, thrilled inside him. *It's as if I'd taken off tight boots*, he thought.

"Well, we'll dry the tears," he repeated. "Not all of them, maybe, but maybe we can dry a few."

"Dry them, dry them!" said Sophia Dmitrievna. "If you can't help her, whom can you help? Of course, nobody thinks much about helping his fellow man these days, but ——"

She seemed about to add something more, but suddenly broke off, listening. She winked at him in a kindly way and, opening the door a little, looked out into the hall. "She's here," she whispered conspiratorially, turning happily to Semenov. "The door to their room banged."

He got up. "Evlalia Grigorievna?"

"Either she or Grigory Mikhailovich. Yes, it must be she. I'll go and see right away."

"No, I'll go myself." Semenov moved from his place.

"All right, you go yourself then. There's their door, the third on the left."

"I know. Well, good-by then. Sophia Dmitrievna, isn't it?" Semenov smiled his smile.

"Sophia Dmitrievna!" she said. "Sophia Dmitrievna Divilkova! And you, I understand, are Comrade Semenov?"

"The very same!"

He went into the corridor, up to the door and knocked. Directly, however, without waiting for an answer, he went in. But Evlalia Grigorievna was not there.

Grigory Mikhailovich was standing at the window, and turned at once, smiling and moving eagerly to meet him. "A great pleasure! A great pleasure!" he said, stretching out his hand while still advancing. "Lalka and I were just thinking about you today. She's not at home now, unfortunately, but ——" He pushed up a chair with a graceful sweep and, still smiling, wavered a little.

Semenov scowled. "If she's not home, then I'll go."

"Oh, please! She's coming back any minute!" cried Grigory Mikhailovich. "And your work is already done!" he added, breaking into a wider smile. "Day and night, you might say, I worked with my daughter in order not to finish late and—now it's ready ahead of time."

"You? What about you? Did you work too?" Semenov asked. He smiled mockingly and sat down on the chair.

"Well, I ——" Grigory Mikhailovich lowered his eyes modestly and sat rather gingerly. "I helped her in what I could. I helped her and—dictated, you know." He remembered that Evlalia Grigorievna had hinted to him several times that it was easier and faster to type from dictation.

Semenov merely looked at him.

"I'd give you your work, of course, but unfortunately I just don't know where Lalka put it." He smiled with insinuating significance. "She is so thankful to you for the help that, really, it is hard to describe." He assumed his confidential, intimate tone, "Her life is still ahead. And if someone meets her, he won't be making a mistake if he chooses her. Affectionate, tender, devoted"—he started to lisp sentimentally—"and most important, straightforward! And astonishingly undemanding! Most women like all kinds of finery and baubles, but she doesn't need all that; she respects a man for what he is. And"—he half giggled—"it's even funny; she's not at all attracted to young men or to men her own age. As I see it, she likes fully matured men better—sound and strong with a will of their own. That's understandable—weakness is attracted to strength!" He sighed. "And I know, with kind treatment and sympathy, it's easy to win her, and then she'll be ideal."

Semenov did not reply, but only shot Grigory Mikhailovich an unfriendly glance, looked at his watch and rose from his chair.

"Well, I'm leaving."

"Wait a while!" Grigory Mikhailovich entreated, leaping up. "She'll be sorry that you didn't find her at home; she'll be so sorry. I should tell you"—he lowered his voice as if he were letting out a secret—"that she thinks about you and talks about you with me very often. She doesn't have any acquaintances at all, and a person who has acted toward her the way you have ——"

"I'm leaving," Semenov interrupted sharply and unceremoniously. Without offering his hand, he turned toward the door.

"But when are you coming back? When are you coming back?" Grigory Mikhailovich ran up to him from behind, first on the right, then on the left. "I'll tell her and she'll wait for you. She'll hand over the work to you and —— She'll be so sorry you didn't find her here; she'll be so sorry!"

"I'll come around in a few days," mumbled Semenov. Without turning, he went into the corridor.

"But when? When exactly?" Almost skipping, Grigory Mikhailovich ran after him. "It will be awful if you come back and don't find her home again."

Semenov did not answer, but hurried rapidly along the hall. He opened the door himself and went out onto the stairs.

"Good-by! Then I'll tell her! She'll be waiting for you!" Grigory Mikhailovich shouted after him.

Semenov went down one flight and stopped. He thought for a minute and spat with disgust. Then suddenly, at the next turning, he saw Evlalia Grigorievna. She was coming up, holding Shurik by the hand. Glancing up and recognizing Semenov, she started.

"Ah, hello there!" he said. "I was at your place."

"Oh, I—I went to the store, but ——" She stopped for a minute.

Standing two steps below him, she looked up from below, while he looked down from above; and there was something in that which they both sensed.

"I'll drop in later. Right now I haven't any more time," he said. "I waited for you half an hour," he added almost angrily, "first with Sophia Dmitrievna, and then I talked with your father. My time's used up. I have to go."

"But perhaps you'll come in just the same?" she proposed uncertainly, not knowing whether she had the right to insist.

"I can't now. Another time."

"Your work is ready," she murmured.

"I know. That's all right, I'll come for it later. So, good-by."

"Good-by, Pavel Petrovich."

"Aha, you remembered," he laughed suddenly. "I'll come tomorrow—no, day after tomorrow. In the evening. All right?"

"Of course it's all right!" She lifted her eyes now and looked up at him serenely; and again, for a moment, he felt that everything was good, easy and simple for him, as it had been at Sophia Dmitrievna's.

"Day after tomorrow," he repeated. "Good-by!" He shook hands and started down slowly, but as she reached the landing, before she could turn onto another flight, he called out, "One minute!"

She stopped and turned. He asked "I—I need to know one thing. Have you talked with your father about me?"

"What do you mean, talked?" Evlalia Grigorievna did not understand.

"In general! Did you talk? Did you ever talk about me? Even anything? Even one word?"

"No," answered Evla perplexed. "With papa?

"No? You didn't? I

And without saying started down steadily running.

's slowly look back

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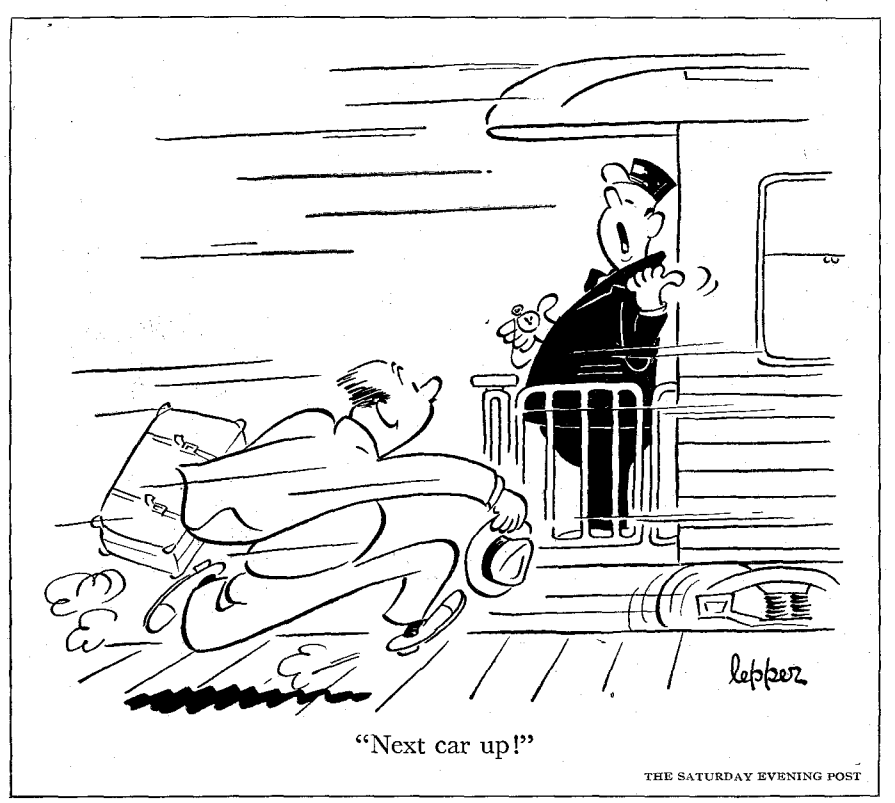

"Next car up!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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For Love of Daisy (Continued from Page 23)

mean so much to you. Why, you haven't even given me a hug since the bus let you off at the corner fifteen minutes ago."

"I didn't get a chance," Daisy said. "Wasn't Fido all over me with his big stupid muddy paws?"

"Well?" Mrs. Hamilcar said.

"Well, what?"

"Well, what's the matter with right now?"

"Golly," Daisy said. "Sometimes I'm absolutely impossible. Just get me a little mad and I think I wouldn't recognize my own mother." She ran to her mother, and they hugged and kissed.

"But I'm still mad at Fido," she said. "And I want a cat."

"Look in your closet for a nice dress, and go on up the hill to Miss Quillercape's."

"I will not."

"Why not?"

"I couldn't pay her a visit unless I had on the dress she gave me. It would be the worst manners in the world between friends like us. Oh, she wouldn't notice, of course. She'd be thrilled to see me, and we'd have hot chocolate and Scotch scones and butter and jam, and we'd talk about everything under the sun, but it wouldn't be the same, and I'd know. I'd know, and I'd die of shame because she'd know I knew, and neither of us would speak of it. We're both ladies that way all the time, and the strain of it would be more than I could bear, that's all. After two long, unbearable weeks at that goody-goody camp."

"Well, we can talk about the camp later. One thing at a time, and first things first. You promised Miss Quillercape to visit her the minute you got home from camp?"

"Yes."

"Wearing the dress she gave you?"

"That wasn't part of the promise, but, of course, I myself had planned it that way, as an expression of my gratitude and appreciation. That's why I put the dress on at camp this morning, and went to so much trouble to keep it clean all the way home—three hours of weary travel! First, we marched from the camp to where a bus was waiting. Then we got on the bus and rode to where the boat was. Then we got on the boat and sailed from Catalina to San Pedro. Then we marched again to where another bus was waiting. Then we got on that bus, and it took us to where the last bus was waiting. Then we got on that bus, and it started and stopped, letting off girls at their houses all over the whole world. And wouldn't I be the last to get off?"

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Hamilcar said.

She got up suddenly and went to the washing machine just beyond the kitchen, her daughter walking behind her, Fido lying in front of the fireplace where Mrs. Hamilcar had ordered him to lie, and stay! A request—a demand—that was now driving the dog mad with curiosity.

He had followed the conversation with anxiety and fascination, waiting desperately for the hardness to leave Daisy's voice—his Daisy, his wonderful Daisy, his beautiful Daisy, his Daisy who had been gone from Oh-Ho Hill for so long, his Daisy he had searched for everywhere, coming suddenly upon all manner of creatures, day and night, creatures he had never before even known existed—that skunk, for instance, standing stock-still and just looking at him, with its tail straight up; and that possum that waddled ...ly away, stopping now and then to ...ck, neither a friend nor an enemy, neither scared nor eager for friendship or a fight; that garter snake that tumbled away, in and out of the tall grass, in a kind of frantic running he couldn't understand, but just had to see more of, until the poor snake was exhausted and couldn't run any more and just stopped and waited for the worst, which Fido was astonished to discover the poor fellow expected, since all Fido had been after was to study that kind of running. He went up close and looked into the little eyes, and then at the colors—why, the poor fellow was beautiful, that's what he was.

And all the little girls he'd found, instead of Daisy—the dozens he had seen from a distance and had hoped and prayed would turn out to be Daisy, but never were, some of them running into houses and hiding, others urging him on and then stroking his head and talking to him, and even asking him in to meet their people.

Well, now, here was Daisy home at last—from the other end of the world, most likely. After great trials and tribulations, great dangers, great escapes, so naturally he'd been beside himself with surprise and gratitude to heaven for bringing Daisy safely home. How was he to have remembered that his feet were muddy at a time like that?

He wanted to get up and follow them. He wanted to, but he didn't. He just stayed where his best friend in the world of adults had ordered him to stay. He just stayed and waited, and tried to go on hearing them, waiting for the hardness to leave Daisy's voice.

Mrs. Hamilcar lifted the lid of the washing machine and brought out Daisy's muddied dress, but, of course, Fido didn't see it happen, didn't, in fact, know what was happening, or why, and that was what was so difficult.

Well, now, when were they going to start talking again? He heard water running out of a faucet into a sink, but still no talk. He heard the sound of soap being rubbed into cloth, and then he heard sloshing, but still no talk. What were they up to?

At last Daisy spoke, "What are you doing, mother?"

"What am I doing?" Fido heard Mrs. Hamilcar say. Her voice was gentle and kind; but then, it always was. It always had a touch of merry laughter in it, too, but that touch wasn't in it now. Something was going on. Something more. Something different.

"I'm trying," Fido heard Mrs. Hamilcar say, "to be your friend."

"Oh, mother, you're my mother. Mothers don't have to be friends too."

"Yes, they do," Mrs. Hamilcar said. "I almost think I'd rather be your friend than your mother. You know, you're just about all your father and I have that we really care about. You are all of our kids. All the daughters we were going to have, and all the sons too. We swore there were going to be six of each. All young husbands and wives swear the same thing, I suppose, but I think Morley really meant it, and I know I did. Well, things happen, and one of them happened to me, of all people. And so that was all for us—you. Well, you're nine now, and we know we aren't going to have very much more of you! What little time we have left, I want us to be—well, friends. Forever."

"Mother," Fido heard Daisy say, "am I going to die or are you?"

"Neither of us," Mrs. Hamilcar laughed, "except the little I die every time I notice how much more you've grown—which I'm always thrilled to notice too."

"Mother, what are you doing? Just tell me that, please."

"I'm laundering the dress Miss Quillercape gave you on your eighth birthday. After I launder it, I'm going to iron it. Then, you're going to put it on and walk up the hill and keep your promise."

"But why, mother?"

"Because I love you. Because I love your father. Because I love Miss Quillercape. Because I love everybody you know. Because I love Fido."

Fido almost sat up at the mention of his name, but not quite. This was a time for lying still, for listening, for waiting, for watching—if they'd only come back into the living room so he could watch, though.

"I'm sorry I said all those awful things about Fido."

"I knew you would be."

"I don't want a cat at all."

"You can have a cat, too, if you want one."

"Cat?" Fido thought. "Just bring a cat into this house and ——" But he cut the thought short. Suppose they did? Suppose they actually brought a cat into the house? Any kind of a cat. Not necessarily the kind he couldn't even bear to see. Not one of those serene, snooty Angoras. Any kind at all. They'd expect him to get along, of course. They'd expect him even to like the cat—or at any rate to pretend to—and he'd probably try, because of love of Daisy, but it would be criminal.

Fido prayed. "Please," he said. "Please help them to decide they don't want a cat at all. I'm not saying cats aren't all right. They probably are, but I don't like to have them around. I don't hate them, maybe. I'm willing to live and let live, but I don't love them, either. I've gone to a lot of trouble not to chase them, because Mr. and Mrs. Hamilcar and Daisy have asked me not to, but it's never been easy, and the cats misunderstand my control. I've actually had them walk right up to my nose, and it's been fairly frightening, on the whole. I don't know whether they think they're dogs or I'm a cat, and I don't like not knowing about a thing like that, because I know they're cats and I'm a dog. Please help them to decide for themselves that we don't want a cat around here. There's not one mouse in the whole house. There's several crickets, but we're all devoted to them. Amen."

As if in answer to the prayer, Fido heard Daisy say, "But I don't want a cat. I just said I did because I was angry."

Fido breathed easier.

"Cats and dogs get along fine these days," Mrs. Hamilcar said.

"Oh, no," Fido groaned. "Please don't say that, Mrs. Hamilcar. Please don't believe that. Believe me, they don't get along at all. Even when it looks as if they do, they don't. And it's always the dog who has to do the hard work. The cat never tries to meet the dog halfway. A cat is always a cat. But a dog, he tries to keep peace and harmony in the house. He pretends and pretends. Pretty soon it makes him a little queer. I know three dogs in Oh-Ho Hill who have been getting along with cats for years, and every one of them is a little queer. They're confused. They don't know what happened to them. They know something did, but they're not sure what. Dogs are gentlemen. Cats may be ladies, or something like them, or something like some of them, but they aren't ladies enough. They'll watch a dog go out of his way to be courteous, but they won't go even a little out of their way to make it a little easier for a dog to go on being courteous. And that's what does the damage. Pretty soon a dog is a little off the beam. Please don't believe cats and dogs get along, Mrs. Hamilcar. It's always dogs alone putting up with cats, the same as people, if you ask me. Live and let live and all that, but a cat is a cat, and you bring one into the house and you'll soon have a different kind of place entirely—silence, silence, silence, as if they were thinking something. Well, they're thinking nothing. That's only the way they are. They walk around and look and don't say anything. They're phony, all of them, and that's what dogs hate about them. Please don't believe cats and dogs get along, Mrs. Hamilcar."

"Oh, I know cats and dogs get along fine," Fido heard Daisy say, "but what about me? I don't get along with cats."

We need your help!

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"Bravo, Daisy!"

"I love Fido," Daisy said, "and I don't want to have any other friend from the animal world—not even another dog."

"Double bravo, Daisy!"

"Well," Mrs. Hamilcar said, "I don't like cats, either. As a matter of fact, I can't have them around."

"Triple bravo, Mrs. Hamilcar!"

Fido relaxed and listened. They talked about everything, and the laughter came back into Mrs. Hamilcar's voice, and the love into Daisy's. Fido fell asleep.

He woke up when Mrs. Hamilcar called out from the kitchen, "Stay right where you are, Fido. Don't even stand."

Fido half opened his eyes. He saw them come out of the kitchen into the living room, and they were good to see. Good to smell too. The good old Hamilcar smell of health, harmony, humor and love. Daisy was in the bright-yellow dress again, and she looked brand-new and different. Bigger, brighter and wiser.

"Don't move, Fido," Mrs. Hamilcar said. "Just look." Fido opened his eyes wider, as if to ask, "Like this?"

"Daisy's going to call on Miss Quillercape, as she promised she would."

"Don't I know?" Fido thought. Hadn't he gone along with Daisy time after time to the very door of Miss Quillercape's little house and stretched out on the little patch of lawn there, with the blossoming rose trees all around, and the lilac trees, and the honeysuckle vines all entwined around the porch railings and posts? Hadn't he waited there, breathing the perfume, until Daisy had come out?

"Fido?" Daisy said. "I apologize for being so mean. Will you walk with me to Miss Quillercape's, please?"

"Will I?" Fido thought, and almost leaped to his feet. He managed to stay put, though, waiting for the good word to come from Mrs. Hamilcar.

"Do you really want him to tag along?" Mrs. Hamilcar said.

"Mother," Daisy said, "I haven't seen poor old Fido in two long weeks. Of course I want him to come along."

"All right, Fido," Mrs. Hamilcar said. "Up, now—but take it easy."

Fido sat up slowly, and waited. Daisy went to him. She knelt and looked into his eyes. She smiled, and then she put her face alongside of his, and then she kissed him. But Fido didn't stir. Oh, it wasn't that he wasn't gone, away out there, in heaven itself. It was just that he didn't want to make any more blunders for some time to come.

Daisy stood up, embraced Mrs. Hamilcar, and then she said, "You're my best friend, mamma. My very best friend. Good-by, I'm going to visit Miss Quillercape now. Come on, Fido."

Daisy walked to the front door. Fido walked slowly and carefully behind her, aware for the first time in years that he had four feet—or was it five? Daisy walked out of the house, and Fido followed. Daisy turned and Fido turned. Mrs. Hamilcar stood in the doorway. Daisy waved, and Fido watched. Mrs. Hamilcar smiled, and then all of a sudden Fido saw tears in her eyes.

Now, what the devil were they for? Would he ever understand people? He stood as if stuck in soft tar. He wanted to hurry to Mrs. Hamilcar, but he wasn't sure he should. Then he heard Daisy say, "All right, Fido, run! Run ahead!" Fido turned quickly. He was about to bound off when he just had to have another look at Mrs. Hamilcar. Some of the tears were rolling down her cheeks now. Now, what should a dog do about a thing like that?

"Go on, Fido," Mrs. Hamilcar said. "Run! Run ahead!" And there was actually merry laughter in her voice.

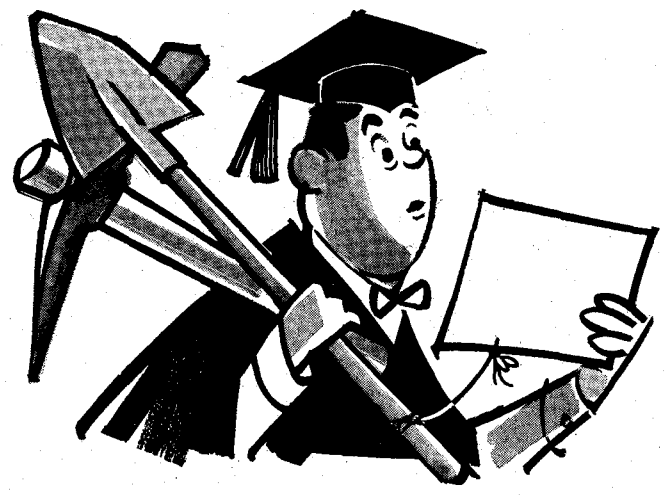
"I don't get it," Fido thought.

He turned quickly and bounded away. As he ran he heard them both laugh gaily. He would have laughed, too, if he weren't sure there must be still something more to people than he had ever before noticed. What the devil was it? Probably something human. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"What did you use for bait?"

ON ALL HAPPY OCCASIONS IT'S WISE TO WIRE • ON ALL HAPPY OCCASIONS IT'S WISE TO WIRE • ON ALL HAPPY OCCASIONS IT'S WISE TO WIRE • ON ALL HAPPY OCCASIONS IT'S WISE TO WIRE •



AT COMMENCEMENT A DAD IN COS COB
WIRED JUNIOR (A SENIOR NAMED BOB),
"I'M DELIGHTED, DEAR BOY,
YOU'RE MY PRIDE AND MY JOY—
NOW GET BUSY AND SCARE UP A JOB!"

ON GAILY DECORATED BLANKS

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BOEING 707 and 720

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Arson, Incorporated (Continued from Page 43)

"Now what," asked di Fisano, "do you make of that?"

The chief looked at Craig. "Deduce," he said, half ironically.

"That is easy," Craig answered. "Mr. Peabody had an acquaintance, maybe a friend, and he knew or suspected that he was leading a double life. On the surface a good citizen, but actually a criminal. And he was trying by reading and by consultation with a specialist to find out whether this man was nuts. It wouldn't be farfetched to conclude that he wanted to find out whether this person was a pyromaniac or a sane arsonist."

"I agree," di Fisano said. "But there's no clue to the identity of the man."

"None that I can see," Craig replied.

"Could all this," the chief asked, "be worry about himself? I mean is it possible that Peabody was afraid for his own sanity? That maybe he drew mental blanks and was afraid of what he did in those periods?"

"I'd say it was definitely possible," di Fisano said. "Even probable. You know, he may even have found these uniforms and masks in his own possession and couldn't remember how he got them." He turned to Soapy Japes. "You saw more of your employer than anybody else did. Would you say he was crackers?"

"My considered judgment, sir, is that Mr. Peabody was sane. Sometimes he did things, which, at the moment, seemed peculiar. But in many instances, to my personal knowledge, they turned out to have been done with reason and foresight."

The chief, for the moment, abandoned the baffling personality of William Tecumseh Peabody and lifted from the floor the light plywood box containing the infernal machine. "A new wrinkle in gadgets," he said. "Not much that wouldn't be destroyed when the nitrocellulose went off. That's about as hotly flammable stuff as there is."

"I doubt," Craig said thoughtfully, "that the idea was to conceal the cause of the fire, but was to make sure there was a hot one that went off at a determined time. With this clockwork thing it could be set to go at any time within twenty-four hours. It's an expensive little clock and would keep good time."

Lieutenant di Fisano drummed on the desk top with slender but powerful fingers. "We've got to start thinking somewhere," he said, "and the most obvious taking-off place is these uniforms. First question: did Peabody have custody of them for the gang? Or did he find them somewhere and lug them away for evidence? For the sake of argument, let's assume that he was an honest man and on the side of the law. Soapy, with the best opportunity to observe him, says that is the case. All right, he had a yen to play cops and robbers. But, accepting my assumption, he must have been making a systematic investigation based upon suspicion. He must have seen or heard something that set him to sniffing. And there must have been some person or persons that he suspected."

"That red chief's car the four robbers rode in," said Craig. "It vanished as if it disintegrated. It was driven off the street into some place of concealment—where it could be repainted."

"Leading up to what?" asked the chief.

"To the conclusion that Mr. Peabody must have found that place. The uniforms and masks indicate that. Somehow, without being seen, he must have gained admission to that place and made off with the evidence."

"Reasonable, if our assumption of his innocence is correct. But if he was on the level, why didn't he turn the stuff over to the police?"

"We can only guess that for some reason he wanted to make a complete case by himself," Craig said. "Now a next reasonable assumption is that he went back to that hiding place and was nabbed by the gang. He escaped and was going with what he knew to Chief Fogarty when he was shot."

"Why didn't they bump him off in the first place?" di Fisano wanted to know.

"Probably he was caught by some subordinates who didn't want to act without orders from above," Craig said. Then he added: "So they searched his house and robbed his wall safe—but didn't make a thorough rummage. Or they would have found the uniforms in that closet."

"And," said the chief, "they set the infernal machine to conceal the fact that they had broken in."

"Or," said Craig, "to destroy the evidence they had not found."

Lieutenant di Fisano got to his feet. "We'll get no farther this night. Only addle our brains batting this thing back and forth," he said. "I'm for bed."

They all left the office and descended to the street. It was close to midnight. All but Soapy and Craig traveled northward. Soapy seemed hesitant and Craig guessed the reason.

"You're not exactly eager to sleep in the Peabody house tonight," he said. "Don't blame you. I've got a davenport in my living room. It'll be comfortable and you're welcome."

"I would appreciate it, sir," he said, "but I must not accept. I have been retained as custodian of the residence, and a custodian must not absent himself."

"Good night, then," Craig said. "Keep in touch."

"I will do so, sir," Soapy said deferentially. And then, "It is gratifying to be entrusted with responsibility." He smiled crookedly. "I doubt if the lawyers would have been so complaisant had they been aware of my antecedents."

Craig walked to the subway and rode to Brooklyn. He mounted the stairs to his small apartment. Speedily he undressed and went to bed. When he opened his eyes in the morning he was wide awake. It always had been so with him—one instant sound asleep, the next instant awake and alert.

In his tiny kitchenette he brewed coffee, fried eggs and bacon, and browned toast. After breakfast he cleaned up and made his way to headquarters. Once in the office he sat at his desk and put in writing his report of the previous day's activities. Before he had set all down on paper, it was close to noon. There remained in the office but three or four of his fellow marshals, among whom was his mentor, Luke Priddy, who came to stand beside his desk.

"Graduated from my class, seems as though," Priddy said with his grin which was a humorous mixture of irony and friendship. "Scuttlebutt says you had a day yesterday."

"Just stumbled into things," Craig said deprecatingly.

"Better good luck than good judgment," Priddy said. "Me, I'd rather have luck than brains. I just got brains. How about we go to lunch?" He flexed his shoulders and let his eyes travel around the room. "Haven't stumbled onto who swiped that file out of the cabinet, have you?"

"I wonder why it's important," Craig said.

They walked a couple of blocks to a large and busy Italian restaurant and were able to find seats in a stall on the right side of the room which contained a table for four with a bench on either side. They crowded in and gave their orders. The waiter had moved away but a couple of steps when a gentleman stopped at the end of the table and asked in a cultivated voice, "Young gentlemen, may I join you for luncheon?"

"Why, surely, Mr. Van Rensselaer," Craig said, moving over. "Do you know Assistant Marshal Priddy?"

"I've not had that pleasure," the dapper gentleman said, affixing his monocle in his eye and scrutinizing Craig's companion.

"But I," Priddy said, "recognize the King of the Buffs."

Mr. Van Rensselaer simpered, "A title I may covet, but scarcely merit. Your profession is my avocation," he added. "I have not encountered you, Mr. Batts, since the day of the robbery of the jewelry store. When you were so unfortunately assaulted." He let his monocle drop and dangle. "I recall you now, Mr. Priddy. You were present that day."

Craig, to be polite, continued the conversation. "Long before you became a buff," he said, "I'm told you were quite a baseball player."

"Why, yes—yes." He returned his monocle to his eye and peered at Craig a bit frostily. "Now I wonder how you came by such a piece of information."

Caution closed Craig's mouth. That old team photograph was evidence and the property of the Bureau of Fire Investigation. He evaded the question. "It might have been Uncle Paddy," he said. "He was on the team, wasn't he?"

"He was, indeed," answered Van Rensselaer. "I hope Chief Fogarty has made a complete recovery?"

"He is his old self again."

"Physically," said Van Rensselaer. His overrefined face set in harsh lines. It astonished Craig that his expression was one rather of malignancy than of anger. "Rely upon it, young man," he said, "the man who caused that injury will pay for it a dozen times. I, myself, will see to it."

"That," Craig said gravely, "is not a matter for a private citizen."

"It is a matter for this private citizen," Van Rensselaer retorted.

There was venom in his voice, a poison that was wholly out of character, and Craig's curiosity was excited by it. A thought entered his mind and refused to be ejected—that the little, dapper, monocled man knew the perpetrator and hated him for reasons of his own. Which, manifestly, was impossible.

Then occurred a coincidence—or was it a coincidence? Craig's mind rejected the fortuitous until the possibility of intention or plan could be definitely eliminated. Coincidences did occur, and surprisingly; but they offended Craig's sense of order and logic. A fourth man paused at the table and spoke in a strangely, intentionally irritating voice.

"I hope," said Clyde Tupper, "that you gentlemen will not object to my occupying the vacant seat. There seems to be no other in the restaurant."

He seated himself in the vacant place across the table from Van Rensselaer.

Craig's eyes were drawn to Van Rensselaer's face. It was purple, apoplectic. Literally he was choking with rage. He

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Bargain-hungry Sammy drooled at a department-store ad offering a mink stole to the first comer for one dollar. Sammy arrived first, having in fact gotten there before midnight. But the store turned him down cold. Only women, its manager said, wear mink stoles. Therefore the offer was for women only. Sammy promptly sued.

"The store ad offered a mink stole for a dollar, and I tendered them a dollar," Sammy argued. "Their ad amounted to a contract, and they should live up to it regardless of the fact that I happen to be a man."

"Being a man, Sammy should have known that our ad was intended to attract women shoppers to buy a woman's garment," the store lawyer replied. "While we might have been obligated by the ad to sell to women, we certainly don't have to sell to Sammy. Moreover, the ad never was a contract between us."

If you were the judge, would you award Sammy a mink stole for a dollar?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Sammy won. The court said, "The offer of the store was clear, definite, and explicit, and left nothing open for negotiation." As Sammy "successfully managed to be the first one to appear at the seller's," it added, he was definitely entitled to the stole.

Based upon a 1958 Minnesota decision.

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struggled for self-control and achieved it. "The concession hawker!" he said sneeringly.

"Does that render me *déclassé?*" Tupper asked in a voice so mild that it was provocative. He turned to the other two. "If you want a spot for a vending machine in the subway, you come to me. Or the privilege of selling hot dogs and coffee at a county fair. Or peanuts at a street carnival."

"Or protection for slot machines," said Van Rensselaer, "or maybe a drop in the numbers racket."

"Beware of actionable slander," said Tupper amiably. "Temper! Temper! Unworthy of a member of one of our first families."

"Did you follow me here?" Van Rensselaer demanded.

"Why should I? Of what interest to me are your places to lunch?"

Craig tipped his head to one side and smiled a twisted smile at Tupper. "He may not, Mr. Van Rensselaer, be so infatuated with you that he trails you about town, but as for himself, there seems to be someone on his tail. Maybe it's a personification of conscience, Tupper."

"Meaning what, Batts?"

Craig pointed. Outside the door of the restaurant, staring in through the window, was Annie Mertz.

"She said," Craig added, "that she was going to stick to you like a bloodhound. If I were in your place I think I'd worry a little."

"Batts," Tupper said tensely, and there was, indeed, apprehension in his eyes, "you have influence with that girl. Move her off my neck. Before I have to spray with insecticide."

"This," Craig said conversationally to the others at the table, "is a lesson in deportment. It teaches one not to tamper with beautiful little sisters."

Tupper slid out of the seat and stood in the aisle.

"Lost your appetite?" Craig asked.

Van Rensselaer was completely himself again, aristocratic, urbane, the polished gentleman.

"A competent physician," he said to no one in particular, "might advise Mr. Tupper to revise his habits lest he lose his appetite permanently."

With no retort Tupper strode away and went out, not through the front door where Annie Mertz stood, but through a side door onto another street.

Craig shrugged and addressed himself to his plate of spaghetti. After a few mouthfuls he spoke to Van Rensselaer without lifting his eyes.

"You seem to be an ill-wisher to Mr. Tupper," he said.

"Quite vigorously so," said the older gentleman.

"Would it," Craig asked at a venture, "be so vigorous as to shoot bullets at him out of a passing car?"

"Now that," Van Rensselaer said mildly, "is what might be termed an indiscreet question."

"So it was," Craig admitted. "So it was. I withdraw it. But could I ask a question about the old brewery baseball team?"

"Suppose you pose your question, and then we will see?"

"Right," Craig said. "What has that old baseball nine got to do with the robbery of the jewelry store at which you were present as a buff? And what has it to do with the strangle hold Tupper seems to have on Uncle Paddy Fogarty?"

"You," said Van Rensselaer with twinkling eyes—and to Craig it seemed a genuine twinkle, "have thrown in your hook where there are no fish. . . . And so, young gentlemen, a good afternoon to you both."

He, too, made his dignified way out of the restaurant and left Craig and Priddy staring at each other in a nonplused manner.

"This proves," Craig said presently, "that you can't tell by looking at a frog which way he will jump."

"Right," agreed Priddy.

Craig finished his coffee and sighed. "There are too darn many inbred and aristocratic gentlemen in this case to soothe me."

"Batts," Priddy said thoughtfully, "my considered judgment is that someday, instead of stumbling into something, you're going to stumble over something and bust your beak."

"And that," Craig said heavily, "could well be the truth."

It was a Sunday afternoon and Craig Batts was not on duty. He had walked home from church with Nora Fogarty, after an early service, and the whole day lay before them. Nora was lovely in a powder-blue tailored suit and pert hat that did not conceal the waviness of her hair. Craig was trim and athletic in a gabardine suit, with the corner of a handkerchief peeping from the breast pocket of his coat. He needed no padding for his shoulders. Nora, looking at him out of the corner of her Irish eyes, was quite satisfied with his appearance.

They were halted by the traffic, which gave Craig opportunity to light a cigarette and as he put away his lighter he inspected her with brotherly eye. But as his glance swept upward from toe to topknot the glance lost something of brotherliness and became definitely interested—so interested, indeed, that he did not notice that traffic had changed and they could cross the street.

"Taking a nap?" Nora asked.

He started and grinned. "No, Gumdrop," he said, "I was just giving you the once-over."

"What brought that up?" she demanded.

"I just happened to notice you," he said.

"You could have done that any day these twenty years," she snapped.

"No percentage in noticing kids," he said. "When did you outgrow it?"

"About the time you stopped having pimples," she said.

He nodded his head. "You're grown up," he said, and then, squinting his eyes, "Seems to me I've noticed it coming on. In spots. But it never impressed me until just now."

"What spots?" she asked pertly.

"How old are you anyhow?"

"Old enough," she said shortly.

"It sort of alters things, doesn't it?" he said thoughtfully.

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning I can't just let you tag along any more." He seemed to have some difficulty expressing himself. "I mean, up to now, it's been sort of impersonal, like we were a couple of kids. Not people, but kids. Not even boy and girl, but—er—sort of ——" He couldn't find the right word.

"Sexless," she supplied.

The word shocked him, but there was no other term for it. He walked along a hundred feet without speaking while he thought that phase of it over.

"Maybe that's it," he said finally.

"Definitely, that's it," she said.

"It makes a difference," he said. "I don't know if I like it."

"That," she said, her sprightly head on one side and mischief in her eyes—"that depends."

"Upon what?" he asked.

"Upon how it turns out," she rejoined, "It depends on whether you keep on being a stupid oaf or if you get your eyes open. Like a kitten." She stamped her foot and nearly turned her ankle in the process and said an unladylike word.

"Mind telling me what you're hinting at?"

"Not in the least," she said tartly. "You've been playing around with me for darn near twenty years as if I were a puppy. Or maybe a small boy you're somehow related to. Well, Mr. Batts, I'm sick and tired of it. You've got to make up your stupid mind whether I'm fish, flesh or good red herring. And go on from there. Beginning now, you can darn well make up your mind. You've got choices. I've got choices. Let's start with basic facts. I'm a woman and a pretty choice one, if I do say it myself. I'm a dish. And if you don't think other men have noticed it, just walk past the next drugstore with me and listen to the whistles."

"All right," he said. "You're a dish. You're a six-power dish. But what of it?"

"This of it," she said. "You can either cut and run and go sell your papers. Or you can yield to natural impulses and make a pass. Which would get your face slapped. Or you can lay siege. One of the three, me lad. But you can't just dangle around and take me for granted. Either, Mr. Batts, you make a two-fisted play for me or you turn in your chips."

"Well," gasped Craig, "I'll be darned."

"You're darned right you'll be darned," she said. "So look me over again and take stock and make up your feeble mind whether you want to plunge into what the last generation called a courtship. Or not."

"You mean you want me to light a torch for you?"

"Yes," she said promptly.

"You mean," he asked embarrassedly, "that you like me that way?"

"I didn't say that, and far from it. Maybe I do. Maybe I don't. That's for you to find out. Girls are smarter than boys. A ten-year-old girl has more know-how than a twenty-five-year-old boy. Since I was ten, mister, I've had a yen for you. I've figured you might grow up into what I want."

"Have I?" he asked.

"All but mentally," she said.

"This," he said ruefully, "is the darnedest conversation I ever heard of. I bet it's what they call unique."

"Because," she retorted, "I'm unique."

"Let's have sixty seconds of silence," he said peremptorily. "Desist from deafening me with your clatter whilst I give thought."

So they walked along in silence. His face was solemn, but there was a mischievous glint in Nora's eyes as she waited. From time to time he looked at her with calculating scrutiny. At the end of not one minute, but several, he stopped and faced her and she stopped and faced him.

"Turn your head, Sugar Plum," he said, and his voice was grave. "If 'twas just arms and legs and a face that is beautiful that I want, I would reach out my arms and grasp ye to me. But I'm studying what I know of ye and your thoughts and your ways, and if there's poetry in you and what they call fortitude and essential guts, so to say, and understandin' and all those qualities that have to be there to hold a marriage strong and permanent. And you, Nora Fogarty, should be askin' the same about me before we take ary step from which there's no drawing back."

"And how," she asked, eyes somber, "do we find the truth of those questions?"

He grinned. It was a broad, merry, Irish grin, and it made her heart flutter. "It was for that purpose that heaven, aided and abetted by the good saints, and by bad nature, ordained that there should be courtships."

"Yes?" she said with rising inflection.

"Consequently," he said, "in the interests of you and me and a contented life and the arriving of future generations, I am about to start, and will continue to wage, the biggest and searchingest and busiest two-fisted courtship ever was heard of since there were kings in Ireland." He paused and waggled his head. "And I may say, Jelly Bean, that I'm at the present moment lookin' forward to it with clutchin' anticipation."

"Very well," she said demurely. "Commence. Give samples."

It was curious, but a shyness overtook both of them as they walked the rest of the distance to the Fogartys' apartment, and it did not leave them as they entered the little parlor where Chief Fogarty sat reading the morning paper in his stocking feet. He looked up at them casually and then his steel-gray eyes sharpened and he glowered under beetling brows.

"What has come over the two of ye this Sunday morning?" he demanded. "From all brands of foolishness, defend us!"

"We would not know how foolish," Craig said. "But this daughter of yours, whose tongue wags at both ends, has just argued me into paying court to her."

"Is it so?" the chief demanded. "Then begone, the both of you, into the fields and woods and watery places. For little of the truth of such matters is to be found pent between four walls. The beginning and the end of it should be where great trees throw their shade and soft breezes wave the grass. Away wid the both of ye."

He returned to his newspaper and rattled it fiercely, nor would he have another word to say to either of them.

They went down to the street and to the garage where Craig kept his small, secondhand car, and then, in the gay sunshine, drove out the south shore of the island, and it was Nora who set the tone and manner of their conversation. One moment she laughed at everything they saw and at everything he said, and was pert and merry; and the next moment she was serious and wanted to discuss grave matters such as the affairs of nations and books she had read, but never another word of what had been talked between them an hour ago.

Nor did they put into words their worry about Uncle Paddy Fogarty and what secret might lie between him and Clyde Tupper. For both of them wanted this to be a light, careless day with no shadows on it. But, womanlike, Nora could not hold to the impersonal.

"Now," she said, "that you have left the uniformed branch and become a marshal, are you content?"

"For the day and the hour, I am content," he told her.

"And what does that mean—the day and the hour?"

"Why, sure enough," he told her, "I want the day to come when I ride in my own red car with an aide to drive me, and even rise to be chief of department. With all the pay and the honors. But before I set my mind to that, there is a thing I must try to do."

"Your father! But his death was long ago. How many years?"

"Twelve," said Craig.

"And neither police nor fire marshal has been able to get to the truth of it? If, in all that time, no progress could be made, how can you hope to do more at this late day?"

"All those others," Craig said somberly, "did not have it laid upon them as such a matter is laid upon a son."

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"But how will you search, Craig? Where will you look?"

"More secret crimes," he said, "are revealed by the fears of the guilty than by any searching and seeking by the police. If the guilty would be content, and sit tight and make no movement, they would be safe from detection. But they are afraid. They do some silly thing that calls attention to them—in an effort to make themselves safe. And then ——"

She nodded. "But after so long, what can happen to worry them?"

"I think something has happened. I think they have done that foolish thing. They, or he, made the first move when I was appointed to my new job. The file containing the papers in the case was stolen from among the records."

She was silent, thinking it over. After a time she said softly, "Craig, you mustn't let this thing warp you or twist you."

"That I shall not do," he said firmly.

"But," she said, "I have known men and women who became obsessed. Who became possessed by a single thing to the exclusion of everything else. To their ruin."

"It shall not be so with me," he assured her. "I loved my father. I would, indeed, make the guilty one pay, but not to the point of unbalancing my mind or ruining my life." And then he grinned, but there was more than mirth in the grin. There was something grim in the expression. "Besides," he said, "I think there will not be a long time to addle me." He nodded his head. "I've a premonition the end of it all is not far distant. There are many loose pieces, but I think they are parts of a whole. My father's murder. A professional arsonist who advertises. The thing between your father and Tupper. The shooting of William Tecumseh Peabody. Four firemen's uniforms and four rubber masks. An infernal machine in Peabody's basement. I think they are all parts of a single whole. Though I've no evidence to back me. Only a feeling."

"Intuition," said Nora.

"And, maybe most important of all," said Craig, once more speaking words not formed in his waking mind, but in the subconscious, "a kid's baseball team that played in a brewery yard." He heard what he had said with surprise, with shock. He sat staring at the road and did not hear her when she spoke to him.

"It is after noon," she said.

He did not hear nor heed.

"Do you start this whirlwind courtship you bragged about by starving the lady?" she asked more sharply.

He looked at her without comprehension. Then the sense of her words penetrated. "Sure," he said, "I'll ply you with chowder and smoked eels and clam pie. And we will sit with bare feet in the sand. And then we will go home the long way—over Queensborough Bridge and down the East Side drive. For, all of a sudden, I've a yearning to drive past the door of an ancient and long-idle buildin' that once was a brewery for making beer."

The old building of red brick was of the brewery school of architecture of the 1880's; castle-on-the-Rhine motif with towers and turrets and bastions. Craig drove slowly past its face, and it was a dead face with blank eyes. At the right of the front were huge doors through which handsome brewery horses used to prance with wagon high-piled with kegs of beer behind them. That had been so long ago that Craig, born in the mechanical age, had never seen the spectacle. He drove around the block twice, but the structure had no story to tell.

"Well," Nora said after circling the block three times, "I'm all for a change of scenery. I've got this example of beer architecture committed to memory."

"I'd like to snoop around inside," Craig told her.

"I doubt if you'd be welcome," she said. "The caretaker or somebody has been watching us from a third-story window."

"Your eyes are better than mine," Craig said.

"Because you were studying the ground floor," Nora said. "Do caretakers wear glasses?"

"I doubt if there's a law against it."

"Because the sun glinted from something. That was what attracted my attention." She knitted her brows. "I got an impression it was cyclopean."

"There ought to be a law," he growled, "against women meddling with higher education. It's not tactful. It gives their husbands an inferiority complex."

"When you get one of those," she said crisply, "it'll be the day!"

"So happens," Craig said airily, to put her in her place, "that I'm hep to Cyclops." He frowned suddenly. "Are you sure, Ginger Cookie, it was a single lens?"

"Not to raise my hand and swear," she admitted. "But I got the impression of oneness."

"A caretaker with glasses," Craig said thoughtfully, "I can swallow. But a watchman with a monocle sticks in my craw."

There was no sound of a shot, but a star made its appearance in the windshield. Craig felt the wind of a bullet as it passed his temple. It had not been fired from the brewery, but from behind the high board fence on the north side of the street. Craig stepped on the accelerator and whisked the car around the corner.

"Silencer," he said grimly.

"I wouldn't like it even if it went bang!" Nora said.

"If you weren't here," Craig said morosely.

"But I am," she said, "and I want to go away from here. Before your simply headlong courtship ends with an obituary."

"Aren't you frightened?" he asked, turning to look at her lovely but expressionless profile.

"Why should I be?" she asked. "They weren't gunning for me."

"Brainless!" Craig exclaimed.

"Who? Me?"

"The man who shot the bullet," he said. "Calling attention to this neighborhood."

Craig drove over to Park Avenue and turned southward. "I cleared out of there," he said, "because I'd be no good at all to you if something happened to me before, when, as and if, we get married. Then you'll have a vested interest in me. In twenty years, just staying on the job I'll have take-home pay of around fifty-five hundred dollars. If I retire I get a pension of half that. If I get retired sooner because of injury, I get three-quarters pay. If I get killed, my wife gets a year of full pay and then a pension of one half. Not fancy, but still it's security for you."

"How dandy!" Nora exclaimed. "So I'd better cherish you till we march down the aisle together. Purely from the financial point of view. You're making a strong case, Craig. Any other added inducements?"

Presently they were driving down Lafayette and passed the building in which Rescue Unit No. 1 had its home. Here was housed a company of men rigorously trained in the business of saving lives threatened by fire or by smoke. In their big red car was every device known to the science of rescue, from fog nozzles to power drills for penetrating concrete floors; from protective equipment to prevent burns or scalds to filters that could supply breathable air for two hours in dense smoke. There would be found the more portable smoke mask. Every inch of space inside and out had been arranged to carry a maximum of devices to release penned victims and to protect firemen as they went about their business of saving lives. Here was a little, devoted company who spent their days experimenting to find more efficient ways to do their job or to test new devices to make their work safer.

They continued on their way and reached the Fogarty apartment shortly after six o'clock. Nora unlocked the door and they went in, expecting to find Chief Fogarty at home, possibly enjoying an afternoon nap. But he was not there. That he had been at home was testified by the Sunday newspaper scattered over the floor, and by an ash tray beside his favorite chair containing four cigar butts.

"Probably went for a walk," Nora said. "Read the paper while I scratch up a cold supper. Father'll be home by that time."

Craig seated himself in Chief Fogarty's chair and scanned the paper. The news on the front page did not interest him, but on page three was a story that gripped his attention. The date line was Cleveland, Ohio. It might have been a duplicate of the jewelry-store robbery except for certain changes in scenery and costume. There had been an incendiary fire. In the excitement of this there had arrived not a red chief's car but a mail truck of the panel variety. This was not unusual, but what was unusual was that four mailmen alighted and carried into the store two heavy bags of mail. They had awed the clerks with firearms and helped themselves to the contents of showcases and vault. They had walked out with their booty and driven away in their truck. Two frightened clerks testified that the robbers did not look human, that their faces were exactly alike and expressionless. In the confusion of the fire it was difficult to give the alarm, and precious minutes elapsed before the police were notified. Long before that, the truck had disappeared as if it had been a drawing erased from a slate.

"Rubber masks again," Craig said to himself. "The same technique."

At the tail end of the story a small boy had volunteered the information that, on a side street near the lake he had seen a large van standing by the curb with tailboard down. The boy said it was an extra-long tailboard and that a mail truck

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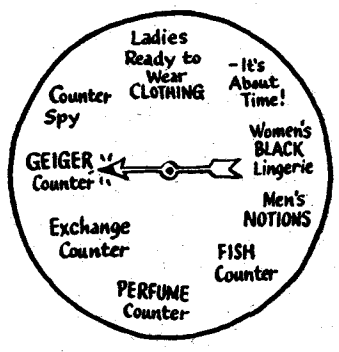

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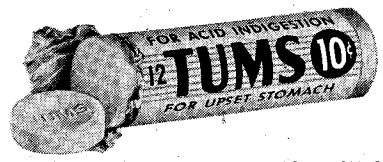

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had come along and run up this ramp into the cavernous interior of the van. This had interested the lad and he had crossed the street to watch proceedings. Whereupon a mailman had jumped down, boxed his ears and told him to scram before he got hurt worse.

"Cleveland!" Craig said to himself. "They're working east. The next razzle-dazzle might be here in New York."

The Fogarty apartment was as much his home as his own rooms. In it he was free to conduct himself as a son of the family. He got to his feet and walked into Uncle Paddy's bedroom and through it to the bath, where he washed hands and face and brushed his hair.

As he walked back through the bedroom he saw a bankbook on the floor close to Uncle Paddy's old-fashioned roll-top desk. He stooped to pick it up and replace it on the desk, and it fell open in his hand. He did not mean to snoop into Uncle Paddy's affairs, but his eyes could not help seeing the figures on the page. The book showed a balance of $25,750. A round number with no cents.

It was as if he had stepped into a tank of ice water. The shock was almost physical. Where, his mind demanded, did Uncle Paddy get such a sum of money? On his salary he never could have saved such a sum. And then, ignoring the ethics of his action, he examined the bankbook from first to last entry. There were no small deposits. The least he could find was two hundred and fifty dollars—the greatest was two thousand. These sums had been deposited over a term of years.

Craig tossed the little book on the desk and sat down abruptly in the revolving chair. Was this money the cause of Uncle Paddy's strange, worried manner of late? Was this an explanation of his attitude toward the man Clyde Tupper?

His love for Uncle Paddy rejected the implications. His respect and admiration for the man who had been a father to him refused to accept the conclusion that logic indicated. In spite of anything, he refused to believe that Uncle Paddy was other than an upright man whose integrity and loyalty were beyond question. Nevertheless this thing must be explained. Uncle Paddy must tell him where these various sums of money had come from and how he had acquired them.

He stood up and paced the room distractedly. He returned to the revolving chair and sat there, chin on chest, staring at the desk top. Suddenly, as if jolted by a high-voltage current of electricity, he jerked erect and reached for one of the vertical compartments at the back of the desk. He drew from it a folder. In his period of novitiate as a marshal he had seen many duplicates of this folder. He had to make sure. The paper was old, but the legend that identified its contents was legible.

This thing, this fact, was impossible, but it was true. It was no nightmare, no hallucination. It was a solid, material, inescapable fact that he held in his hand. And that fact bade fair to topple into ruin all his ideals, his confidence in the honor of mankind, all the foundations of probity upon which his life was based.

For the file he grasped in trembling fingers was the missing file; the file that had been abstracted from the office of the chief fire marshal. The file containing the reports of the investigation of that incendiary fire where his father had been murdered!

TO BE CONTINUED

I Call on Lucy and Desi

(Continued from Page 33)

"I'm no good at names either," I said.

"I have a good friend, Jim Stokes, who lives in Denver," she said. "He has a wonderful family, but they're just thoroughly nice people instead of being stupefying and unforgettable personalities. There's not an Orson Welles in the lot. Jim knows that, so he never sees me without putting out his hand and saying, 'I'm Jim Stokes. Remember? How're you?' I'm so grateful to him I want to kiss him. He's so much better than the kind who grab your hand, hang onto it and say, 'I'll bet you don't know who I am!' and you don't. Desi and I refuse to stand there snapping our fingers and saying, 'Now don't tell us. We know. Ah—ah—ah!'

"While I'm at it," she went on, "I think it's only courteous for a writer to find out a little about a person he's going to interview. Sometimes a writer starts talking to an entertainer with 'Tell me all about yourself.' If he does that his words just lie there on the floor and quiver. It's also hard to get a crush on a reporter who asks, 'What have you been doing lately?' when you've been so busy that your friends have been begging you to slow down."

"I'm not worried," I said. "I've done my homework on you and Desi. Which brings me to a question. When you and Desi decided to go on TV, did you think of it as a big, fat gamble?"

"We've been asked that many times," she said. "At first we were inclined to say 'yes'; then give a long explanation. It made a better story that way, and it was pleasant to see an interviewer's face light up because he thought he'd struck pay dirt. But it really wasn't a big decision. It was tied up with the fact that I was pregnant."

"I never knew that was your reason for quitting the movies," I said.

"You never knew because I never made a point of telling anybody about it," she said. "But let's get this straight. The pregnancy that led up to I Love Lucy was my second one. It was my first pregnancy that got me out of pictures. I was tickled to death, for two reasons: I wanted a baby and I was never very happy in pictures. Don't get me wrong. I'm grateful for what pictures did for me. If a girl wants to be an actress and she's paid good money for sixteen years while she learns, she's a jerk if she's ungrateful. But with the exception of one or two pictures, I've never done anything I liked."

"What was your typical picture role?" I asked.

"You're cast in pictures for what somebody thinks you look like," she went on, "and the general idea seemed to be that I resembled 'the other woman' or a colorful and too-dashing showgirl. What I felt like was a station-wagon housewife from Connecticut. I'd always leaned toward the homy bits in a script, and it was those bits that led up to I Love Lucy. That series began to take form and shape when I started having disputes with my movie studio, Columbia, about roles and finances."

"I thought you were at M-G-M," I said.

"I had my release from Metro," she said. "I'd gone to Columbia, but I wasn't happy at Columbia ever. Harry Cohn, who headed the studio, has passed on now, but he is so involved in the story of my quitting the movies I can't leave him out. If he seems a heavy as far as I'm concerned, I'm not a hypocrite. He'd been asking me to do things I didn't like, which meant an impasse, because I wasn't about to do something I thought was bad for me. He was trying to break my contract, and I was all for letting him break it, and at the same time he was keeping me from doing a picture for Cecil B. De Mille on a loan-out."

"Which De Mille picture was it?" I asked.

"The Greatest Show on Earth," she told me. "Betty Hutton finally did the part Mr. De Mille wanted me for, but before that, he and I had discussed it on the q.t., and I said I'd love to do it. He'd asked, 'How can you?' and I'd said, 'I have no idea, but I will.' I had several meetings with Mr. Cohn about it, but his idea was to outfox me. He kept saying, 'You don't have time. You owe me a picture.'

"'That's ridiculous,' I said. 'You have nothing for me to do, and the De Mille picture is a great opportunity.'

"'We'll see,' he said; which meant he was going to hold out on me. In the meantime the De Mille company was ready to leave for Florida and begin shooting, and I was so excited I couldn't breathe. To me, working with Mr. De Mille was the living end. I'd had some nice directors and some good ones, no super ones.

"I was getting nowhere with Mr. Cohn, so I said to him, 'I'm asking you again. Why can't you let me make this picture? You've loaned me out for dogs before when it didn't matter.' What really concerned him was trying to get out of having to pay me the eighty-five grand he would owe me if I made the one more picture for him he had contracted to have me do. If he'd asked me to let him out of that commitment, I would have agreed to forget the whole deal. But that was too simple. He wanted to outsmart me, so one day he sent me a script about the size of a small pamphlet, called The Magic Carpet.

"I read the script, and as I read I became hysterical with laughter. It was a Hymie Levin script. His name wasn't really Hymie Levin, but since he was a nice man and I wouldn't want to hurt his feelings, I'll call him that, because he made what were called 'the lease breakers.' If they wanted you out of your contract, they sent you a genuine Hymie Levin script. He has made some fine pictures since, but at that time a Levin script was a short, hurried B picture with any cast he could sling together. When I realized what was up, I was elated, although I didn't know what Desi would say to the idea that had popped into my head. When he got home, I said, 'I have a script I want you to read.' He read it, looked at me and asked, 'Are you cra-zee or something?' I said, 'All I have to do is appear in this picture and I not only get $85,000 but I've worked my way out of my contract and I can accept the De Mille role. I'm going to fool them. I'm not going to turn it down.'

"'You wouldn't dare,' Desi said.

"'Why not?' I asked. 'Hymie Levin is a likeable man; besides, it'll only take me five days to finish it.'"

"You haven't told me what that Levin story was about," I said.

"I've never even seen the picture," she said, "so I don't remember much about it. As I recall it, I was a harem girl, lying on a divan in lamé pantaloons, while slaves fed me grapes. I sent word to Columbia that I would be delighted to do the picture; then I checked in for my costume fittings. I tried on the muslin mock-up of my body they kept to use for fittings when I wasn't around but I couldn't zip it. And I was puzzled. I'd made a picture only a couple of months before. The muslin figure had been perfect then, but now it missed closing by two or three inches. I didn't realize I'd put on so much weight. I must have been lying around eating too much. Then the next day I had a strange feeling."

"Like morning sickness?" I asked.

"Exactly," she said. "But I thought, *It couldn't be.* We'd been trying for years, and Desi and I had made up our minds that we couldn't have a baby. Nevertheless, the doctor said one was on the way. After that, the trick was to let nobody know. If Mr. Cohn had realized that I was pregnant, he could have refused to take a chance on an expectant mother in a film, and if I couldn't have done the Levin opus, it would have let him out of his commitment to me."

"I thought Turkish harem girls' middles were supposed to be plump," I said.

"Not so plump as this Turkish girl's middle looked," she chuckled. "I quickly found that pregnancy made me expand like a balloon, but, of course, I couldn't tell anybody, not even the wardrobe girl who was trying to tuck me into my lamé pants and my Turkish bra. I walked around all day trying not to breathe, and every night the wardrobe girl said, 'I simply don't know what's happening, Miss Ball. I let your things out last night myself.' And I said carelessly, 'Apparently you didn't let them out far enough. You're going to have to let them out some more.'

"I finished the picture, collected Columbia's money and, with Desi, went to see Mr. De Mille with tears streaming down my face. 'Why are you crying?' Mr. De M. asked, and I said, 'I've always wanted to work with you, and this is the only opportunity I'll ever have, but I can't do your picture. I'm pregnant.' It was very sad. Even Mr. De Mille had tears in his eyes. He shook Desi's hand solemnly and said, 'I want to congratulate you. You're the only one who's ever crossed up Cecil B. De Mille, his wife, Paramount and Harry Cohn all at the same time.'"

"So that's how you got into TV?" I asked.

She said, "I was finished with Columbia and I had no other commitments except having a baby. Television was coming in, so I sat home with Desi, and we dreamed up I Love Lucy. I told Desi, 'I want you

(*Continued on Page 92*)

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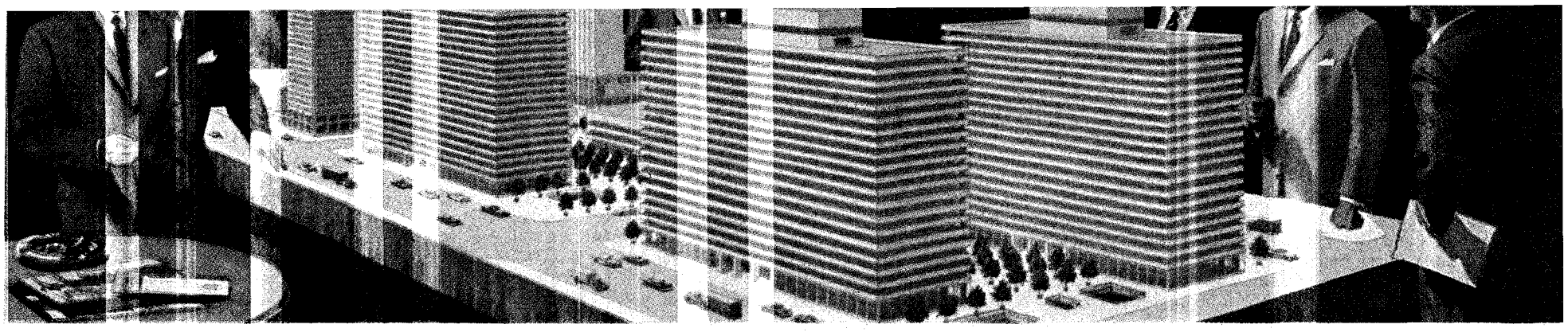

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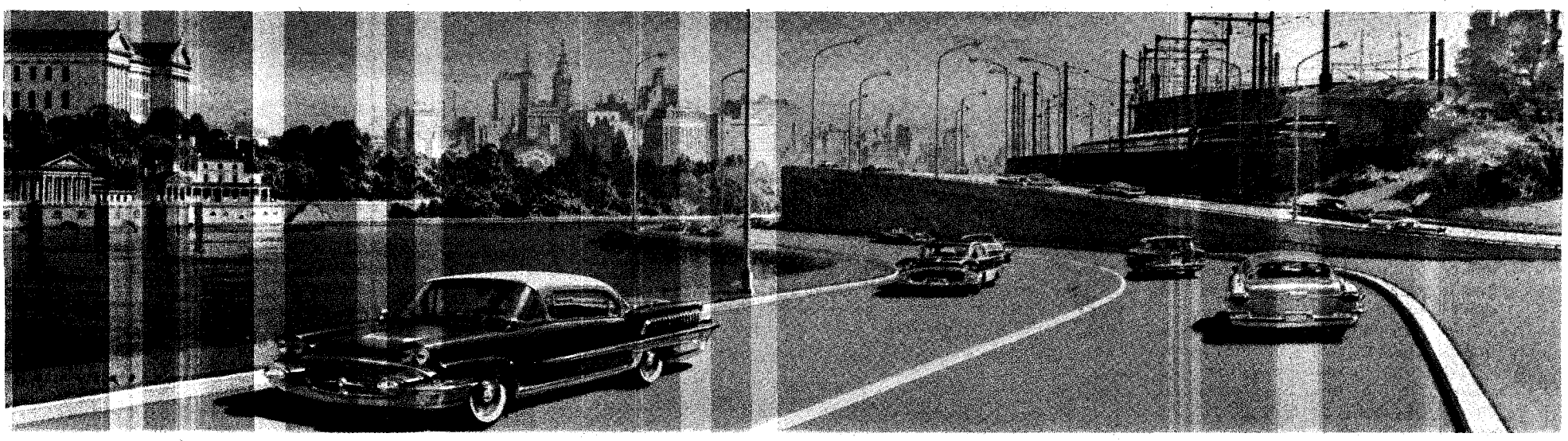

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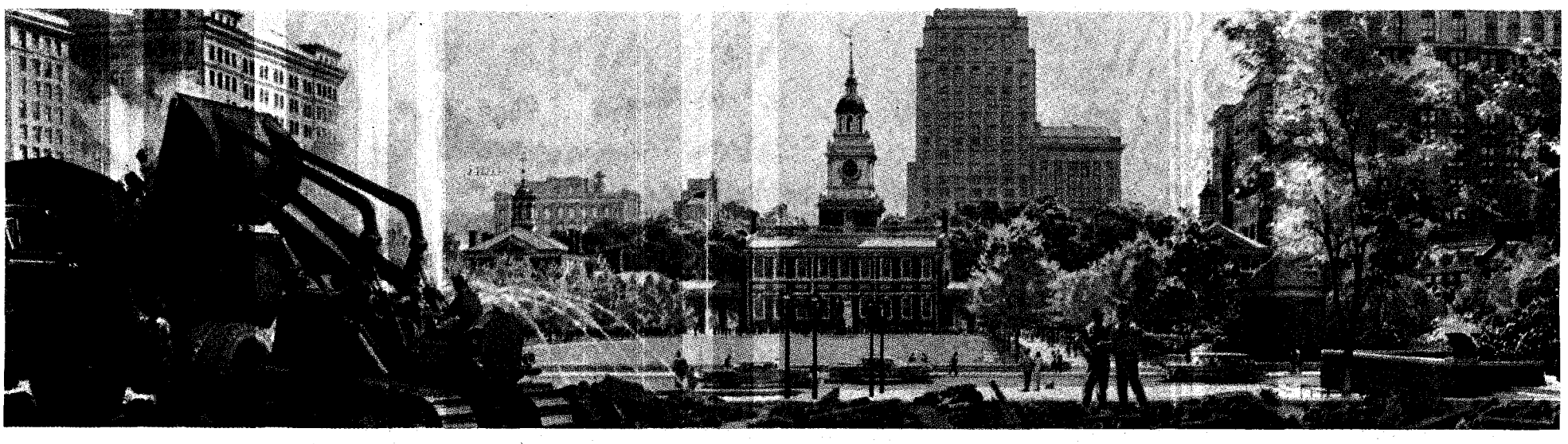

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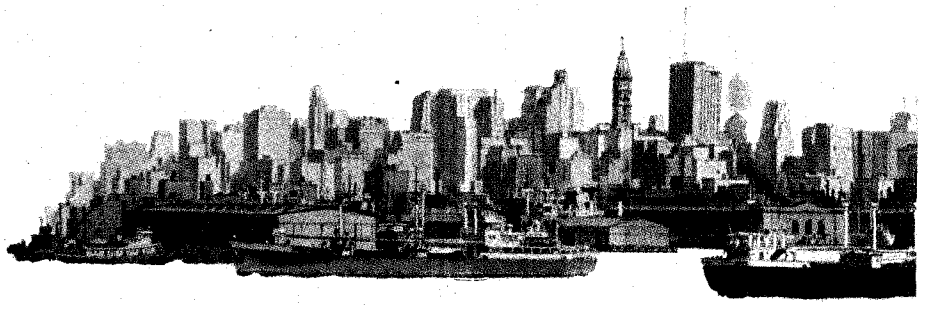

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(*Continued from Page 90*) to play my husband,' but my talent agency didn't approve. The people there said the public wouldn't believe I was married to Desi. He talked with a Cuban accent, and, after all, what typical American girl is married to a Latin? American girls marry them all the time, of course, but not on TV. Unhappily, I lost that baby, and to get my mind off my loss, I said to Desi and the agency, 'We'll try out our proposed TV act in vaudeville.' We did, and the public accepted our Cuban-American marriage in spite of the doubts of the talent-agency people."

"What was your act like?" I asked.

She told me, "It was mostly husband-and-wife situation comedy. Mixed in with it was a little music, dancing, gags and serious stuff. I became pregnant again, so we couldn't continue our tour, but we were convinced we were on the right track and we sold Desi to CBS as my TV husband. I don't remember the business details. I was pregnant and happy, and I knew I would be available eventually, and that's all I recall."

"One of the things that interest me about you," I said, "is this: unlike most successful comediennes—such as Edna Mae Oliver, Zasu Pitts or Imogene Coca, to name three—you don't look like a comedienne. You're a good-looking, sexy dame who's pleasingly stacked. As a comedienne, you must have found that something to overcome."

"The only thing wrong with the big analysis you've just made," she told me, "is I'm not beautiful, I'm not sexy and I don't have a good figure."

"I've seen photographs of you which make you look mighty toothsome," I said.

"I've seen photographs of me that amazed me, too," she said, "but I'm no competition in the glamour-girl department. However, I'll go this far: I probably do have a little more evenness of features than Imogene or Zasu."

"You go further than that," I insisted.

"Whether I do or not," she said, "I did have something to overcome that we haven't talked about. Most comedy successes stem from long-standing inferiority complexes, and I had mine."

I asked, "What do you trace yours back to?"

"My father died when I was four," she said. "He was twenty-three and mother was even younger. She married again, and for seven or eight years I was with my stepfather's Swedish parents, so I felt out of things. Mother made it up to me later, but until I was nine it was tough going. My step-grandparents had stern, old-country ideas. They treated other children the way I wanted to be treated, but not me. They did that to discipline me, but for me it was the wrong way to bring up a child. It gave me a feeling of frustration and of reaching-out-and-trying-to-please. I found the quickest and easiest way to do that was to make people laugh."

"When did you make that discovery?" I asked.

"I was twelve," she said. "Bernard Drake, the principal of my school, recognized my urge for approval. The school was in Celoron, New York. Celoron is near Jamestown. I'd do anything for a smile—sell tickets, fix the stage, clean the office—and, recognizing my need, he saw to it that I had a part in school plays and operettas. My mother and my stepfather also encouraged me to act, dance and sing. I remember they drove me miles through the snow to see the famous monologist, Julius Tannen, on the Chautauqua circuit."

"I'm older than you," I said. "I saw William Jennings Bryan and a group of Swiss bell-ringers in a Chautauqua tent."

She tried to figure mentally how far back that must have been; then gave up. "I watched Tannen make people cry, sob, laugh and roar," she said, "and after that, when the Jamestown Elks and Shriners put on a show, I was in there knocking myself out."

"I was hoping you'd tell me about yourself from the day you were born until you arrived in Hollywood," I said.

"I was born in Jamestown, New York," she told me. "It was a place I seemed to be continually trying to get away from, even if it meant running away. The first time I took my small brother and sister with me, but we were picked up and sent home. After that when I ran away, I ran in the direction of New York."

"You haven't really told me too much about your early years," I said. "Does it bore you to talk about them?"

"Have you ever met anyone who's bored with his own story?" she asked. I admitted I hadn't. "You still haven't," she laughed. "Suppose I give you a few quick items from my childhood. There was, for example, the time when a skunk got into the tent in our back yard where my brother and I were sleeping. On another occasion we had a tragedy. The chicken coop back of our house caught fire, and I've never got over the fact that the hens roasted rather than leave their chicks. Then pretty soon I was twelve years old and playing basketball and softball and doing an Apache dance in a Masonic revue. I hurled myself into the dance so enthusiastically I threw one arm out of joint, but I finished the performance. When I was fourteen, I persuaded mother to send me to dramatic school."

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. Perpetually youthful Lucy still looks almost as young as in this picture, made ten years ago. For a view of Lucy as a teen-ager, see below.

Which is Lucy? She was a girl athlete at 15. Her first show-business try failed because she didn't "walk like a showgirl." (She's the one sitting on the ground, above.)

"Where?" I asked.

"To the John Murray Anderson-Robert Milton Dramatic School, in New York," she said. "I was so shy I was terrified. Bette Davis was the star pupil. There was nothing shy about her. I can see her now, starring in plays while I hid behind the scenery. And I took elocution, and Robert Milton made me repeat 'water' and 'horses' because I pronounced them 'worter' and 'haases.' I was so miserable mother brought me home, and I spent the next few months writing poetry."

"What particular poet inspired you?" I asked.

"I wasn't inspired by anything," she told me. "I just liked to rhyme. I think it was a form of nervousness. When I was fifteen I finally made the sophomore class in high school, although I don't know how I did it—I flunked algebra three times. The following summer mother arranged for me to visit friends in New York. This time I wanted to be in vaudeville, but I never met anybody who knew how to get in vaudeville, so I decided to be a showgirl and I answered a call for an Earl Carroll tryout. I was tall and thin, but measurements weren't the whole bit then. Other things counted, too, although I can't remember what. I rehearsed for two weeks, then a man said to me, 'Miss Belmont!' (That's who I'd decided to be.) 'You're through.'

"He didn't say why, but I found out later I was so young and so dumb I wasn't contributing anything, and I didn't walk like a showgirl. As you know, showgirls are supposed to walk like clothes models. I don't know why they picked me in the first place. Earl Carroll's showgirls had great bodies, which looked fine in abbreviated costumes. I didn't. I went home and cried. I asked some of the girls I'd met, 'What'll I do now?' and they said, 'There'll be other calls. Maybe there'll be a Shubert call, but, of course, you won't make that.' I was going on sixteen, and Shubert girls were femmes fatales, dripping diamonds and minks, but I was picked for a Shubert show anyhow. We rehearsed for two weeks, and I was fired again. That time I really suffered."

"In what way?" I asked.

"Shubert girls were the living, witchy end. They didn't want any fresh competition. They'd say, 'Think you're pretty cute, don't you?' 'Call that a figure?' 'Go home!' Horrible things to say to a kid self-conscious about being skinny anyhow. I planned ways to kill myself so I wouldn't have to go home and tell everybody I'd lost another job. I thought, *I'll get killed faster in Central Park because cars go faster there. But I want to get hit by a big car—with a handsome man in it.* Then I had a flash of sanity. I said to myself, *If I'm thinking this way, maybe I don't want to die.* So I regrouped my forces.

"I was still trying to get into show business, but in the meantime I had taken a cheap, dark, dismal room of my own and I was starving to death. I slipped into people's seats in cafés and drank the coffee they left in their cups or ate the pieces of doughnut they discarded. Then one morning I picked up a paper and saw the word 'model.' I said, 'O.K., I'll model.' I looked up a place that needed models for Size 10 to 14 coats. *Coats will cover my missing figure*, I thought, and I got the job."

"I'm beginning to think that you must have looked good," I told her, "in spite of the way you knock yourself physically."

"I looked clean and neat, anyhow," she said. "And since I was working for

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actual pay, I rented a room. Finally I met another model, who told me, 'My husband's a commercial photographer, and you're the type he needs for an assignment.' So I started commercial-photography modeling. I also posed for artists, and I was on a twenty-four-sheet billboard poster for Chesterfield. Then I got a job modeling at Hattie Carnegie's."

"I've been told to ask you about a bullet that ricocheted into the bathtub in your hotel room about that time," I said.

She told me, "A gang war was going on around the corner. I didn't hear the bullet whang into the tub, but the water suddenly began to disappear. I got out and tried to mop the floor. That's all there is to that story.

"Later that summer I wandered over to Broadway and stood before the Palace Theater, hoping to see some actors. Sylvia Hollow, a New York woman agent I knew, said, 'How'd you like to leave this heat?' I said, 'I'd love to,' and she asked, 'How about California? I've just come from Jim Mulvey's office upstairs. He had twelve girls leaving to be poster girls in the next Goldwyn movie, and one of them can't go. You're a poster girl, aren't you?'"

"Your Chesterfield poster must have qualified you," I suggested.

She nodded. "I met Mr. Mulvey and he said, 'All right.' I made a long-distance call to mother and went back to Hattie Carnegie's. She gave me a coat, a hat and a dress, and said, 'God bless you. It'll be good experience, and, if you don't like it, you can come back to work.' I've never been back.

"I was with Mr. Goldwyn a year and a half," she said; "then I asked him if I could go, for by that time I was a last year's Goldwyn Girl and I'd been relegated to the back row. Mr. Goldwyn was very nice. 'You can do better,' he said, 'and I'm sorry we don't have more for you to do here,' so I moved over to Columbia, where my principal work was being chased before a camera by Ted Healey and his Stooges. Then Gene Raymond, Barbara Reed, Ann Sothern and I were let out the same night. That was my first stay at Columbia. I came back years later.

"A couple of days later I had a call from a friend, Dick Green. He said, 'RKO is looking for ex-Bergdorf girls.'"

"Is that supposed to be a slightly higher cut of model?" I asked.

"I guess so," she said. "Anyhow, I'd worked a fashion show at Bergdorf's once, so RKO tagged me. I was there for seven years. During that time my pay went to $3500 a week, but I was only a queen of the B's, so once more I asked for my release and went to M-G-M, where I spent several happy years working for Papa Louis B. Mayer. However, they typecast me as a musical-comedy queen, and although it was a glamorous and well-paid type of typecasting, that and the orange-colored hair they gave me drove me back to Columbia."

"Tell me about your first meeting with Desi," I said.

"I met him at the RKO studio in May, 1940," she said. "We were filming Too Many Girls, the stage show in which Desi made his first big hit."

"What was his first reaction when he saw you?" I asked.

"He asked me for a date that very night," she said, "and pretty soon we were married—in spite of the way he drove a car."

I didn't let her *non sequitur* throw me. I tried for more details.

"The first time I drove with him," she explained, "although he slowed to eighty miles an hour at corners, I thought he was a maniac. When I said, 'Mother wouldn't like this,' he slowed down. On another date he hit a low spot in the paving on a side street. Desi merely said, 'We dropped something,' and kept on going. I'll say we dropped something—only a fender and a bumper."

"That should have wowed you," I said. "Bold men who live dangerously are supposed to appeal to dames."

"Not me," she said flatly. "He frightened me. Marrying Desi was the boldest thing I ever did. I'd always gone with older men. I'd also achieved some stability in Hollywood, while Desi seemed headed in another direction."

"Somebody told me to ask you about Desi ordering a car during the last war," I said.

"Remember how hard it was to get cars?" she asked. "Ours was falling apart. Desi was away, and I was home one afternoon when a stranger rounded the corner. He asked, 'Is Deesee here?' I said, 'Do you mean Desi?' and he said, 'Yes, Deesee.' I said, 'He's in Chicago,' and he said, 'I've got his car here. He ordered it eight weeks ago. You'd better make up your mind, sister. A lot of people want this crate.'

"I looked at it. It was fire-engine red; it screamed when it saw my pink hair. I said, 'I'm sorry, but we won't be able to take it. You'll have to get another color; maybe blue.' He went away mumbling, and when Desi called me that night I said, airily, 'Your car came today, but I sent it back.' He practically climbed through the phone, and after a few husbandly remarks, I called the man back at midnight and said, 'I hope you haven't done anything with that car. I've just had hell bawled out of me.' So we got it, and I kept my hair covered when I was in it. How about another question?"

I said, "There's some very broad baggy-pants, putty-nose comedy in I Love Lucy; yet amazingly, it is credible to your viewers. The fact that very few housewives are slapped in the face with pies doesn't seem to bother people. Do you think such things happen in ordinary families?"

"Our show is based on exaggerated satire," she said. "We start with a normal premise; then take our characters beyond that, but not beyond the point where the viewing public likes to have them taken. Once in a while we have slapstick situations on our show. But critics like generalizations, so they label all our shows slapstick. Last season, when I broke an egg or two, we had a laugh that went on so long that we had to cut the laugh track in half."

"I didn't see it," I said.

"I had five dozen eggs tucked away in my bosom," she explained. "I had to do a dance, and they got jostled." She looked at me questioningly. "I can see you think it sounds farfetched," she said.

"I don't say it was farfetched," I said. "I just don't think it happens in every family."

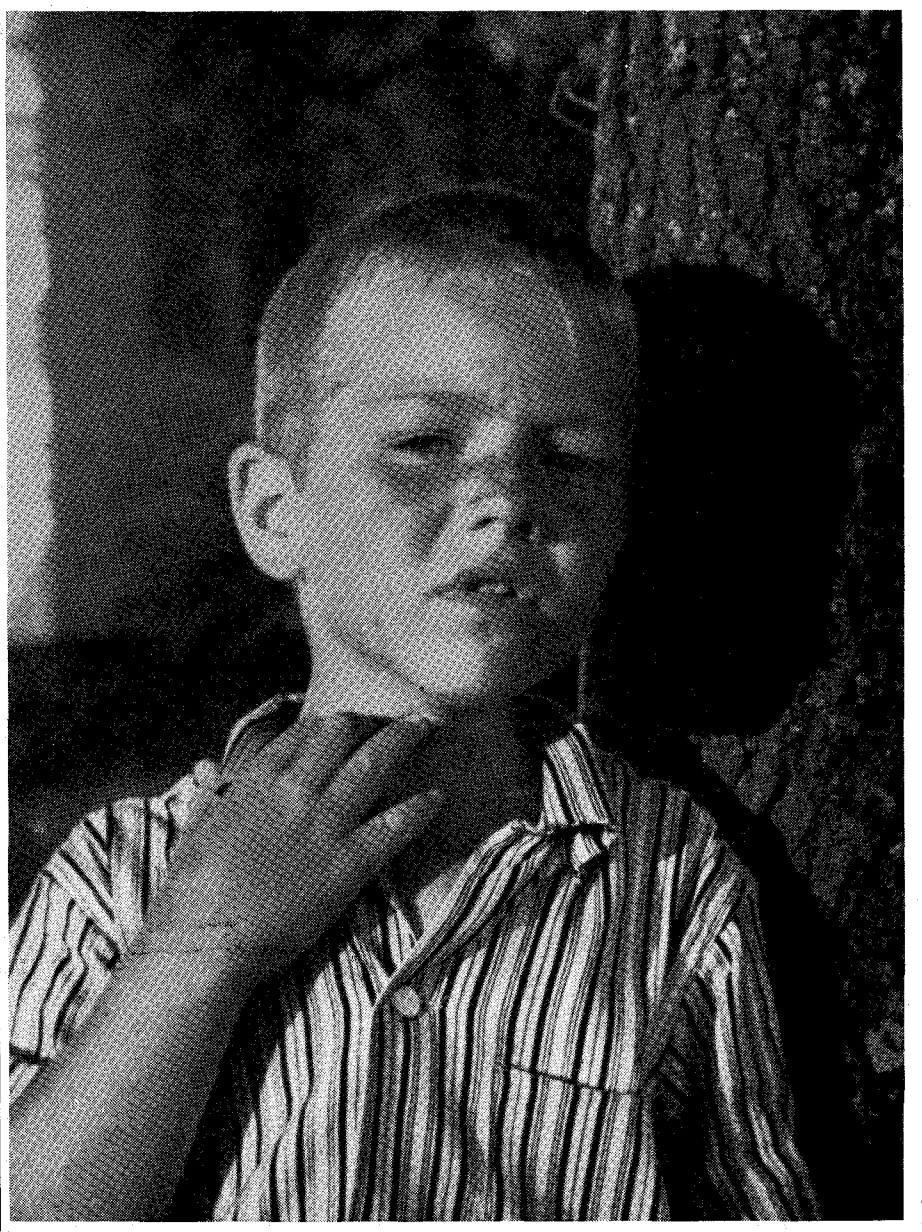
"In our story it was very logical," she said seriously.

I said, "Everybody gives you and Desi credit for being masters of the double take and timing. I know a double take when I see it, but I've never been able to describe it."

"You've just picked two things nobody can fill you in on," she said: "timing and double takes. If you know what a double take is, why do you need it described?"

I said, "It seems to me the longer you wait between a take and a double take, the more effective it is."

"Edward Everett Horton does the longest double takes of anyone," she said, "and since he also does the best, you may



NOW he is like a tightly wrapped bud. But, petal by petal, you will help the future unfold in your child. Sobering idea, isn't it? Makes a thoughtful parent resolve to begin saving now for the richer future a good education can provide. And what better way to save than with U. S. Savings Bonds? Where nothing can harm that education fund. Where saved dollars earn 3¼% interest when Bonds are held to maturity. And where saving is surer—because you can buy Bonds regularly where you bank or automatically through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work. Why don't you start your Bond program today? Make life more secure for someone you love.

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be right about waiting. He can wait for four pages of script and still get a laugh. I can't take credit for having a sense of timing. A talent for timing is God-given. Nobody can teach you that. It's having a feeling for your audience plus an instinctive knowledge of how to react to that feeling. When we have guest stars, I have to be on my toes. I learned a few lessons from Tallulah. That girl made me feel I'd been sleigh riding." She thought of something else and volunteered, "Arthur Godfrey helped us get where we are. You may quote me on that."

"How did he help?" I asked.

She told me, "Every Monday night he told his viewers to stay tuned for us. It was the biggest lift that we could have had."

"Let's talk about your son, little Desi, who was a national institution by the time he arrived," I said.

She said, "We were in the middle of a very successful TV show, which was a thing no one would want to drop. We were Number One, which in those days was much higher than it is today. At one time I Love Lucy had a rating of almost sixty, and with today's intense competition that won't happen again. Anyway, I was suddenly pregnant again and we faced the question: Should I stop working for months or stay on the job? Desi told me, 'If you want my vote, we'll stay on until you have the baby.' The idea was a startling one, but he went to work on it the way he goes to work on everything else. First he got permission from the network. He said, 'We think the American people will buy Lucy's having a baby if it's done with taste. Pregnant women are not kept off the streets, so why should she be kept off television? There's nothing disgraceful about a wife becoming a mother.' The furor it all caused was a revelation to me."

"You mean a favorable or an unfavorable furor?" I asked.

"Favorable," she told me. "Hundreds of thousands of women all over the country who were pregnant along with me wrote me encouraging notes, and after our baby was born, I received thirty thousand congratulatory telegrams and letters."

"How did you handle the timing so your actor baby would appear on the screen the same week your own baby was born?" I asked.

"Our first child, Lucy, had been born by Caesarean section," she said. "Little Desi was delivered by Caesarean too. If you know your baby is going to be a Caesarean baby, it helps you call your shots."

She paused and asked me, "Are we almost through? My daughter will be home almost any minute on the school bus, and I promised her I'd come outside and meet her. There was something about how the other kids on the bus don't believe she's really Lucille Ball's daughter."

I certainly didn't want to interfere with anything that important, so I decided to get the rest of the story from Desi. I said good-by to Lucy and I saw her husband the next afternoon in his office. He'd been in Chicago trying to tie up the loose ends of the $6,150,000 deal in which he had purchased the two RKO studios.

I told him, "Watching your company, Desilu, buy the two big RKO studios was like standing at a crossroads and watching somebody take a significant turn. I've been covering the Hollywood beat for years, and it seemed a landmark to me when the first of the major movie studios was bought by an independent TV producer. You are one of the key figures in a new industry."

"I don't know about that," he said. "But I do know that Desilu is filming so many TV shows that we needed more room. Buying the old RKO Hollywood studio and the RKO-Pathé lot gives us a total of thirty-three sound stages. That's four more than M-G-M has, and eleven more than Twentieth Century-Fox owns. And we're filming ten hours of usable film each week."

"How many hours is M-G-M shooting?" I asked him.

"They're not even close," Desi told me. "We turn out the equivalent of two hundred and forty feature films a year. I doubt if M-G-M totals more than thirty or forty features a year."

"Who decided you ought to go into television, you or Lucy?" I asked.

"Circumstances decided for us," he said. "It was more of a gamble for Lucy than me. She was getting upwards of $100,000 a picture, which was better than I was doing, although I was making $75,000 a year in the band-and-record business—and I'm not apologizing for that—but we hadn't been able to stay together very much. RKO had dropped me, and I couldn't get a job in the movies. Everybody thought of me as just a guy who played the bongo drums, so I said good-by to Hollywood and hit the road again. Marriage is no good on a long-distance-telephone basis, and I thought if I got into another musical play it would help. So I hung around New York, eating at 21. Lucy wrote me a letter. She said, 'The trouble with 21 is if you eat there it means people think you're so successful you're not looking for a job. Eat at Sardi's.'

"'Everybody is always reading his own reviews at Sardi's,' I argued, but Lucy insisted, so I went to Sardi's every night for a month. Nobody even said hello, and I went back to 21."

"So you went into television together so you two could have more home life?"

"Right," he agreed. "Lucy had been doing My Favorite Husband on radio, and the idea was for her to do practically the same thing on television with me. The catch was, as Lucy probably told you, everybody said I wasn't right to play her husband. We solved that by trying out I Love Lucy on the road. Of our first Lucy pilot film, twenty minutes of it was out of our vaudeville sketch."

"I've been told," I said, "that you were among the first to realize the value of filmed shows as opposed to live shows."

"Let's put it this way," he said: "I was among the first to believe that film was the answer to telecasting. If a show can't leave a studio, its action is limited by how long it takes an actor to change his clothes or to get from one spot to another. So you compromise. It's tough enough to have to write a show every week without having somebody say, 'You can't do that because it will require an exterior shot.'"

"When you two did your first Lucy-and-Desi show, did you decide to base it on yourselves?" I asked.

"Not exactly," he said. "Lucy Ricardo of I Love Lucy is not Lucille Ball, the movie star, and Ricky Ricardo is not me. Most people have a mental picture of a movie star as a guy who drives a car with fins like a B-52 and whose problem is whether to buy another oil well or an extra chalet in Switzerland. So instead of playing Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz straight, we came up with a script in which Lucy was a no-talent housewife who had a yen to get into show business. We visualized her husband as Ricky Ricardo, a struggling band leader, but who was essentially a fellow trying to make a living, just like any other Joe. He had all the problems any other husband has; the only thing was his wife was fiercely ambitious for him and, in trying to help him, she frequently fell on her face.

"The difference was that Lucy carried the solving of her problems further than even the dizziest American housewife. Most people wish they could kick their inhibitions over the way we do, but since most people can't, they enjoy seeing Lucy do it for them. I've just had a letter from a guy who thanked us for saving his marriage. 'We were about to bust up,' he wrote. 'I thought my wife was nuts. Then I took a look at Lucy and I realized that all women are alike, so now it doesn't bother me any more.'"

I said, "Tell me more about the decision you made to keep Lucy on the air almost up to the time your second baby was born."

He said, "We didn't want to do anything that would upset the public. I called the heads of the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish faiths in Los Angeles and asked them to assign representatives to keep an eye on our shows. So for eight weeks a rabbi, a Protestant minister and a Catholic priest checked every foot of film we shot. There was nothing we had to throw out except the word 'pregnant.' CBS didn't like that, so we used 'expectant.' CBS thought it a nicer word."

"The important thing was that you weren't imitating anything else that was already on TV," I suggested.

"In this country imitation doesn't work," Desi told me. "To be a success, you must do something different. I found that out when I first came here. I had never done anything. My father had been mayor of our home town in Cuba. Then a revolution came; he lost his money. We reached Miami with nothing. Finally I got a job with a little band, singing and playing the guitar. My first band job was with the Siboney Septet. I don't know why it was called a Septet, since there were only five of us. I guess septet sounded better."

"When did you get your own band?" I asked.

He said, "Xavier Cugat dropped in on one of our tea dances and offered me a job, but after eight months I went back to Miami with Nick Nicoletti, Cugat's secretary, who quit at the same time. We had only twenty dollars between us, but by the time we were down to our last five bucks we had made a connection with a man who was opening a night spot. Nick and I 'accepted' a job for 'our five-piece Cuban band.' The band was supplied by Cugat, and except for me, the leader, there wasn't a Cuban in the bunch."

"What were they?" I asked.

"Three Brooklyn boys handled the piano, saxophone and violin," he said. "There was a Spaniard on the drums, an Italian boy on the bass. We sounded terrible. We were advertised as 'The only Latin-American band in Miami Beach,' but we didn't fool anybody. We only played one set when we were given two weeks' notice. Luckily for me, Ted Husing was there when we were fired, and Ted told the owner, 'The band isn't much, but the young leader-singer has something. If you'll keep him, I'll broadcast his music every night free on my radio program.' And he did, but the band was so lousy I had to figure something to drown it out. That's how I started the first conga line in the U.S."

"You mean you invented it?" I asked.

"So far as this country is concerned I did," he said. "The idea spread over the whole country, and I played a year at La Conga night club on Fifty-second Street in New York."

"Did you remember the conga rhythm from your Cuban days?" I asked.

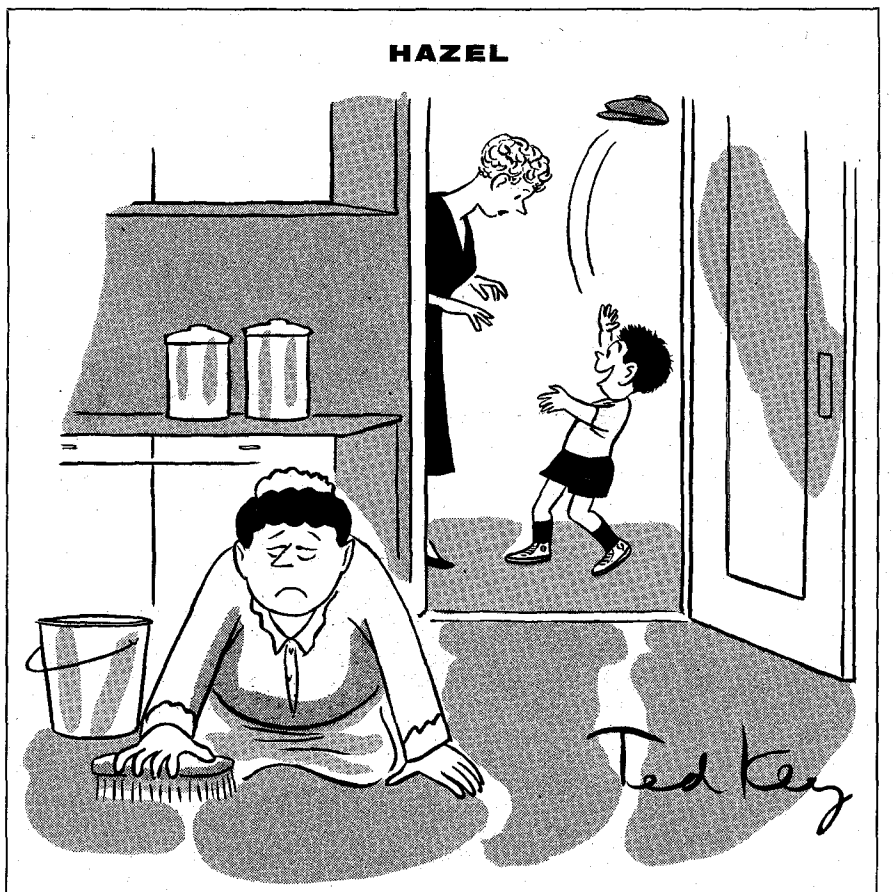
Desi said, "It originated in my home town, Santiago, during carnival time."

He paused a moment; then went on, "While I was in New York, Rodgers and Hart offered me a part in their musical, Too Many Girls. Then I came to Hollywood to make the film version of that show, and as Lucy has already told you, I met her."

"What was your first reaction when you saw her?" I asked him. "What with her orange-pink hair and her huge, china-blue eyes, meeting her is quite an experience visually."

He grinned. "George Abbott, the director, introduced us," he told me, "and I said to George, 'Wow! What a honk of woman!'" Desi's grin changed to a nostalgic smile. "I've never changed my mind," he said.

THE END



"And we don't go back till September!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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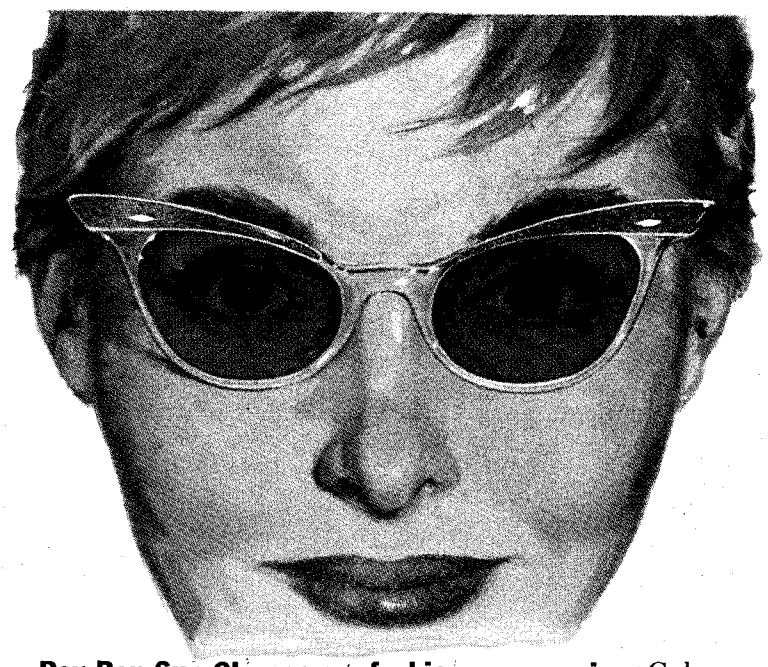
Ray-Ban Sun Glasses shut out cruel glare. Absorb ultra-violet and infra-red rays. Retard wrinkles and "crow's feet". She's wearing the Ray-Ban "Gadabout".



Ray-Ban Sun Glasses are fashion accessories. Colors to match your summer clothes, beachwear, or bathing suits. Illustrated is the Ray-Ban "Smart Set".

Ray-Ban Sun Glasses take the strain out of driving. Comfortable, cool vision hour after hour. She's driving safely wearing the Ray-Ban "Stroller".

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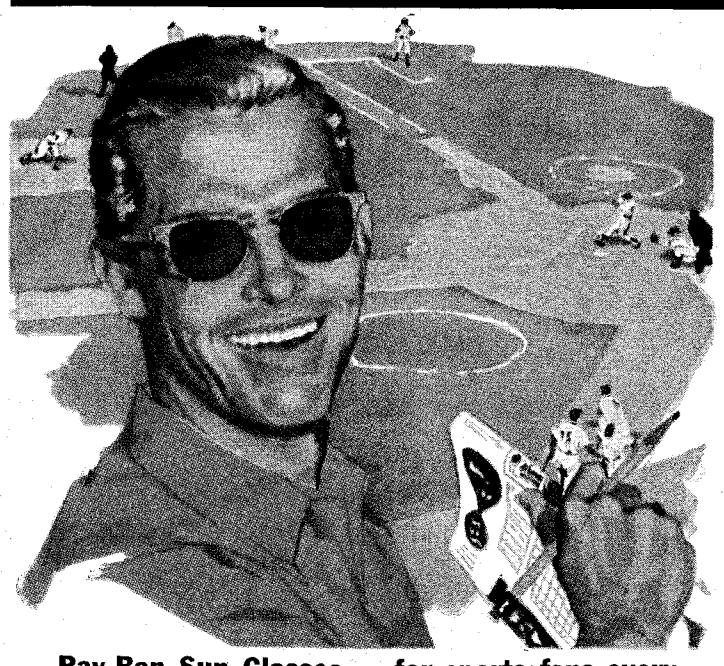
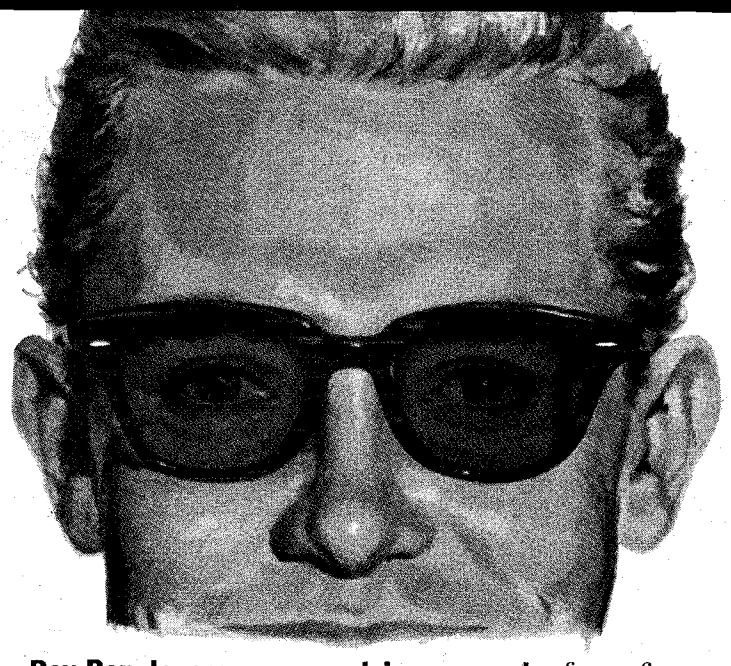


Ray-Ban Sun Glasses . . . for sports fans everywhere. Have more fun, watching or playing. Shown is the aristocrat of sun glasses, the Ray-Ban "Signet".



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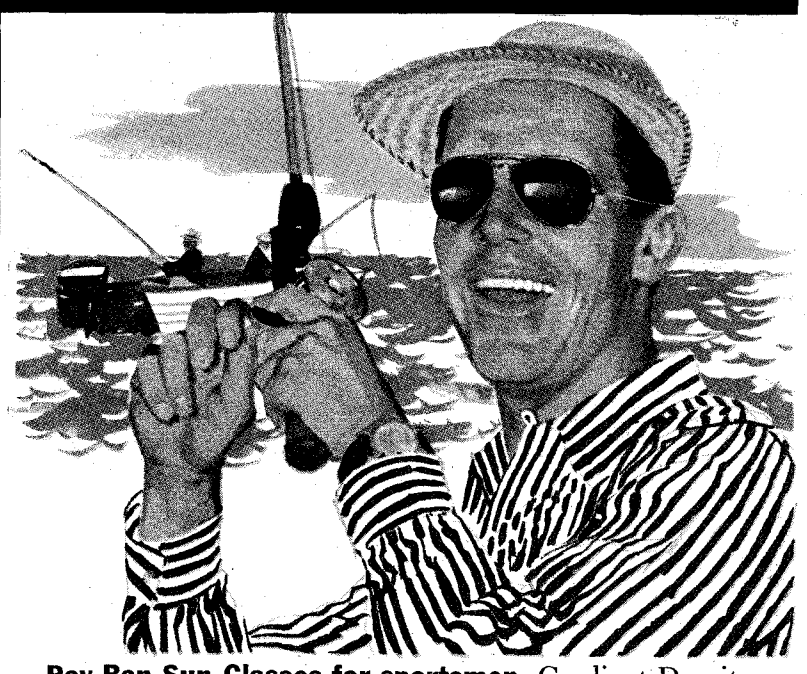

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"How I use
Murine
to rest
my eyes
from
close work"

MOLLIE PARNIS
Noted dress designer and fashion authority

"I've discovered a little idea that helps me at my work," says Miss Parnis. "Whenever my eyes feel tired from close work I just wink in a couple of drops of Murine. Makes them feel good again." Keep Murine handy at *your* work as well as at home. Use it morning and night and whenever your eyes have that tired "gritty" feeling. Murine is such a *comfort.*

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Keeping Posted

He Finally Made It

After **Clay Blair, Jr.,** (page 31) had studied Strategic Air Command developments at the Ellsworth base at Rapid City, S. Dak., he tried to take off for an appointment in Los Angeles, but the local commercial airline was on strike. The Air Force offered to fly him to Denver, but the plane's radio went dead; so they turned back to Ellsworth, landed there without being able to call in, and were promptly surrounded by S.A.C. Air Policemen armed to the teeth and demanding identification. (The pilot was the commanding officer of the base.) Next day Blair took off in the same plane, but one engine blew a cylinder head, spraying oil over the countryside, and a hasty landing was made on a small airstrip on a mesa at Rock Springs, Wyoming. Luckily Blair caught a commercial liner from there to Salt Lake, made a reservation on a non-scheduled plane for L.A., but that evening was told, "He went up to Idaho and we haven't heard from him." Finally another plane showed up from Ellsworth; it dropped Blair at Las Vegas, where an Air Force staff car, previously alerted, whisked him to the commercial field for a close connection with a Los Angeles plane. That plane proved to be two hours late and he reached L.A. thirty hours late. Blair wonders, "Is the airplane really here to stay?"

To You, From Steve Allen

Television star Steve Allen, during his NBC show on June first, plans to play selections from his new Coral Records album called Music for Influentials, and we hope you enjoy these lilting melodies. Actually this hi-fi long-play orchestral collection is a tribute to Post readers. Last year an analysis by the famous Politz Media Studies found that eight out of ten Post readers fitted into a classification called Influentials—active, well-informed, gregarious, articulate men and women with a special ability to communicate their ideas to others. Allen, feeling that an album especially slanted toward such people would be a natural, has put together twelve numbers, including nine hits by such popular masters as Gershwin and Rodgers and three stimulating new compositions by Steve himself. "I'm sure you folks will enjoy our musical salute to you," says the versatile entertainer.

Tales of the Authors

Berenice Cleeve.

Introducing the Hamiltons: Janice, Christine, Bruce, Andy.

Brian Cleeve reports across the Atlantic from Dublin that he's been working hard to get a Ph.D. degree from the National University of Ireland (he got it) and working hard to sell more stories to the Post (he's on page 30). Cleeve's daughter Berenice, age nine, recently wrote his New York agent, Vera Anderton: "Every morning Daddy goes to the letter box. If there isn't any news about another story sold he is very disappointed, and if there is he is nearly crazy with delight. When I am big I would like to be a writer." Brave girl.

Andrew Hamilton, who in other years has been pictured in Keeping Posted in alfresco settings—riding a rubber life raft down a wild river and sitting on top of Mt. Whitney—offers that photo of himself in Los Angeles surrounded by his kith and kin "to prove I'm not completely antisocial." During Andy's rock-hounding trip (see page 24) he and photographer Gene Lester went alfresco through cloudbursts and hailstorms in rural Utah; they rode a jeep tensely over one-way, blind-corner roads, and one day they landed smack-dab in the middle of a flash flood. But got out, obviously.

A while ago **H. Allen Smith,** page 19, went touring in Mexico, which country he describes as "the greatest invention since women." One day he was getting a weird haircut in a small-city barbershop when suddenly things got weirder. A pig walked in and stayed about ten minutes while all hands tried to get him out of there. When the turmoil was over, Smith decided he liked Mexico so much that he must write a book about it. For fall publication: The Pig in the Barbershop.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:
"The Post Reports on Health Insurance"

Do hospitals overcharge? Do doctors pad fees? Do patients demand unnecessary treatment? You will learn the facts about these whispered accusations.

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